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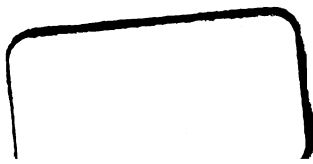
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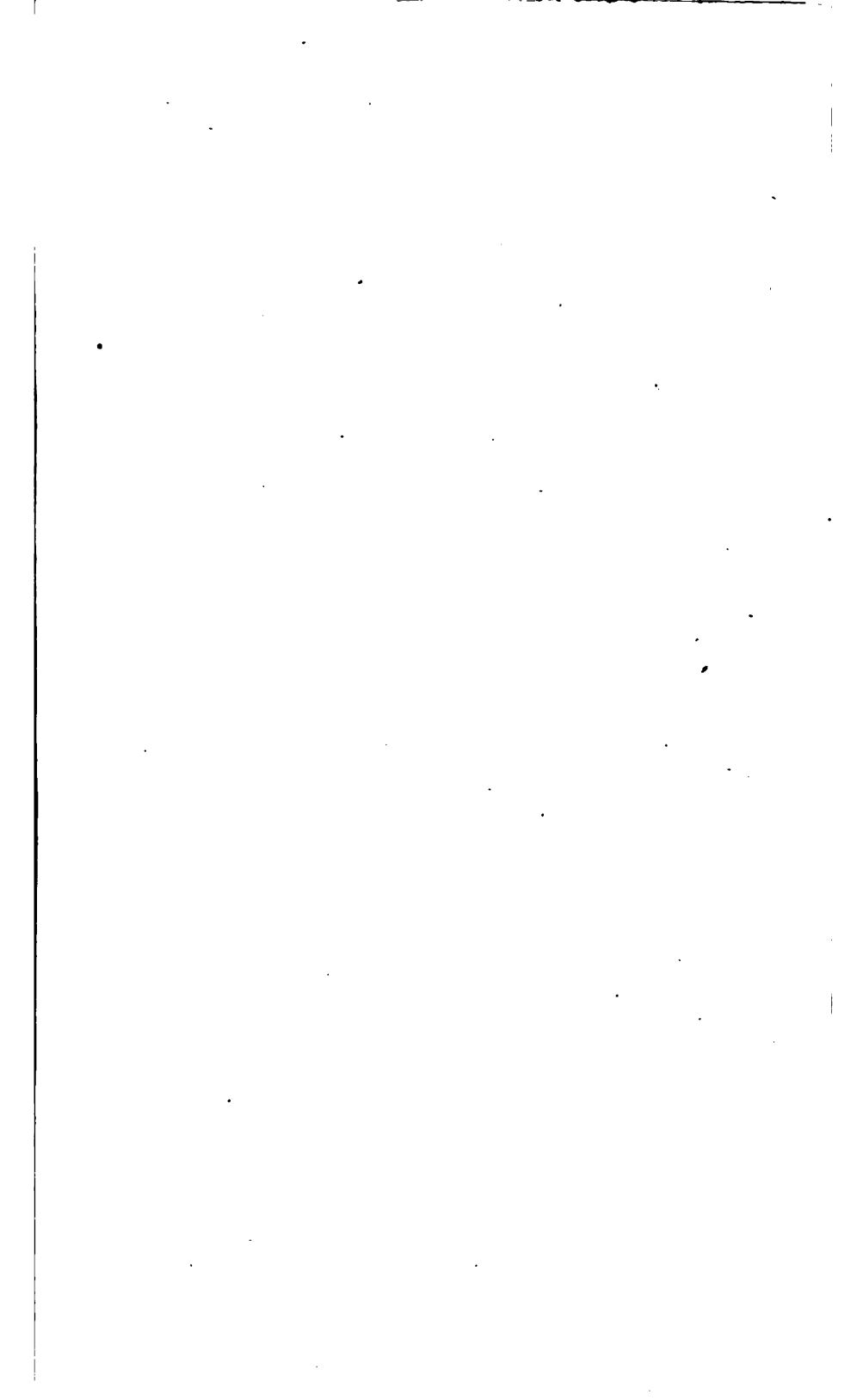
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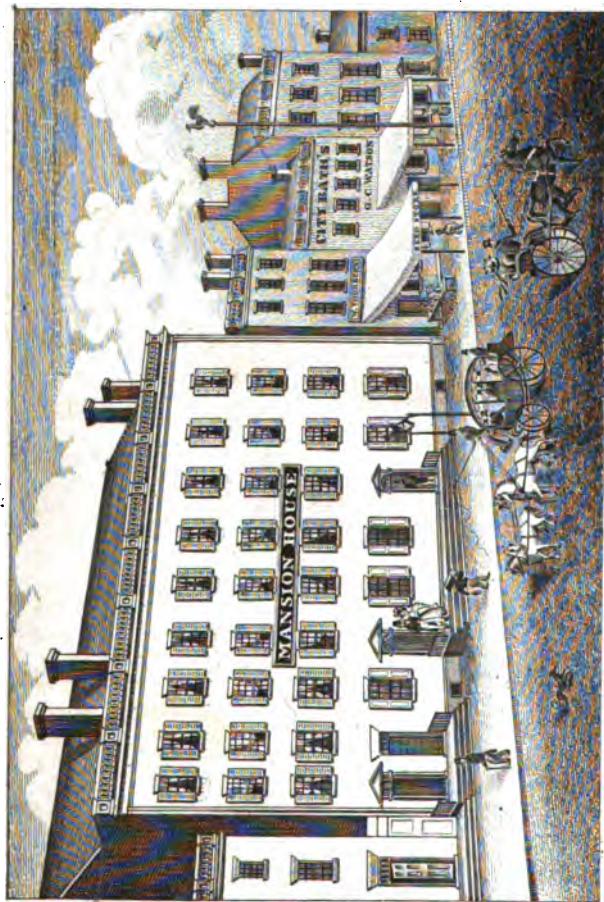
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THE

Knickerbocker:

OR,

NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



VOL. I.

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The Knickerbaker.



Vol. I.

JANUARY, 1833.

No. I.



KNICKERBAC IS BECOMING as it may be, courteous reader, to rush at once into thy presence and pour out our congratulations at meeting thee here, there is still something so cordial on the occasion, that for the life of us we cannot begin by making thy acquaintance in cold and formal phrase. Dost thou observe how smilingly the sun comes in yonder window and plays upon the extended sheet, over which that ancient figure is stooping? even so do the friendly looks which thou now bendest over our page, cheer our soul with their sunny influence. There is, too, a free and confiding expression in thy countenance, which at once banishes all distrust from our bosom; all those doubts and misgivings, which we could not but indulge in seeking thy intimacy. We feel as if we had known thee for years, and the very chambers of our heart open of themselves as to an old acquaintance, who has the

privilege of entrance without knocking. We cannot, we cannot, dear reader, while our heart is thus warming toward thee, enter upon formal explanations, or draw up here a frigid business-like agreement, as to the footing we are hereafter to be upon together. Let our publishers and the public settle those musty matters between them, while we two, quietly, after a simple fashion, talk over our affairs as if no one else were by.

And first, let us tell thee that as regards the little sketch overleaf, which the uninitiated will view with indifference, or perhaps overlook entirely, there is a mystery about it which concerns both of us mightily. Thou must know then that one day, not a great while since, as we were musing in our study upon the best method of first introducing ourselves to thy acquaintance, a circumstance, or rather a train of circumstances—a scene—occurred, so singular, if not supernatural, that we almost hesitate in this unbelieving age to recount it even to thee. As the cause of truth, however, could never be advanced did every one shrink from relating the facts that occur under his individual observation, merely because they do not fall within the train of common events, we will even detail here those strange things which have lately come within the experience of our own senses; leaving it for those idle carpers and arrant infidels, the critics and philosophers, to make what they can of this exposure of mysterious doings, shouldst thou, gentle reader, by any accident betray to such people the confidence that is here unreservedly reposed in thee.

It was in the afternoon, just before sunset, during one of those delicious 'Indian-summer' days, the peculiar boast of our climate, of which, the autumn just passed, was more than usually bountiful, that while, as we have mentioned, meditating alone in our study upon the prospects of the new Magazine, these marvelous occurrences took place. The golden-hued smoke of our *juelta* was rising before our line of vision and mellowing each object, like the warm atmosphere that gives such rich repose to the pictures of Claude, when, as we watched its light flakes as they floated through the open window, and mingled with the silver haze without, they seemed after a while, instead of dissipating themselves in their kindred atmosphere, to form gradually into a murky cloud, which at last filled the whole apartment. This was indeed singular; but so completely lost were we in idle reverie, that it did not strike us at the moment as strange, nor at all prepare us for the

phenomena that followed its disappearance, and gradually made us conscious that a mysterious influence prevailed in the room where we were sitting. By degrees the gaudy paper hangings around us faded into dullness, and then, while their gay colours were darkening into one uniform shade of brown, slowly in their stead panels of burnished oak grew out upon the walls, and glistened in the setting sun. And now each veined spot upon the mantelpiece of variegated marble, became gradually larger and more distinct in form and color, till every one at last assuming a rectangular shape, settled into a separate porcelain tile of smoky blue, like those one may still see ornamenting the fire-place in our old Dutch edifices. The disappearance of the grate we did not note; but it was gone, and there certainly was sufficient room where it had stood to swallow up a dozen between those yawning jams.

The most striking metamorphosis, however, was that which the furniture underwent. The slender maple chairs became gradually bloated and dropsical in their appearance, until they swelled at last into a most antiquated and preposterous size. Their backs became broad and crooked, and from their sides huge arms unfolded, while hideous claws protruded from the small round knobs on which they formerly rested, and slowly sprawled upon the floor; and next, the perforated cane work which erst formed their bottoms, after swimming thick before our eyes for a moment, became gradually opaque, and then plumped up into fat and portly cushions. Nor was this all; the very table upon which our elbow rested while watching the mysterious change going forward around us, was not exempt from its influence: sensibly could we perceive—and yet not so abruptly as to startle us—sensibly could we feel its velvet cover chilling and hardening and smoothing beneath our pressure into a slab of polished marble, while the one stout central supporter, severed into four slender legs, tattooed with quaint devices, each of which quietly slipped into a socket prepared for it under the carved head of a lion that grinned at either corner.

But the most remarkable of all amid these miraculous doings remains yet to be mentioned; our own figure reflected in the mirror opposite, seemed to share the general change, and after vainly trying to recognize its lineaments in those that met our gaze, we at length observed, upon looking more narrowly, that the frame of the mirror had disappeared. The mirror itself was gone, and instead of being a reflection

of ourselves, it was another figure, an actual being, though not of this world, that now sat opposite to us.

Thou believest not perhaps in spirits, reader—thou believest not that the departed dead may escape from the cerements of the sepulchre, and in their bodily forms revisit the warm world again! And yet why not? The persuasion that such things be, seems almost instinctive in our nature; our earliest recollections are those of mystic fears, and the very reason upon which in after life we rely for their subjugation, cannot withstand the mass of evidence to the fact of apparitions having been witnessed in every age of the world. Are there not moments when the least imaginative mind, the most sceptical bosom, shudders with the apprehension of a forced communion with beings of the other world? And what, unless the prompting of some viewless spirit, that with chilling influence hovers near—what is this dim dread, this mystic fear, this vague belief that such things are, but the whispering of the soul to the senses of suggestions that come to it from heaven itself? Banish then, thinking reader, that sneer of doubt from thy features. We know that there is much to stagger thy faith in what we are now revealing; but may we entirely forfeit thy confidence in our truth, if what we have just related be not as veritable a part of our narrative as any that hath preceded it. We pray thee, reader, withdraw not yet thy confidence, but list while we proceed in this singular disclosure.

Well, there sat the phantom; and here sat we, with only the breadth of the table between us. Its position was much the same as ours, and when it first assumed a determined shape to our sight—that of a little old man clad in ancient apparel—it was gazing intently upon some loose sheets before it. It was then that a complete though cursory examination of its features, dispelled at once our rising horror at thus confronting an apparition. Benevolence was their predominant expression, and though a few satirical lines about the mouth a little disputed its ascendancy, yet their effect was wholly lost upon us when the phantom, slowly raising its head, gave an opportunity for its mild blue eyes and placid brow to produce their full impression. There was, too, something so re-assuring, so almost parental, in the manner of this venerable being, when first addressing us, that, colored as it was by a certain jocoseness, our mind became collected at once, and we listened, nay, replied to the words of the spectre with a composure, for which, now that the singular scene has passed, we

are wholly unable to account. Perhaps we ought to add that the old gentleman, who was dressed in a coat of rusty black, a pair of olive velvet breeches, and a three cornered beaver, had a certain briskness in his appearance, that seemed almost incompatible with the gloomy sternness of an apparition: added to which we had an internal conviction the moment we saw him, that somewhere, at sometime, certainly we had seen the same individual before, or else had heard his appearance so vividly described by others, that it had long settled in memory like that of an old acquaintance.

"My son," said the sage looking old gentleman, revealing as he raised his little cocked hat from his head a few gray hairs, plaited and clubbed behind, "what my son can have tempted thee, with rash and presumptuous hand, to essay retrieving this ancient city from the degeneracy into which it has been gradually lapsing, ever since it passed from under the rule of its ancient Dutch dynasty? The dapper little town of those days has bloated into a big metropolis, and the change like that of a bustling tapster into a burly landlord hath been marvelously for the worse. We have lost in serviceableness what we have gained in importance, and to my mind things have come to such a pass that the town, like an overgrown younker as it is, having become too big for its jerkin, it well becometh some one to look after it occasionally and see, at least, that though irreclaimable in itself, it doth not expose its extravagances too much to the neighbors. But what, young sir, can have tempted thee to assume an office for which thou art not in any way qualified, seeing that since I myself cannot in my fleshly form undertake the office of beadle, there lacketh some of those arch wags and right merry spirits who used, in Salmagundi, to cudgel the town so good humoredly into better ways? And why hast thou presumed, without the permission of my rightful and only heir, to assume a name—(and here the person of the little gentleman dilated into tenfold dignity, while he replaced his rusty beaver on his head, and cocked it over the right eye after a most impressive fashion)—a name, young mortal, which, as that of a lofty and veritable annalist, is now embalmed with those of Thucydides and Xenophon, Livy, Tacitus and Polybius, Diodorus, and Aboul Hassan Aly the son of Alkhan, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Sanchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus!"

Though we had surmised before in whose presence we were, and felt the divinity of that presence—though every incident

that preceded this interview had prepared us for something of high and solemn import to follow, and though the opening of the audience had left us nothing to divine respecting the being that thus deigned to accord it, still, when we thus found ourselves beyond all doubt in the actual presence of the great Historian of New-York, the Dutch Herodotus, (as in compliment to the Greek annalist he has been called,) so overcome, so overwhelmed were we with the momentousness of the occasion, that the few incoherent sentences which first escaped us in reply to his address passed from our memory as soon as they were uttered, and we have only now a general impression of the part we took at the opening of this singular conference.

After stating to the sage that he had misconceived our design, in thinking we meditated any thing so presumptuous as supplying his place, as the quondam guardian of his favorite city, and that we had only assumed his name as good catholics when they take the cowl sometimes adopt that of their tutelar saint, we briefly mentioned those details of our design, with which the reader is already sufficiently acquainted from the prospectus, and then went on to observe:—That we well knew our publication must, at starting, owe its chief value and patronage to that pride of citizenship, widely distinct from a narrow cockney spirit, which, though latent, was still strong among the townsmen of the immortal Diedrich; but, that, though confidently relying upon this genial feeling, as the fulcrum of our first endeavors, it was upon broader and more general grounds we placed our hopes of final success. For as the rest of the country naturally looked to this metropolis for the mart of intelligence, as well as that of business, each organ that aided the emanation of literature hence, would tend also to concentrate it here, and—while our pages were open to the contribution of talent generally, when presented in a concise and animated form, provided only that sectarian discussion and party politics were not ingredients—we therefore expected to enlist ability, and consequently patronage, from every part of the country.

And much else did we add to the same purpose, which, dull and uninteresting as it is to the reader, the illustrious shade seemed to take in very good part, and even listen to in a manner highly flattering to us. After readily forgiving us the liberty taken with his name, in consideration of our having restored it to its ancient spelling, a little

matter, but which in fact tickled him mightily, especially when we informed him that it was in consequence of a request officially preferred by the Burgomasters of the ancient city of Albany, the Historian pursued his remarks in a sly vein of banter, that showed his joking propensities had survived even in the grave. The subdued tone of quiet humor in which they were uttered, however, is lost entirely, when we attempt to transfer what he said to paper.

“It is well, Mr. Editor, as I suppose it now becometh me to call thee; it is well for this inexperienced country that there are sober ones, who, like thyself, come forward, and taking the young and frisky public under their wing, thereby prevent its getting into those manifold scrapes to which the prevailing incontinence of scribbling would otherwise expose it. For in our reasoning land, so madly do people go together by the ears, upon questions of whatever concernment, that were it not for publications such as thine, which operate as safety-valves to that grand boiler, society, the ways of literature, like those of politics, would become as dangerous as the deck of a high-pressure steamboat, and wild theories and conflicting opinions would be constantly generating and exploding in quartos and octavos, instead of, as now, oozing away harmlessly through the medium of periodicals. Again, there is something right valiant in thy thus taking the bull of opinion by the horns, something exceeding magnanimous in thus assuming the direction of public taste, in thus”—

“You overrate—you mistake, venerable sir,” interrupted we in a subdued voice of respect, “the nature of our undertaking, and the responsibility of the task we are about to assume. We purpose but to act as the usher of others into the presence of the public, and to form one of the crowd only when we appear ourselves. The object of our Magazine is to represent life and letters as existing here, not to assume their regulation; to call out talent, not to supply it ourselves. The chief burthen of the undertaking must indeed, in any event, rest upon these shoulders, and they will of course sink under it, should any large portion of the aid expected be not realized. But the cordial alacrity with which it has been proffered, would render a doubt of receiving it as inexcusable, as if, after the liberal and spontaneous patronage of the public at the very outset of our undertaking, we should have misgivings of the continuance of their favour.”

“Didst thou never read, my son,” said the ancient, shaking his head, “of a usage they have in the Nicobar islands, when they wish to get rid of a restless spirit, of provisioning a little raft for a few days, towing it out to sea, and turning the frail craft with its solitary voyager adrift to perish? If haply thou hast, why may we not apprehend, while launching here thy shallop so boldly from the shore, lest the alacrity and liberality with which it has been fitted out and started upon this adventurous voyage, be a Nicobar stratagem to get rid of thee forever?”

“We are indeed, sir, at some loss to account for the unexpected and undeserved confidence with which our design hath been seconded the moment it became public; but the fate of a perturbed spirit could hardly be intended for so quiet a one as ours, nor do we know any reason why our civilized and enlightened community should adopt the usages of a simple-minded and barbarous people, seeing that they can neither affect the price of stocks, nor have any political bearing whatsoever. Then, too, as for those already engaged to assist us, their kind offices are alone a warrant of success. There are names, not quite unknown, nor known disadvantageously, whose influence and assistance have been already most courteously tendered; but high as are our expectations from these, they are by no means our principal dependance. Such good friends as they and the public will always meet with mutual satisfaction, and we shall be happy to be the means of bringing them more frequently together—”

“Though neither side has special need of you as the medium of communication,” ejaculated the ancient.

“True! venerable sir, but there is another class, a most numerous class, and one that in its unions would be mighty, who have need of *us* (or of some one in our place) and of the public, and the public and *we* have need of them. It is the class of hidden capacities—of scattered, obscure, and disunited talents—and our chiefest task will be to gather in some of these from their manifold dispersion; and to invent, if possible, some new divining rod, wherewith to bring out upon the surface of our society, the thousand springs of its own fresh and latent talent.”

“But why,” interrupted the sage, “should such magical means be requisite to elicit ability. Doth not talent, as in my day, become soon conspicuous, and as the most vigorous saplings of the forest, shoot above their fellows, and seek the

sky, spring toward the light of favor of its own accord? That he who is conscious of his own acquirements, desires the fame of possessing them, hath been proverbial since the time of Perseus, and in my day"—

“Pardon me, oh learned phantom, in thy day pedantry was not the bug-bear which it now is; though even then, genius was held synonymous with folly, and to be suspected of being a poet did as now seriously affect one’s success in any respectable business. But whether it is owing to these considerations, or others that may be mentioned, it is only by some extraordinary powers of quest and inquisition, that we can find out people among whom we are daily and hourly conversant. We meet in the busy and in the gay world upon such common-place grounds—we have so many matters of fact or indifferent nothings, which, according to the requisitions of society must be more or less discussed, that the brief moments pass in the interchange of conversational currency, while our real coin grows rusty in our pockets. And yet among the cultivated classes there are unsuspected powers; in the recesses, in the eddies of our society, which might be gathered to a mighty stream that should tend with a general effect toward a general object, and should attain it in the general discovery and consequent increase of its own effective energies.”

“Thou speakest, my son, under the influence of vivid feelings and flattering hopes and prospects. Much doth it fear me lest thou confidest too much in these hidden and uncertain resources. Bethink thee, should they fail, where but upon thy rash head will the blame and the burthen fall. Abandon then thy design, while there is time to avail thyself of the counsel conveyed in the Chinese proverb—‘it is easier to mount a tiger than to get off his back when once seated.’”

“Allow us to think otherwise and to indulge the belief, that if we do our part, ‘the blame,’ in case of failure, will only, among fair-judging people, fall where it is justly due. And for ‘the burthen,’ as we sanguinely think it will, so do we know that it *must*, be divided by others. The time has long gone by, at least in the civilized world, when the might of one man’s hand could govern, or the abundance of one man’s intellect could nourish the strength and thoughts of many. Literature is tending like civil polity to republicanism and distribution: to a distribution which enriches the many without impoverishing the few, but which makes the conferring of acceptable gifts on the former hourly more difficult; for though the

riches of the giver are not diminished, though they are indeed increased, yet the poverty of the receivers is diminished in a more than like proportion. Their taste is become more fastidious; their curiosity less eager; and if he who would cater for them be deficient in variety and novelty, they discharge the unprofitable servant and take an independent stand upon their own resources. We say their own resources, for we mean the resources of the general mind, the many hoarded individual stores which should be general and public"—

"But which too often," observed the sage, "are buried in the bosom of their miser-like owners, as if mind as well as money did not owe its chief value to active circulation; leaving it too for others to dig as much at random for their treasures, as those industrious vagrants whose researches after 'Captain Kidd's money,' have disturbed every mound upon the coast, and even troubled the repose of my own bones."

"Yet these," we resumed, "these private accumulations of the general wealth are the only coffers adequate to the supply of an enlightened and still advancing community, and upon these shall we repose, trusting fully to the active principle of the present age for the effect—variety of design, and what the political economist calls 'division of labor.' There is probably no man living who cannot do something well, and the man of our age who has caused the greatest things to be done, was he who possessed a power, that seemed like inspiration, of divining and putting into action the talents of those who were most capable of effecting his purposes. That was his arm of conquest and the staff of his strength, and there is none to wield it after him. But still the example of his success is there to prompt us, as far as we may, to fashion our little weapons in our narrower sphere upon the art he has revealed to us."

"Aye, indeed I have heard much of that great captain's doings, even in those shadowy realms, where many a lofty soul like his moves in the dim crowd of disembodied spirits, undistinguished from those who in life would have quailed beneath their glance. But touching those 'weapons,' my son, of which thou spakest but now, surely thou meanest not to encourage the vile spirit of satire in thy publication."

"It was but metaphorically we used the term; nor do we mean that our work shall be the vehicle of bitterness or malice in any shape; yet, while we well know that the prevailing fondness for speaking with levity on the gravest subjects, with ridicule of the noblest sentiments, and be-littling every thing

that is great and glorious, has done incalculable mischief, not only in leveling weak minds to one mean standard, but in chilling the fervid aspirations of loftier ones, repressing wholesome enthusiasm, and even frittering away manly independence and force of character—while we duly appreciate this malign influence, and shall be on the watch to guard against it,—we do not mean the less on that account to spare the lash of satire where its discipline is required. Like all people, however sensible, our ingenious countrymen have yet their follies and extravagances. And you must know, immortal sir, that, promising as matters were in your day, the moment your influence over them was withdrawn, they relapsed into a worse condition than formerly. In manners, for instance, it is still the prevailing weakness to adopt the absurdities of others, instead, if such things must be had, of originating them for ourselves. In literature, young, fresh, and unhacknied as we are, we are already, by some strange fatuity, grievously given to twaddle; and—where one has a right to look for that wildness and exuberance, that almost savageness of invention, which so much in the German literature requires training and repression, while it betrays all the richness and vigour of a new mental soil—we find, to the neglect of our own few original models, a dotard fondness, a sickly longing for all the absurd trash of driveling sentimentality and pseudo-fashion, with which the shelves of our circulating libraries are filled from the London press. The taste, thus engendered, acts and re-acts in a thousand ways, till our writings and our approval of writings are both second-hand. We imitate the most flimsy productions which appear abroad, and then approve of these imitations as ‘American,’ while critics, afraid to be accused of a want of patriotism, sanction where they despise, and approve when they ought to condemn. But the mischief extends still further. Where originality is not required, every one may become a writer. The names of people, clever enough in their way, but by no means more deserving of distinction than hundreds of others equally accomplished, are trumpeted abroad with those of which the country has most reason to be proud, and our national standard of merit is brought into disgrace by having these raw conscripts reviewed side by side with the few tried warriors, who alone we are willing should challenge European criticism, as the champions of our new literature. Now, sir, dangerous as the attempt may be, and difficult as its execution necessarily is, we design in this publication to assume

and sustain a system of rigid and uncompromising criticism, unbiassed by any feeling of national prejudice, any consideration of personal popularity, by the partiality of private circles, or the favor of general society. It shall also be our aim, when recommending works of merit, to exercise as much discrimination as possible, in so relatively estimating and classing them, that injustice may not be done to those of rare merit, by sharing the praise, which is only their due, with writings that have a feebleness claim to favor. And this in defiance of the economical custom of having but one standard of praise amongst us, and dubbing every clever writer 'a Bryant,' or 'an Irving.'"

We know not whether the last word, when it escaped our lips, operated suddenly like the presence of a talisman upon the enchanted objects around us; or whether the spell had been gradually breaking, and while, with our eyes cast upon the table, we were thus tasking the indulgence of our illustrious hearer with these egotistical details, he had slipped away, and withdrawn with him the mystic influence that so unaccountably changed the aspect of every thing around him. But upon looking up, as usual, in the pauses of our conversation, for his customary nod of encouragement to proceed, those never to be forgotten features were no longer there. The phantom-guest had gone more mysteriously even than he came. His place—his chair—was vacant. His chair?—it was no longer his chair. What! could that meagre, miserable, spindle-shanked thing, have ever supported a form of his dignity? Could—but how did he withdraw? Through a carved panel, as is the wont of ordinary ghosts? There was none there—the sombre shining oak had again given place to tawdry paper. Did he take the favorite road of his patron, St. Nicholas, and vanish up the chimney? Alas! that noble fire-place was gone, and a patent sweep alone could perforate the cramped vent of the narrow grate by which it was superseded. Through the window? Who ever heard of a spectre passing out of a window? No—sufficient for us that he was gone—gone entirely—gone we fear forever: and so completely had each object around us recovered its vulgar every day appearance, that we might, without much difficulty, have convinced ourselves that the whole affair was but a dream, if not some grosser illusion—such as is said to assail the waking senses of persons of a melancholy temperament, living much in retirement—but that, upon examining the apartment for some trace

of what had occurred, a highly finished miniature portrait caught our view, as lying upon the table, its animated eye seemed almost to flash from the ivory, through the gathering gloom of twilight. It was the original of the bold engraving which the reader has already seen upon the cover of the Magazine, though he could hardly have suspected, while marking the knightly mien of that lion-faced warrior, that he beheld an authentic likeness of one whom the hand of genius has invested with associations any thing but romantic. Upon comparing the portrait which fell so strangely into our possession, with the other original of PETER STUYVERSANT that has long, among those of the ancient governors of New-York, graced the gallery of the City Hall, the exact resemblance was at once acknowledged by every one present upon the occasion; and it will be ever a source of deep regret to us, that almost immediately after our friend WIER had transferred its lineaments to the wood of the engraver, this valuable picture mysteriously became missing, and can since then be no where found. The same admirable artist, however, has made all the amends in his power, for any possible neglect of his in guarding the treasure, by immortalizing with his pencil the scene in which it was discovered. Not a feature of which, excepting the table, which by some oversight presents the same appearance in the picture as does that upon which we are now writing, has escaped him in the finished painting, from which—with the omission of a figure representing our part in the conference—the bold sketch prefixed to this account was copied.

And now we would, if not humbly, yet sincerely and earnestly, ask the reader's pardon, for engrossing so much of his attention about our own particular matters upon so brief an acquaintance; but after thinking long upon the best method of having a frank and full exposition of the footing we are hereafter to be upon, we determined that there was nothing like taking him apart into our study, and talking over all our business preliminaries at once, leaving it for future occasions to develop our mutual powers of entertainment. Once having him to ourselves, however, we could not for the life of us help imparting an event among the most striking in our life, and which unquestionably has some mysterious and important connection with the future success of this Magazine. Besides, the affair must sooner or later have taken wind in some shape or another, when, if those wayward wags, the

newspaper editors, had got hold of it, no one can say in what form it might first have reached the reader's ear.

No! if there be an apology due, it is to thee only, lady reader; but as this is the first occasion when we were ever tête-à-tête with one so beautiful, without sooner manifesting our appreciation of such good fortune, so, when we promise that it is the last when the presence of thy charms shall be for a moment forgotten, we hope to be forgiven. To thee, fair and gentle one, shall we delight here often to address ourselves. For thee shall the realms of taste and invention be ransacked, and many a gem of mind be garnered here. For thee shall wit and whim and fancy revel, and austere learning move in lively measure; proud science throw her pompous robes aside, and sober truth herself be gaily dressed in fiction. And may each impression ever made upon the leaves of thy life's volume, spring from hearts as warm for thy welfare, be traced by hands as true in thy service, as those that will toil for thy entertainment in the pages of **THE KNICKERBACKER.**

SONG.

[BY KENNETH QUIVORLEY.]

I know thou dost love me—ay! frown as thou wilt,
And curl that beautiful lip,
Which I never can gaze on without the guilt
Of burning its dew to sip;
I know that my heart is reflected in thine,
And like flowers which over a brook incline,
They toward each other dip.

Though thou lookest so cold in these halls of light,
Mid the careless, proud, and gay,
I will steal like a thief in thy heart at night,
And pilfer its thoughts away;
I will come in thy dreams at the midnight hour,
And thy soul in secret shall own the power
It dares to mock by day.

A RAMBLE IN THE WOODS ON SUNDAY, AND WHAT THE
WRITER SAW AND HEARD THERE.

[BY J. K. PAULDING.]

I frequently spend a sabbath morning in the country, rambling alone in the melancholy woods, sometimes resting myself against the rough bark of a time worn tree; sometimes lingering on the woody heights looking far over the surrounding world; and at others reclining listlessly by the side of some clear brook, over whose rippling way the branches meet, and form nature's choicest canopy. Here I indulge my memory and imagination in a thousand devious wanderings; I recall the distant shadows of departed time that have by degrees faded almost into oblivion, and send my mind on errands to the future; a thousand recollections melancholy, yet exquisitely touching, throng about my heart, and a thousand anticipations beckon me onward in the path I am pursuing through this wayward world. At times I become so completely abstracted from the scenes around, as to forget where I am, and to lose almost the consciousness of being. I ruminatè, I ponder, and I dream.

On one of these occasions, about the middle of the sultry month of August, when the dog-star rages, and all nature sinks into a sort of luxurious repose, I had become somewhat tired with a ramble longer than usual, and laid myself listlessly along the margin of a little twittering stream that stole its winding way among the deep obscurities of the wood, diffusing coolness, and inviting to repose. It was Sunday, and it seemed as if nature partook in its holy abstraction from worldly thoughts and worldly occupations. The voice of the ploughman cheering or chiding his team; the rattling of the sonorous wagon over the rough mountain road; the echoes of the woodman's axe; the explosion of the hunter's gun, and all the customary sounds that give life and animation to rural sports and rural occupations, had ceased. Nay, even the tinkling cow-bell, which broke at intervals on the hallowed quiet of the day, seemed to come over me with a softened, mellowed tone, as if fearful of disturbing its repose, and awed by the solemnity of universal silence. Through the arched canopy of foliage that overhung the little stream, I could see it coursing its way on either hand among mossy rocks, glittering as if by moonlight, and disappearing after a thousand meanderings. It is impossible—at least with me it is impossible—to resist the influence

of such a scene. Reflecting beings like ourselves, sink into a sort of melancholy reverie, and even the sprightliness of childhood is repressed, by the hallowed quiet that reigns all around. Guilt awakes from its long oblivion, and innocence becomes saddened with the stillness of nature.

As thus I lay, stretched in languid listlessness along the stream, as quiet as the leaves that breathed not a whisper above me, and gradually sinking into almost unconsciousness of the world and all it holds—the little birds sported about careless of my presence, and the insects pursued that incessant turmoil, which seems never to cease, until winter lays his icy fetters on all nature, and drives them into their inscrutable hiding places. There is a lapse in the recollection of the current of my thoughts at that moment; a short period of forgetfulness, from which I was roused by a hoarse croaking voice, exclaiming:

“Cruel, savage monster, what does he here?”

I looked all around, and could see only a hawk seated on the limb of a dry tree, eyeing me as I fancied with a peculiar expression of hostility. In a few moments I again relapsed into a profound reverie, from which I was awakened once more by a small squeaking whisper:

“I dare say the blood thirsty villain has been setting traps for us.”

I looked again, and at first could see nothing from which I supposed the voice might proceed, but at the same time imagined I distinguished a sort of confused whisper, in which many little voices seemed commingled. My curiosity was awakened, and peering about quietly, I found it proceeded from a collection of animals, birds, and insects, gathered together for some unaccountable purpose. They seemed very much excited, and withal in a great passion about something, all talking at once. Listening attentively, I could distinguish one from the other.

“Let us pounce upon the tyrant, and kill him in his sleep,” cried a bald eagle, “for he grudges me a miserable little lamb now and then, though I don’t require one above once a week. See! where he wounded me in the wing, so that I can hardly get an honest living, by prey.”

“Let me scratch his eyes out,” screamed a hawk, “for he will not allow me peaceably to carry off a chicken from his barn yard, though I am dying of hunger, and come in open day to claim my natural, indefeasible right.”

"Aye, aye," barked a fox, "he interferes in the same base manner with my privileges, though I visit his hen-roost in the night that I may not disturb him."

"Agreed," hissed a rattle-snake, "for he wont let me bite him, though he knows it is my nature, and kills me according to scripture"—and thereupon he rattled his tail, curled himself in spiral volumes, and darted his tongue at me in a most fearful manner."

"Agreed," said a great fat spider, who sat in his net, surrounded by the dead bodies of half a dozen insects—"agreed, for the bloody-minded savage takes delight in destroying the fruits of my honest labors, on all occasions."

"By all means," buzzed a great blue-bottle-fly," for he will not let me tickle his nose of a hot summer day, though he must see with half an eye, that it gives me infinite satisfaction."

"Kill him," cried a little ant, who ran fuming and fretting about at a furious rate, "kill him without mercy, for he don't mind treading me into a million of atoms, a bit more than you do killing a fly," addressing himself to the spider.

"The less you say about that the better," whispered the spider.

"Odds fish!" exclaimed a beautiful trout, that I should like very much to have caught, popping his head out of the brook, "odds fish! kill the monster by all means—hook him, I say, for he entices me with worms, and devours me to gratify his insatiable appetite."

"To be sure," said a worm, "kill him as he sleeps, and I'll eat him afterwards; for though I am acknowledged on all hands to be his brother, he impales me alive on a hook, only for his amusement."

"I consent," cooed the dove, "for he has deprived me of my beloved mate, and made me a disconsolate widow." Upon which she began to moan so piteously, that the whole assembly deeply sympathized in her forlorn condition.

"He has committed a million of murders," cried the spider.

"He drowns all my kittens," mewed the cat.

"He tramples upon me without mercy," whispered the toad, "only because I'm no beauty."

"He is a treacherous cunning villain," barked the fox.

"He has no more bowels than a wolf," screamed the hawk.

"He is a bloody tyrant," croaked the eagle.

"He is the common enemy of all nature, and deserves a hundred and fifty thousand deaths," exclaimed they all with one voice.

I began to be heartily ashamed of myself, and was casting about how I might slip away, from hearing these pleasant reproaches; but curiosity and listlessness together, kept me quiet, while they continued to discuss the best mode of destroying the tyrant. There was as usual in such cases, great diversity of opinion.

"I'll bury my talons in his brain," said the eagle.

"I'll tear out his eyes," screamed the hawk.

"I'll whip him to death with my tail," barked the fox.

"I'll sting him home," hissed the rattle-snake.

"I'll poison him," said the spider.

"I'll fly-blow him," buzzed the fly.

"I'll drown him, if he'll only come into the brook, so I will," quoth the trout.

"I'll drag him into my hole, and do his business there, I warrant," said the ant; and thereupon there was a giggle among the whole set.

"And I'll—I'll"—said the worm.

"What will you do, you poor d—l," exclaimed the rest in a titter.

"What will I do? why I'll eat him after he's dead," replied sir worm; and then he strutted about, until he unwarily came so near that he slipt into the brook, and was snapt up in a moment by the trout. The example was contagious.

"Oho! are you for that sport," mewed the cat, and clawed the trout before he could get his head under water.

"Tit for tat," barked Reynard, and snatching pussy up in his teeth, was off like a shot.

"Since 'tis the fashion," said the spider, "I'll have a crack at that same blue-bottle;" and thereupon he nabbed the poor fly in a twinkling.

"By your leave," said the toad, and snapt up the spider in less than no time.

"You ugly thief of the world," hissed the rattle-snake, in great wrath, and indignantly laying hold of the toad, managed to swallow him about half way, where he lay in all his glory.

"What a nice morsel for my poor fatherless little ones," cooed the dove, and pecking at the ant, was just flying away with it in quite a sentimental style, when the hawk seeing this, screamed out—

“What a pretty plump dove for a dinner! Providence hath ordained I should eat her.”

He was carrying her off, when the eagle darted upon him, and soaring to his ærie on the summit of an inaccessible rock, composedly made a meal of both hawk and dove. Then picking his teeth with his claws, he exclaimed with great complacency, “what a glorious thing it is to be king of the birds!”

“Humph,” exclaimed I, rubbing my eyes, for it seemed I had been half asleep, “humph, a man is not so much worse than his neighbors after all;” and shaking off the spell that was over me, bent my steps homewards, wondering why it was, that it seemed as if all living things were created for the sole purpose of preying on each other. The only solution which offered itself to my mind was, that the pleasure arising from eating, is much greater than the pain of being eaten, and that this propensity to devouring each other, on the whole, conduces to the general happiness.

THE MOSS ROSE.

Of the thousand allegories upon this favorite flower, the best may be traced to one of the celebrated “Parables of KRUMMACHER.” But though so frequently paraphrased in prose and verse, no ornament that the ingenuity of the translator has superadded, can compare with the exquisite simplicity of the original, which is here given immediately from the German:—

“The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them the dew in the still night, slumbered on a spring day in the shade of a rose-bush. And when he awoke, he said, with a smiling countenance—Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odor and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favor, how willingly would I grant it!

Adorn me then with a new charm, said the spirit of the rose-bush, in a beseeching tone.

And the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss.

Sweetly it stood then in modest attire, the MOSS ROSE, the most beautiful of its kind.

Lovely Lina—lay aside the splendid ornament and the glittering jewel, and listen to the instructions of maternal nature.”

POLITICAL ECONOMY,

[In giving place to the following well written article from a practiced hand, we by no means intend committing ourselves to the opinions it so zealously upholds. But, a periodical like this would be essentially defective in its plan, if it did not afford facilities for disseminating information, upon questions of great and growing interest, without identifying itself with partisan publications of either side; and we shall be happy, in the existing curiosity upon the subject of Political Economy, to contribute all in our power toward arriving at sound principles, by inviting those skilled in 'The New Science,' to unfold their different views in our pages. In availing themselves of the offer, however, so circumscribed are our limits, that brevity must be kept continually in view, by writers, however able.—*Ed. Knickerbocker.*]

In February, 1830, Sir Henry Parnell, one of the most influential members of the British Parliament, published the first edition of his work on "Financial Reform." It is an excellent synopsis of the most approved doctrines of political economy, in practical adaptation to the affairs of Great Britain, and has produced, in the course of the four editions through which it has passed, a decided effect, with important changes, upon the legislation of that country. In France too, a result of the remarks it contains upon foreign commerce, has been the institution, in concert with Great Britain, of an inquiry still going on at Paris, into the means of removing the obstacles which fetter the trade between the two countries; and a pamphlet,* upon which we are about to comment, was published at Paris, to point out to the commissioners acting in the matter, the principles upon which the customs duties ought to be adjusted reciprocally,

In these "observations," as well as in his principal work, the author has advanced propositions bold, sweeping, and calculated to startle most readers even on this side of the Atlantic. They belong, however, to intellectual liberty, and form but a part of that grand system of reform on which the British nation has now fairly embarked. That they should be cordially inculcated here, with others reaching even further, is merely their due, and our duty, and yet it may be that they will be greeted with ridicule, which is not the test of truth, and by denunciation which cannot fix the standard of merit, instead of frank investigation, and liberal discussion. He who, in influencing the press, timidly, or sordidly, from bigotry, or prejudice, warps its channels, or stifles argument, is, negatively at least, an enemy to the welfare of his species. Certainly,

* "Observations on the Commercial Intercourse between France and England. By SIR HENRY PARNELL, Bart. M. P. Paris, 1831."

public opinion does not seem to be made up either as to the topics, the scope, or the auditors of free discussion, but it is time that the right should be established above the danger of impeachment. From the date of Milton's "Areopagita," to the recent appearance of an anonymous but admirable "Essay on the formation and publication of opinions," the argument in its favor has been powerfully maintained, and there should no longer be a doubt that "all opposition to free and public discussion, arises from conscious weakness, and fear of the result."

Upon such a subject especially as political economy, no hesitation should obtain in publishing freely propositions however novel, or extreme. If wrong they can be argued down, or will sink of their own defect, and the discussion of them may lead, as did the pursuit of the philosopher's stone, to much abiding benefit. Still are there propositions, which, although grounded in common sense, and conducive to freedom, would be banned from a hearing as paradoxes, and wild theories. For example, such as, that custom houses are an opprobrium, and ought to be abolished as the machines of unequal taxation, manifold crimes, and national hostility—that the American industry which traverses the ocean in the modifications of foreign commerce, should be as free as in any shape it may assume while passing along our rivers, our roads, and our streets—that this ought to be a country—and such would make its proudest boast before the world—a country without debt, without beggars, and without taxes—that the creation of monopolies by law must cease totally—that government have no power to make a constituent rich, because that implies a power also to make him poor—that the citizen should be as free, and uninfluenced in his avocations as he is in his person, and his conscience—that interference upon these subjects is incompatible with the idea of liberal institutions, and that the constitution can confer no such authority, because it militates with the perfect and unalienable natural right of man, to regulate his own industry in the "pursuit of happiness."

The sitting of this commission is as yet but a little cloud above the horizon; fraught, however, to the ken of those who stand on that "vantage ground," whereof Lord Bacon makes mention, with the highest associations and mighty consequences. This should be the modern "Field of the Cloth of Gold." The victims, though once the champions, of the mercantile and manufacturing systems, have met in treaty to abjure the

policy, hitherto so rife, with hatred, war, and mutual loss. The results will be, a palinode of long cherished absurdities, a triumph to the rights of industry and the principles of political economy, and tidings of exceeding joy to the Christian and philanthropist. While scanning the European map, it behooves us to avert our eyes from the contests of rival tyrants, and the protocol disputes between heads which "the likeness of a kingly crown have on;" but to make the coming general wreck of such things more numerous in the catalogue, and to settle our most intense gaze on this noiseless, but momentous assembly, and ponder deeply the principles constituting the basis of their councils and action. Those principles have been, long, and strenuously, inculcated by the "schoolmasters" of the science of political economy. Let the nations hear, and now between them let the sole contest be who shall be foremost in profit, and in glory to act up to their scope. They teach the abolition of discrimination, restriction, retaliation, and monopoly—the freedom of trade, and the right of man individually to consult his own interests—they deny any power inherent, delegated, or expedient in government, in protecting, (encouraging) regulating, enriching, or impoverishing; and, inasmuch as most wars have sprung from the protective system, the creature of national animosity, they proclaim as their motto, "peace on earth, and good will to all men."

The leading propositions submitted by Sir Henry Parnell to the commission, are:

1. That each nation (France and Great Britain) should begin by *wholly abolishing* their tariff laws, as they now exist.
2. That each nation, in making a new tariff, should proceed strictly on the principle of consulting only its own interests, and without, in any degree, making the details of its tariff matter of diplomatic *negotiation*, or *reciprocal arrangement*.

The reasons for the first are, the impossibility of remedying in any other mode the defects of the present tariffs, on account of their number; and because this course will open the way for the substitution of reason and sound principles, in the place of those erroneous theories about trade and manufactures, on which the existing customs duties were formed. His second proposition goes to the utter subversion of the selfish and illiberal schemes of retaliatory duties, and reciprocal arrangements, upon the philanthropic principle that "whatever either country shall do which is really useful to itself, cannot

fail to be useful to the other." And, to sustain his project in all its parts, he lays out the broad and sure doctrines, that "every benefit which is obtained by individuals through protection, is acquired at the loss of the public at large"—that "every thing in the nature of what is called legislative regulation of industry, is an evil"—and that "all that has been done in attempting to establish trades and manufactures at home, by imposing duties on the foreign, is highly pernicious, and had its origin in a theory on national prosperity which is entirely erroneous."

The arguments he uses against the protective system are brief, but masterly, and he challenges those "who still maintain the policy of keeping the affairs of trade under the guardianship of legislation," to refute them, if they can, by reasons founded on fact and experience. After stating that "the whole object of protecting duties is to establish higher prices at home than the prices abroad," (and this must be their intent, or they are senseless) he goes on to demonstrate that, however burdensome this may be to the consumers, it shortly is of no avail to the manufacturers themselves, for their profits are brought and kept down by domestic rivalry; and that "no trade, or manufacture, has ever become really flourishing, until the prices have settled to the natural level, and the whole effect of factitious aid has been done away, (quoad the manufacturers) by home competition."

The competition between capitalists at home being free, the incentives held out by protecting duties in the prospect of high prices, and corresponding profits, bring about rapid and greedy investments in manufacturing, and the market being restricted to home consumption, (for if exports can be made, imports of the same articles never will occur) the supply will tend always to exceed the demand, and prices, in consequence, must go down. They cannot, however, in all cases, as Sir Henry supposes, "become as low as if foreign goods were admitted free of duty." This must depend upon the relative cost of production. Below that grade they cannot permanently fall. Wherever the want of sufficient skill, capital, and experience, a sparse population, high wages, superabundant lands, migratory habits, and the free spirit of agricultural labor exist as in America, they will always enhance the cost of production beyond the rate in other countries differently situated.

High prices do not necessarily imply high profits. Thus while the protective system compels the consumer to pay high-

er prices to the home, than he would to the foreign manufacturer, by reason of the different cost of production, the domestic manufacturer derives no more, after a season, than the ordinary profits on capital, in consequence of the competition of his neighbors—and “the system becomes wholly inefficacious, and wholly useless with reference to its original object.” The corollary drawn from which, by this enlightened statesman, is:

“That all the duties should be reduced, so as no longer to leave any thing of the character of seeking to give *protection*, but so as to be only for the purpose of obtaining *revenue*.”

He then makes the distinct proposition, that France and England shall admit all the products of each other at a duty of *ten per cent. ad valorem*, that being “the *highest rate* which can with propriety be imposed.” That such a measure is now actually pending in negotiation between these two great nations, with a likelihood of success, will scarcely perhaps be believed in this country, but every patriot, understanding the subject, must cordially wish that our government would anticipate its competitors, and secure the custom of the world in advance, by throwing our ports open to a trade perfectly free. Were there but two nations engaged in commerce, should one of them adopt restrictions upon its imports, the other might, perhaps with some semblance of wisdom, resort to retaliatory duties. But, where all countries nearly are contending for the common custom, that which purposes to break down competition, and engross the most business, must welcome all comers to its ports without let, tax, or restriction. The best retaliation upon restriction is free trade—the worst enemy of monopoly is competition. By the philosophic inquirer, the origin of this vicious and preposterous system of legislation, may be traced to the wrong *theory of government*, so long prevalent in the old world, and still lingering in the new, from a habitude of thought little short of superstition. Men have been in the custom of regarding government as a mysterious, and self-existent abstraction, endowed with creative and magical powers, and administered by motives and rules which are sublimated far above common sense, and utterly inapplicable to the individual citizen. The reverse exactly is the case, and political is barely domestic economy applied to the business of those shopkeepers called nations. Were one merchant in a city to exact of all the customers who entered his store, one per cent. on their dealings, and another, because he was affected by it,

to retaliate with a duty of half per cent., and a third to demand nothing at all, which of them would have the greatest *run of business*, and most custom? There is no substantial difference between this instance, and that of commercial nations, and the true policy of the United States most assuredly is, at once to throw wide her ports, and by drawing to herself the custom, and the carrying trade of the world at large, to give to American industry the only encouragement her freemen should deign to ask, or condescend to receive—*an open field, and no favor.*

In adjusting the tariffs, at this rate per cent., and for revenue merely, the principles for fixing the duties, are thus stated:

“1. That the collection of them may be as little inconvenient as possible to the importing merchant.

“2. That they should be so moderate as not to add much to prices, and thereby diminish to a large amount the *consumption* of the goods on which they are imposed.”

Appeals are constantly made to the pride and patriotism of our citizens, in aid of the protective system, on the plea of encouraging *American industry*; and this ad captandum pretext, we are persuaded, has gone further with the people than conviction through knowledge, or reflection upon the subject. It involves one, or perhaps all, of three absurd principles—either, our government is supported by taxes which are paid by foreigners; or, they send their goods to us gratuitously without receiving any thing in exchange; or, to tax the industry of eleven million five hundred thousand consumers, for the benefit of five hundred thousand manufacturers, is for the good of the whole nation.

“This is a most important point to attend to,” says Sir Henry, “because as the only means of *paying for* imported goods is by exporting the domestic productions of industry, every restriction upon importation is really a restriction on industry; and on the contrary, every encouragement to importation is an encouragement to industry.”

Foreign manufactures are obtained, how? Unquestionably by, and for the products of American industry. The moment the barter, or purchase, is made, the American industry is infused into the foreign articles. Where these are cheap their consumption is increased, and American industry is stimulated, and encouraged to obtain additional means wherewithal they may be purchased. That is as much American industry which, with its earnings buys foreign manufactures, as that

which builds a house, cultivates a farm, or navigates a ship. There is no good reason, beyond convenience, in collecting the revenue, why the whole load of federal taxation should fall upon that comparatively small portion of American industry, which happens to pass through the custom-house, while the whole immense residue is exempted. On the contrary, the gross inequality of taxation, both individual and sectional, it necessarily engenders, is an objection that ought to be fatal to the whole system, in a country of equal benefits, and equal burdens.

The canons of taxation by impost, as laid down by Sir Henry Parnell, are the following:

1. All foreign articles, which consist of materials for the operations of industry, to be free.

2. All foreign articles, which are necessaries of life, to be free.

3. None but those foreign articles which are luxuries, to be made subject to duty.

To these details there are strong objections. They embody a departure from his own principles. In them is recognized the right of government to intermeddle with the interests, and occupations of its citizens, and the moment the principle of protection, and the prerogative to regulate are conceded, monopolies, restrictions, and unwise legislation will rapidly pour in. There should be no manner of discrimination. If the government must support itself by this system of taxation, let it be by a tariff of ten per cent. ad valorem duties upon every thing brought into the country, regardless of what it consists, where it was made, or to what use it is destined. The idea of taxing luxuries especially should be wholly exploded. It is but a remnant of that scheme of sumptuary laws always found so impracticable, and now so universally abandoned. Besides the difficulty of discriminating between luxuries and necessaries, and the other objections to such a tax stated by Adam Smith, in the United States the abolition of the law of primogeniture, and the quick subdivision and rotation of property, make luxuries in the ancient, or European sense of the term, almost unknown. The inhabitant, whether rich or poor, of a free country, has a right to spend his money as he pleases, either unproductively, or reproductively; either on necessaries, or luxuries; and government should leave the matter for morality and religion alone to regulate.

With these qualifications we agree, that the tariffs proposed

to the commission to be established between England and France are, in the words of the writer of the "Observations," "exactly the kind of tariff that all nations at all times would have had, if their commercial legislation had been founded on the established principles of political economy."

Undoubtedly "every change in the public economy of a great nation, ought to be cautiously and gradually effected," and "with the smallest amount of inconvenience and loss to the individuals who have vested their capital on the faith of legislative protection." Without mooted the point whether vested rights can accrue under a nudum pactum; or urging the argument that the manufacturers were parties to, if not sole actors in, that legislation, and can take no advantage of their own wrong; or dwelling on the consideration that, if they do suffer, the intermediate cause being low prices, the public at large will be the gainers, let it be admitted that the duties must be gradually reduced, and then the inquiry arises how is this to be effected? The answer is furnished by the paper under review.

"In order that no capitalist who is now engaged in manufactures may be injured by the change, it should be provided that the duties should continue as they now are for three years, and be reduced one third in each of the three following years. Such an arrangement would afford ample time for every one, who is at all interested in any existing enterprise, to prepare for the altered state of circumstances, and to avoid loss."

One of the greatest abuses prevalent in this country is, the misapplication of public money. Our legislators, whether federal, state, or municipal, seem to forget that the funds at their disposal are raised by taxation, and that taxes are no blessing; nor do they even pause to inquire for what *purposes* the taxes were paid by the people. Their situation is exactly that of a private agent. They are the trustees of the people, and have their power of attorney, and letter of instructions—and yet, were an individual to misapply money entrusted to him for specified objects, half so grossly as do the public servants, he would be broken by his employer, and branded by the community for dishonesty and faithlessness. It is in vain to rely upon written directions, or the merit of public agents without responsibility constantly enforced by the vigilance of the principal. That vigilance can only be kept up in the people by making them *feel* the taxes, and understand distinctly for what uses they are enacted. By direct taxation this may

be accomplished, and economy and honesty secured in the administration of public money. In this connexion we quote the following passage, from perhaps the best writer in America, (Dr. Channing) upon a subject becoming daily of greater and more pressing importance.

"We should rejoice," says the *Christian Examiner* for May, 1829, "if by some great improvement in finance, every custom-house could be shut from Maine to Louisiana. The interest of human nature requires, that every fetter should be broken from the intercourse of nations, and that the most distant countries should exchange all their products, whether of manual, or intellectual labor, as freely as members of the same community. An unrestricted commerce we regard as the most important means of diffusing through the world, knowledge, arts, comforts, civilization, religion, and liberty; and to this great cause we would have our country devoted. We will add, that we attach no importance to what is deemed the chief benefit of tariffs, that they save the necessity of direct taxation, and draw from the people a large revenue without their knowledge. In the first place we say that a free people ought to know what they have to pay for freedom, and pay it joyfully; and that they should as truly scorn to be cheated into the support of their government, as into the support of their children. In the next place, a large revenue is no blessing. An overflowing treasury will always be corrupting to the governors, and the governed. A revenue rigorously proportioned to the wants of a people, is as much as can safely be trusted to men in power. The only valid argument against substituting direct for indirect taxation, is the difficulty of ascertaining with precision the property of the citizen. Happy would it be for us if tariffs could be done away!—for with them would be abolished fruitful causes of national jealousies, of war, of perjury, of wranglings, of innumerable frauds and crimes, and of harassing restraints on that commerce which should be as free as the wind!"

In the great financial reform about to take place in our federal system, it should be kept in mind that our general government, properly administered, requires an annual income of but ten millions of dollars. The public debt being paid off, what is to be done with the public lands? The only remaining use for them is that to which they were dedicated by the original grant from the old states—the support of the government—already they yield three millions and a half annually, and with

better husbandry may be sold, or farmed out, so as to furnish as much federal revenue as is needed. There are then, as we conceive, three modes, in either of which alone the expenses of the general government ought to be defrayed:

First, from the proceeds of the public lands.

Secondly, by a system of direct taxation, bearing equally on all the products of industry throughout the country.

And *lastly*, by a tariff of ten per cent. ad valorem duties, laid upon all imports without discrimination.

THE ARCTIC LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

[BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.]

Gone is the long long winter night,
Look, my beloved one!
How glorious, through his depths of light,
Rolls the majestic sun.
The willows, waked from winter's death,
Give out a fragrance like thy breath—
The summer is begun!

Aye, 'tis the long bright summer day:
Hark, to that mighty crash!
The loosened ice-ridge breaks away—
The smitten waters flash.
Seaward the glittering mountain rides,
While, down its green translucent sides,
The foamy torrents dash.

See, love, my boat is moored for thee,
By ocean's weedy floor—
The petrel does not skim the sea
More swiftly than my oar.
We'll go where, on the rocky isles,
Her eggs the screaming sea-fowl piles
Beside the pebbly shore.

Or, bide thee where the poppy blows,
 With wind-flowers frail and fair,
 While I, upon his isle of snows,
 Seek and defy the bear.
 Fierce though he be, and huge of frame,
 This arm his savage strength shall tame,
 And drag him from his lair.

When crimson sky and flamy cloud
 Bespeak the summer fled,
 And snows, that melt no more, enshroud
 The vallies white and dead,
 I'll build of ice thy winter home,
 With glistening walls and lucid dome,
 And floor with skins bespread.

The white fox by thy couch shall play;
 And, from the frozen skies,
 The meteors of a mimic day
 Shall flash upon thine eyes.
 And I—for such thy vow—meanwhile,
 Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,
 Till that long midnight flies.

Maxim makers are great thieves—e. g. take Lacon.
 “There are some persons,” says he, “whom you might strip naked and throw off London bridge, and you would meet them next day in Bond-street, well dressed, with swords by their sides, and money in their pockets.” He has taken this from Beaumont and Fletcher, who have said it better in “Wit without Money:”

Upon my conscience, bury him stark naked,
 He would rise again within two hours, embroider'd.

He who enters into a discussion with a prejudice, is like him who went into a shower bath with an umbrella—what good could it do him?

The mind derives its strength from solitude, and its suppleness from society.

SAYINGS OF LORD MONBODDO.

The science of metaphysics must always keep, with the enlightened few, a rank above all those that treat of inferior subjects, to that greatest one of all, the operations of mind and spirit. He who has never studied the philosophy of his own mind, is as much inferior to him who understands it, as the lubberly passenger in a ship is to the enlightened navigator; neither, it is true, can control the winds, nor clear away clouds from the stars; but without any such visionary powers as these, there remains an immense difference between being driven through one's course ignorantly and incuriously by impulses of whose nature and limits we have no conception, and profiting by our intelligence of the same impulses, and when we cannot suit them to our purposes, accommodating our purposes to them—what matters it, so they are effected. Most of us walk in the dark in regard to every thing that concerns our own powers and better natures. We are lost in absolute fogs of ignorance, to the extent of not believing in the existence of knowledge, and of not appreciating it when others discover it. Yet the search should be made for its own sake, for the improvement and exercise it is fitted to give our perceptive faculties and reasoning powers, even if the benefit ended there. It would be easy to cite many examples of this effect. We shall content ourselves with one, which will put this matter in a striking point of view, as showing how one man's mind at least, has arrived at a pitch of acuteness, which most or all of our readers probably must be content to admire, and can scarcely hope to reach. We mean Lord Monboddo—from whose work, on the origin and progress of language, book 1, ch. 8, we take the following extract:—

“Plato said that the subject of opinion was neither the *τὸ ὄν*, or the thing itself, nor was it the *τὸ μὴ ὄν* or nothing, but something betwixt these two. This may appear, at first sight, a little mysterious and hard to be understood; but like other things of that kind in Plato, when examined to the bottom, it has a very clear meaning, and explains the nature of opinion very well. For, as he says, every man that opines must opine something. The subject of opinion, therefore, is not nothing—at the same time it is not the thing itself, but something betwixt the two.”

Lord Monboddo says, he knows a man who would spend days together in reading music, without applying to it either voice or instrument, and took great delight in it. The music, Monboddo says, was intellectual.

A BELLE'S PHILOSOPHY.

[FROM A LADY'S ALBUM.*]

Yon mountain's side hath a crystal stream,
 Which laughs along in the sunlight free,
 And its rippling course and the splintering gleam
 Of its diamond falls are a joy to see.
 Shall we turn it aside from its sparkling way,
 To slake for a summer a garden's thirst,
 That buds may have life, and that flow'rets gay
 In its fostering dews may be born and nurs'd.
 Oh no, philosopher, no,
 Utility must not mislead us so.
 We must always strive
 To preserve alive
 A little romance in this world below.

There's a statue beneath yon humble shrine,
 'Tis the Queen of the Graces in virgin gold,
 Instinct with a beauty, as like divine,
 As poet or painter could feign of old.
 Shall her smiling and gentle presence be
 Coined down like a common and sordid thing,
 To bear to the ends of the earth and sea,
 The stupid impress of a foolish king.
 Oh no, philosopher, no, &c.

There's another shrine where the votary sues
 To the glorious life of that sculptured form;
 And where in the light that her smiles diffuse,
 The iciest bosoms grow soft and warm.
 Shall the fatal spell of the parson drown
 In the rights of one mortal, the hopes of all.
 Shall the queen of the belles lay the sceptre down,
 And yield to a homely domestic thrall.
 Oh no, philosopher, no.
 Utility must not mislead us so.
 We must always strive
 To preserve alive
 A little romance in this world below.

* Supposed to be the only one now extant.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ. NO. I.

Wer das Bichten will berstehen
 Muss in 's Land der Bichtung gehen
 Wer den Bichter will berstehen
 Muss in Bichters Lande gehen.

Gedichte sind gemahlte Fensterscheiben
 Sieht man vom markt in die Kirche hinein
 Da ist alles dunkel und düster
 * * * * *

Kommt aber nur einmal herein
 Begrüsst die hellige capelle
 Da ist's auf einmal farb'ig helle
 Geschicht und Merrath glänzt in Schnelle
 Bedeutend wirkt ein edler scheln.

If any one talent in this world of mediocrity be more decidedly rare than the rest, it is the talent of translation, especially of poetry; or rather to carry the idea fairly out, it may be questioned whether any such thing as translating poetry, be possible at all. A good poem in one language, is often the exciting cause of a good or bad poem in another, which last shall be called a translation, as Pope's Iliad for instance, is called a translation of Homer; but does not every school-boy of any cleverness know, that though you may translate Homer's Iliad or his Odyssey for ever and ever, yet you never can translate *him*. Talma may take off Alexander, that's one step down, and a travelled ape may serve you up an imitation of Talma, that's another, and that brings you to about the distance from the conqueror, that most translations keep from their originals; for most of them are made under the double disadvantage, of an imperfect apprehension by the translator himself of the real genius of his author, and of an imperfect fashion of rendering what he does apprehend. Let somebody attitudinize to show you what the Apollo Belvedere is, or the Venus de Medicis, allow for their defects of conception and memory, their faults of form, and the disadvantages of "pantaloons and boddices," and then say whether such an exhibition satisfies or diminishes at all your desire to study with your own eyes those wonders of the chisel. If it does not, then

never excuse your indolence in not learning languages upon any substitute you can get for knowing them by borrowing the knowledge of others; but above all, never depreciate nor disparage the untasted fruits, but suppress your envy when those who can taste, boast of them.

The most remarkable poem of the present age, beyond all doubt or competition, is Goethe's *Faust*. There is but one voice on this matter among those who know it; but between these and those who do not know it, there is a gulph fixed, so that those who would pass into the class of the initiated cannot, except by an earnest application to the German; for I take it for granted few are ignorant of that work, who are not also ignorant of the language in which it is written. I would fain say something by way of insisting on the inducements to this study, and with this view shall attempt to give an account of some of the most striking passages in *Faust*, with occasional English versions of some stanzas, for which versions I claim the indulgence I have claimed for translators in general, to wit, that of being considered to have failed in an impossible undertaking. The ground work of the poem is the old superstition of *Dr. Faust*; that matters little, for in the progress of thinking in the present age no one cares much for the mere story, the canvas or skeleton of a work. We look for the author—for the poet—for opinions—allusions—satiric-reflections—originality of remark not incident—for beautiful expressions, lively conversations, and play of fancy—and where these are, we care not whether the story be one handed down from *Boccaccio* or the *Queen of Navarre*, and a hundred times repeated, or a new fiction just born of the author's brain—indeed the last seems more like being introduced to strangers, and the chances are that it will therefore interest us less. The nature and character, truth and application of the sentiments and incidents strike us more forcibly when the parties concerned are our old familiar friends, than they can among new faces, and we require too that there should be a keeping and harmony in what we are told, with what we know already, and that our new ideas, should we be so fortunate as to get any, shall mix readily and kindly with the old. *Faust* is a pleasant book in this respect—the episode of *Margaret* it is true is Goethe's own, but the principal characters of the doctor and his tempter are faithful to the ancient letter. The devil is "proportioned as one's heart could wish a" devil—his cloven foot is not forgotten, and the superstitions of the

magic powers of the number three, and of the blind working of mysterious triangles and pentagrams, are preserved entire. Faust sells his soul on the usual terms, and there is nothing very singular either in his reasons for doing so—he has consumed the resources of life—he has found that all wisdom is sorrow and much study weariness—his familiarity with pleasure has extended to disgust—his familiarity with science to contempt, and his imagination can conceive no happiness in such a world, even though its wildest flights within the bounds of nature could be realized. He pours forth curses upon his existence, and in the deep feeling of the nothingness or inanity of the past and of the present, he finds an argument to despise or doubt the future, and by questioning its reality, justifies his recklessness as to any retribution he may heap upon it. Mephistopheles avails himself with the skill, peculiar to his tribe, of these favourable dispositions of the doctor. He gets leave first to tempt him, in a scene in heaven like that in Job, when he appears however as a wag only—a lover of fun and mischief—a scoffer, but not a fiendish destroyer; but in the end he turns out very evil disposed, even for a devil, delighting not merely in freaks and dilemmas, but in inflicting bitter anguish and in mocking it. Every one remembers the passage in Sterne in the theological arguments between Dr. Slop and my Uncle Toby. But the devil, says Dr. Slop, is damned to all eternity. I am very sorry for it, says my Uncle Toby. Whe-e-e-ugh, says Dr. Slop. My Uncle Toby's goodness of heart in this passage is most excellent, and until I read Faust I always thought with him; but if he should extend his pity to Mephistopheles, I should rather cry Whe-e-e-ugh with Dr. Slop.

Between Faust and the devil it is all fair play. One grudges the old monopolizer his purchase of another eternal jewel certainly, but the doctor makes out his case so clearly, that the best thing he can do is to sell, that we yield to the conviction, and however we may disapprove the transaction, we do not feel that we could have prevented it, or opposed it to any purpose had we been there. Fight dog fight bear, it is the proverb's justice, and a man full of years and experience who has been hacknied, jostled, *blasé*, through a long life, may lay the blame on his own capacity if he does not become toward the end of it a pretty fair match for a fiend. But Margaret, poor Margaret, how different is all this with her—she is painted so lovely, so confiding, so

child-like, artless, yet so guilty—she speaks from her failing heart such a voice of suppliant agony, that there should be a spirit found to give it an echo in reproaches—to aggravate her misery and drive her to despair, it is a thing too horrible for a poet even to imagine of the devil. We seem to feel her tears falling, to hear her sobs in the broken sentences, and to look round for her gentle form with words of comfort and reassurance rising to our lips—be of good cheer—thy sins are forgiven thee. Such feelings rise so irresistibly that one expects to find them every where, even in the child and father of perdition, and it is a disappointment and a new and deeper stain even on his character that he has them not.

The poem opens with an address of the author to the creatures of his fancy—the society of his declining age—the replacers of the companionships of his youth. It is very sweet and mournful and solemn, but seems to have no very direct bearing in any thing that follows. It has been done into English by Lord Levison Gower, and so done, that even to the mere English reader the vague melody of the original words conveys more of the spirit of the writer than all the sense of the translation. For the German is a language eminently poetical, of plastic ductility and infinitely rich, and admitting in a high degree of that suitableness of sound to sense, of which we talk so much and show so few examples. They who are ignorant and wish to be witty on this subject, may be witty if they can, or failing that, they may resort to the old story of the emperor who thought the German a fit language for his horse—fitter no doubt than for himself. But the initiated know, and the uninitiated may learn, if they will be reasonable, that no modern European language combines so many attractions as the German. Its facility for compound words—the versatility of its inversions—its faculty of appropriating entire foreign dialects to its own use, and working them in to its own texture—its energy, sweetness, and expression—these are the things to be weighed and estimated, and which the wise may be easily won to appreciate, in utter contempt of the small dust of the balance, of old saws about emperors and horses, and of studied bouquets of reiterated gutturals, and “*acht hundert acht und achtzig achteckige hecks koepfe.*”

This poem is followed by a prelude in the theatre behind the curtain, where the stage manager appears between his clown and poet, as preparing for the first exhibition of the new

drama. The manager is full of anxiety. He exhorts the poet on the subject of his work as if it were still to do—as if he were there to inspire the actors, or to possess them in the very hour of their performance, and he supplicates for invention, novelty, variety, incident, and spirit, as one whose means of living depend on the event. He classes the poet and the clown together as the pillars of his hope—he reminds them that they have stood by him thus far through foul and fair, and begs them not to desert him here in his extremest need—he lectures them upon public taste and the most infallible clap-traps and baits for applause, and declares it is far better to get cash from the present generation, than the shadowy hope of a harvest of praise from the next. All this is as nuts to the clown—to the poet bitter ashes. Suppose, says the former, scoffingly, I too should talk about posterity and neglect my business, who would make sport for the world that is passing—yet this must have its pleasures. You know what we stand in need of, dish it up for us by old rules and approved receipts, a love adventure, hopes, fears, and a catastrophe, a little noise and tinsel, and all goes down. But the dealer in metre stands upon his dignity—he speaks disrespectfully of the mob—gets on his high horse and appeals to future ages—then thinks of bygone days, and promises passionately that if they can be recalled, all contradictions shall be reconciled, all impossibilities performed, and all parties satisfied.

Ay, once again those moments bring,
 When early hopes, a ripening throng,
 Poured from the heart's perpetual spring,
 Uninterrupted joy and song.
 When morning mists, all dim and gray,
 Around life's rugged steeps were curl'd,
 And all the vales with flowers were gay,
 And buds just opening to display
 The promise of a magic world.
 Possessing nought, yet rich—how sweet
 That love of truth—that self-deceit—
 That chainless impulse—bid it move
 Those hopes—those passions—bid them burn—
 That strength of hatred—power of love
 And youth—oh bid my youth return.

This, however, is asking too much, but the manager smooths him down as well as he can, and comforts him for the control he cannot have over time and the past, by offering the regions of space and all that therein is to his absolute disposal. He begs him again to astonish the expectant audience to the very

top of their expectations, and makes over to him, his mimic universe full of materials for the purpose.

Command your utmost heart's desire,
Suns, moons, and stars, nor save, nor spare,
And walls of rock and seas of fire,
And living things of earth and air—
Exhaust creation's wildest range,
Its tribute far and wide compel,
And lead your scenes with skilful change,
From heav'n, throughout the earth, and hell.

I pause here to express my utter dissatisfaction, disappointment, and anger, at Lord Levison Gower. This dialogue, which in the original is eminently characteristic and full of sentiments, which though the situation makes them border on ridicule, are yet natural and true—vividly brought out and strikingly contrasted—all this, I say, he has tamed down in his translation, so that the greater part of it is not fit for the poet's corner in a village newspaper. One passage deserves to be excepted—it is the first of those I have translated, and I shall cite his version here, because one or two ideas in the lines in italics are preserved from the original in his, which are lost, or nearly so, in mine—in the rest my own, as a translation, is most accurate of the two.

Then give me back those days of feeling,
When I was an expectant too—
When through the wilds of fancy stealing,
The stream of song was ever new—
When morning mists the scene surrounded,
And buds foretold the promised rose—
When bee-like o'er the flowers I bounded,
And plucked and rifed as I chose.
Enough yet little formed my treasure—
The hope of truth—illusion's present pleasure.
Give me the active spring of gladness,
Of pleasure stretch'd almost to pain—
My hate, my love, in all their madness—
Give me my youth again.

A passage which follows this is tolerably done, but all the rest is bad, excessively; but I do not complain of this so much, because it is in virtue of a privilege I have claimed for the whole herd of translators—*servum pecus*—but he has changed a corner stone of the design. Instead of the stage buffoon or clown, he introduces a *friend* with the manager and poet, thus destroying some of the liveliest points of the conversation, and deadening the little spirit that had not been distilled out of it

and carried off with the original dialect. He takes a freedom quite as unwarrantable in the next scene, of which he leaves out an important part, without a word of apology or hint at its existence in the German. It is a prelude, in Heaven. The angels are introduced singing anthems of praise; after which Mephistopheles enters and the conversation which Lord L. G. omits, follows between him and the Creator. It has too direct a bearing on the action of the piece to be thus passed over in dead silence, though it may not be very possible or desirable to render it in English—its familiarity is too decidedly profane and it must get new faults in any version. The only attempt I know of is by Shelley, which can be referred to for proof of what I am saying. With these exceptions, however, it is much to the purpose of that in Job, on which it is evidently modelled. Permission is granted to Mephistopheles to try the strength of his temptations upon Faust, and the scene closes with the extraordinary stage direction, “Heaven shuts and the archangels separate,” and Mephistopheles left alone, soliloquizes on the kindness of the Deity in being so affable even with the devil.

I shall attempt the anthem of the angels—it has some indestructible essence in it, and although it has been treated first and last even worse than poor John Barleycorn, ploughed down, tossed to and fro and mangled, no translator I have met with has succeeded in quite extinguishing it.

MICHAEL.....The sun contends as erst and eye,
 With kindred spheres in joyous sound-
 And brings his first appointed way
 In paths of thunder always round.
 Angelic powers his sight inspires,
 Though none his secret mystery knows,
 And rolling spheres and glorious fires
 Are glorious as at first they rose.

GABRIEL.....Swift—inconceivably—away—
 The earth pursues her rolling fight,
 And alternates celestial day
 With deep, and chill, and shudd'ring night.
 It foams—the ocean—broad and free—
 On rocks and shallows far and near—
 While hurries on with rocks and sea,
 The ever swift revolving sphere.

RAPHAEL.....Contending storms through ether sweep,
 And sea and land by turns invade,
 Yet chained in nature's systems deep,
 And still to them subservient made.

Precursor of the thunder's roar,
 In fire, destruction marks its way,
 Yet Thee thy servants most adore,
 Lord, in the peaceful beams of day.

A L L.....Angelic powers thy sight inspires,
 Though none thy secret mystery knows,
 And rolling spheres and glorious fires,
 Are glorious as at first they rose.

We are now introduced to Faust, and we find him first in his character of an University Professor, in an old Gothic chamber of an ancient tower, among musty parchments, strange apparatus, and antiquated furniture. It is late in the night, and he seems to have just thrown aside his books in despair and disappointment, to muse on the results of his application, on the arts and uses of his life, and he finds them—nothing. He discusses the value and substance of the sciences and studies among which he has so long been seeking repose of spirit and finding none, and he pronounces them vain and illusory, and exclaims bitterly against the deceit they have so long been wont to put on him, and through his means on others. He rhapsodizes his regret for the always inevitable and now irreparable waste of his life—of time and energies created and given him expressly to be wasted, and for that only, fitted and predestinated. He looks out at the window and speaks to the only face he sees, to the only companion he is wont to welcome.

Thou full orb'd moon—oh could thy light
 Behold my sorrows end to-night!
 Thou, whom so oft with pensive brow
 To-night's high noon I've watch'd as now,
 While hither thy consoling ray
 O'er books and papers found its way.
 Oh could I to the mountain's height
 Float off, all buoyant in thy light,
 Or fit with ghosts the abysses over,
 O'er meadows in thy glimmering hover,
 Or bathe, from wisdom's sorrows free,
 In floods of dew all fresh from thee.

Wo—still in prison, fast and deep,
 Accursed noisome donjon keep,
 Where Heaven's own light on weary walls,
 Through painted windows dimly falls—
 'Mid piles of books, which smoke and dust
 And worms long since have made their prey,
 And household stuffs, which moth and rust
 Are hastening in their old decay—

Heaped up—tools—boxes—glasses—climb
 Till the old chamber seems to be
 The omnium gatherum of Time—
 Is this a world—a world for thee.

Why throbs the breast with secret pain ?
 The anxious spirit questions why ?
 Earth and its hopes allure in vain,
 The aching heart and weary eye.
 Instead of Nature's vistas free,
 Where man Creation's purpose owns,
 In dust and smoke surrounding thee,
 Are skeletons and ghastly bones.

Arise—seek out that distant land—
 See here the great mysterious book,
 The work of Nostradamus' hand—
 For better guidance wouldst thou look.
 The starry world unclosed at length,
 Its light shall on thy soul diffuse,
 And teach thee with a spirit's strength,
 The tongue's communing spirits use.

In vain unlearn'd and idly here
 Must these dread signs meet mine eye !
 Mysterious powers that hover near ;
 Oh if ye hear my voice—reply.

His aspirations are at first for the converse of lofty and holy beings, the spirits of the macrocosm, or to phrase it somewhat incorrectly, the greater universe. It is to arrive at these that he resolves to pass the bounds of lawful knowledge, and grasps the forbidden book—his nerves become electric with a delightful and supernatural excitement and his mind fills with visions of glory—yet he regards the sign of the macrocosm long and wistfully, and dares not speak it out. He fixes on that of the spirit of the earth, the active and beneficent principle of nature—he utters it, and the spirit stands before him; but his mortal courage quails at the fearful sight, and he turns away his eyes in terror. He recovers himself directly and attempts to assert his dignity, and claims an equality with his tremendous visitor, but it is too late; the spirit spurns him and disappears, leaving him to relapse into his sombre meditations, which gather double bitterness from this new trial and failure of his strength. His eye rests on a flask of poison—he takes it down and resolves on an escape through the grave to a change of scene, since all his better hopes have failed him; but at this moment he hears at a distance a sound of rejoicing, a peal of bells for Easter morning, and the chorus of the youths and maidens—the anthem in which in other days his

voice had often joined. He puts the poison aside and lends his thoughts to this new impulse—the faith of his early devotions is long since extinct, but their feelings are not quite forgotten, and their remembered thrill prevails over the attractions of death. The song is renewed and this long scene closes with it. In the next we find Mephistopheles. He does not come like the greater spirit in power and terror—as one who must be met in pride and strength, after having been sought by

“ Superior science, penance, daring
By length of watching, strength of mind and skill
In knowledge of our fathers”—

For such are not the ministers of harm. It is the mean fiend who comes like a black dog to scrape acquaintance, who offers himself to be picked up in the street as if by accident, and to make cautious and gradual discovery of his real character. In such a disguise Mephistopheles finds admittance to the study of the recluse, and he makes use of the opportunity to disturb his meditations, which commence in a softer mood than any in which we have yet seen Faust. He is full of the feeling of his evening walk. He has seen the sun go down, and the influence of the “heavenliest hour of heaven” has not been lost even on his scared sympathies. He retains, though on the verge of his perdition, enough of his better nature to love a glorious sunset, to be solemnized by it, sobered, saddened, yet soothed and cheered. In such a mood he enters his retirement—he speaks as if he had forgotten that there was sorrow in the world.

Retire we now from field and hill,
As closes in the evening hour,
And with a soft yet boding thrill,
The soul awakes its holier power—
And each inordinate desire,
And each intemperate impulse dies,
As Charity's rekindling fire
And God's own love revive and rise.

He is interrupted here by the howlings of the poodle, to whom sentiments like these cannot fail to be unpalatable; but he stills him and goes on, paying that pole-star of the student, his lonely lamp, a tribute, which must find an echo in the bosom of every man who takes the true distinction between being alone and feeling solitary—between crowds and society—between noise and enjoyment.

Ah when within our narrow cell,
 Again the friendly taper glows,
 A light is in the breast as well
 And in the heart itself that knows.
 Reason resumes her lofty themes—
 Hope blooms anew with promise rife—
 And oh—we languish for the streams—
 We languish for the springs of life.

This gleam of milder thought is already passing off—but he sits down to a theological disquisition, in the course of which the dog becomes outrageous, for, perverse and unprincipled as his taste is, he has the merit of being consistent in the feeling and persevering in the expression of it, so much so that Faust, annoyed at last, attempts to turn him out of doors, and a contest takes place, in the course of which the real character of the stranger is discovered, and Mephistopheles stands forth to personate it. Their conversations are long—I shall not amplify upon them now—the result is that Faust sells, or rather, so recklessly does he bargain, gives away his soul, and the covenant is signed in blood. Yet he does get some promises of enjoyment as part of the conditions, and he scornfully tells the adversary, the poor devil as he calls him, that it will not be in his power to fulfil this promise, or to shed one ray of pleasure upon a soul like his. Mephistopheles in reply taunts him with his attempted suicide, and his relenting when he heard the Easter songs and bells, intimating that the pleasures and affections of humanity have still some hold upon his breast. But he denies the inference.

What though that sweet remembered tone
 Recall'd my soul from fearful thought,
 And soothing dreams like childhood's own,
 An instant o'er my fancy brought.
 Still will I curse the spells that bind
 Our natures to this foul abyss,
 The cheats that keep the chainless mind
 A prisoner in a den like this.
 Be curs'd henceforth the spirit's deeming
 And lofty aim, itself to know—
 Accurs'd the dazzling pomp of seeming,
 The world's all captivating show.
 Curs'd be our visions of enduring
 In name and fame to times to come,
 And curs'd our ties, yet more alluring,
 Of wife, dependants, friends, and home.
 Accurs'd be mammoes, when with treasure
 He waits high enterprise to crown,
 And when for our inglorious pleasure,
 He smooths luxurious pillows down.

Curs'd be the vine—may curses scathe
 Each once loved form our hearts recall.
 Accurs'd be hope—accurs'd be faith—
 And curs'd endurance more than all.

These are the outpourings of a humor, which only comes over one occasionally, and which must be felt to be expressed, for for such passages every moment of inspiration is not the happy one. Genius is a will o' the wisp which nothing but another will o' the wisp can follow—and that will not—many a man—every man perhaps at times is as capable of execration when his wounded spirit stirs and stings within him as Goethe's self—he becomes, so to speak, a genius for the moment—*ad hoc*—but then he has his own griefs to pour out in his own way, and will not curse in harness. When the heart sickens and rebels in its convulsive energy, its deep and baneful indignation and fearful eloquence are uncontrollably its own—they cannot be improved for the purposes of society like steam or gunpowder and made to work particular machinery, or crammed into some particular cannon, to drive such a thunderbolt of cursing as this of Faust's through the barriers that separate language from language. Feeling may do much for an imitation; it may flow like a stream from a fish-pond through the track which a torrent has marked out; but where is the power, the depth, the glory, the devastation of the giant,

Lapides adesos

Stirpesque raptas et pecus et domos
 Vqlventis una non sine magno
 Clamore montium vicinæ que sylvæ.

Yet feeling may do much, and that too while it is still capable of being governed and directed, but not unless it be very capable also of ceasing to be so, and even in some danger of it; and the man who has that feeling in any high degree, and who makes such an effort as the one in question with any thing like success, should have a mark set on him, and an injunction should always lie signed in chancery ready to come down at an instant's warning on his person and estate. All may be well while his safety valves work easily; but who shall calculate the effect of a scolding wife, adversity, loss of reputation, or a fog.

Alon. Adell. Blackmore
GIPSEYS OF GRANADA.

From an Unpublished Work,

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "A YEAR IN SPAIN."]

CERVANTES begins his beautiful novel of the Gitanilla, in which he illustrates the pranks of the Gipseys, with the following not very flattering exordium: "It would seem that the Gitanos and Gitanas were solely born into the world to fill the station of thieves. They are brought up among thieves; they study the profession of thieves, and finally end by becoming thieves, the most current and thorough-paced on the face of the earth." The history of our species furnishes no study more singular than that of this unaccountable race, which, emigrating from the east, overran the whole of Europe, and pushed its way onward, not by the force of the sword, but by begging and stealing; and at the same time that they conformed in some particulars of dress, manners, customs, and religion, to the countries in which they settled, in others retained every where a common character, common propensities, and common occupations.

The Gipseys are found in no part of Spain except Andalusia, which, in their soft and lisping Spanish, they call *la tierra de Dios—la tierra de Maria Santisima*—the land of God—the land of the most holy Virgin. They either live in the ruinous purlieus of the great cities, or else wander from place to place, the women carrying their children naked, slung from their shoulders, or dangling with one arm around them upon their hips. In Andalusia, as elsewhere, they gain their bread by tinkering, stealing, and fortune telling; and preserve the common tradition of an Egyptian descent. It is in Granada, however, that they most abound, just as the skippers are found in greatest numbers in the best cheese. They have their habitations in the caves of the Albaycin, where they practice little arts in lock and spoon making and basket work, their commodities having the common reputation of being worthless and catch-penny. To vend them, they take their stations in the Vivarambla, where they may always be seen seated at the shady side of the square, and never shifting their births until dislodged by the sun. Their chief revenue, however, arises from shaving their favorite water dogs, of which there is one in almost every family; and I have often been amused at seeing the four paws of one of these animals, as he impatiently sub-

mitted to this process of decoration, held by as many young Gipseys in as many different directions, whilst the old crone their mother divested him of his fleece. These people are almost universally tall and well made, their figures and carriage having in a rare degree the air of freedom and unconstraint. The women are very beautiful, their features, as well as those of the men, being very regular; with an Asiatic complexion and cast of countenance; long, straight, and very black hair; full dark eyes, and teeth of pearly whiteness. They are all fond of appearing in the worn out finery of the Andalusian dandies, and have a taste for elegance, though it be even in rags. Their pranks are often exhibited on the Spanish stage to the great delight of the audience, who receive their quaint practical jokes and less innocent rogueries with the greatest glee. Indeed they have the character of being a light hearted and happy race, and, notwithstanding their vicious propensities, are looked on with an extra share of that indulgence which is extended to vagrants of all classes in Spain.

There is much in the cast of countenance, complexion, and unfettered conformation of these Gipseys, in connection with their mendicant air and the distinctness of their appearance, character, and sympathies, from those of the Spaniards around them, to remind an American of the vagrant Indians whom he has seen loitering about the frontier settlements of his native country. The Gipseys of Spain do not, however, excite the same sympathy as our unhappy aborigines. They came to that country of their own accord, and with a view to better their condition, bringing their vices with them, and making them instrumental to self support and to the preservation of their identity. But the Indians, instead of dispossessing, are the dispossessed; their degradation, instead of being derived from their savage state, has supplanted the wild virtues that adorned it, and is at once the result of civilized encroachment and the efficient cause of their ruin.

It was in order to see something of the domestic economy of this strange race, of whom we daily met many in the streets of Granada, that we one morning took a walk to the caves of the Albaycin, where they have their subterranean habitations. Crossing the ravine of the Daro, and passing through the more populous portion of the Albaycin, whose houses are often incorporated with the ruins of walls, that mark the gradual expansion of Granada, as it augmented its population in the days of the Saracens, we began at length to ascend the more

precipitous portion of the rival mountain, where it looks towards the valley of the Daro and the fortress of the Alhambra. The Albaycin may be called the rival of the Alhambra, not only from its position immediately opposite, the two mountains being drawn up on either side of the Daro, and frowning upon each other, the Pillars of Hercules in miniature; but because in Moorish days it was crowned with a fortress of nearly equal strength, which sometimes arrayed itself in hostility. When two kings reigned not only in the same kingdom, but in the single city of Granada, it was the fortress of the Albaycin that formed the court and strong hold of Boabdil el Chico. Of this fortress scarce a vestige now remains; it doubtless dates its demolition from the period when, after the conquest, the Moriscos were compelled to take up their abode within the precincts of the Albaycin.

As we went on ascending, the streets of the Albaycin passed gradually into zig-zag pathways winding their way up the acclivity; and the houses rising above each other along the hill side, gave place to caves artificially hollowed beneath the surface of the earth. The whole superior part of the mountain was perforated like a honeycomb, and contained within its bowels a numerous population, of which, however, none of the ordinary indications could be discovered, except the wreaths of thin smoke which rose in every direction, curling among the prickly-pear bushes, which covered the whole surface, and furnished food to the poor inhabitants who lived below. At one of the first caves we managed an invitation to walk in, by asking a decent old woman for some water. When within the door, and we began to recover our sight, we found ourselves in an apartment of regular figure, and wanting in none of the comforts of life. A fire-place stood in front of the entrance, its chimney being perforated upwards through the rock. On the right was the door of the principal bed-room; it had a circular window or loop hole, was very clean and neat, and was ornamented with crosses, artificial flowers, and rude paintings of the saints. There were other apartments penetrating farther into the recesses of the mountain, and which received no light from without; these served for sleeping chambers and store rooms. The rock here, like that of the adjoining mountain, which contains the Mazmorras, is of a soft nature and is easily cut, but hardens by exposure to the air. The caves that are hewn in it are more comfortable than the ordinary habitations of the poor, keep out the weather effectually, and

being less subject to changes of temperature, are comparatively warm in winter and cool in summer.

Taking leave of our old woman and her cave, we proceeded eastward along the acclivity, until we found ourselves among the more wretched of these subterranean dwellings, the fit abode of Gipseys, vagabonds, and robbers. Having singled out one which we supposed to belong to the first of these honorable classes, from a group of tawny and more than half naked children, whom we found at their gambols before the door, we took the liberty of entering it, after the utterance of an *ave maria purissima*. We found no one within but a young Gipsey girl, seated on the stone floor, surrounded by a litter of straw, which she was sleepily weaving into braid for a bonnet. Beside her was a wild, shaggy dog, which, like those of our Indians, seemed to have adapted himself to the strange life of his masters, and gone back to his original and wolf-like condition. The dog is an accommodating animal; not only in manners, habits, and character, but even in appearance, he learns to assimilate himself to his owner. The dog of a prince takes something of a prince's pomposity; the butcher's dog shares in the butcher's fierceness; the dog of a thief may be easily known by his skulking, hang-gallows air; and that of the poor beggar learns to look as humble and imploring as his master. The theory may fail as often as any other theory; but at all events it applied to the treacherous cur, who now growled at our intrusion, until it was sanctioned by his mistress; when, though he ceased his menacings, he took his station beside her, and still kept a watchful and lowering eye upon us. The young women too seemed embarrassed by our presence; and when we would have had our fortunes told by her, she pleaded ignorance, bade us come when her mother should be there, and appeared willing to be rid of us. Ere we relieved her of our presence, we had time to remark that, though neither very clean nor very tidy, she was yet pretty as Preciosa herself. Her features were regular and expressive, with glowing eyes, and a form finely moulded and unperverted by artificial embarrassments. She had moreover a modest look, and seemed to justify the idea, that chastity could exist, as it is said to do, in so humble and unfettered a condition. Indeed, whatever may be the vices of the Spanish Gipseys, Cervantes tells us that they respect this virtue both in their wives and damsels, forming none but permanent connexions, which, though not sanctioned by matrimony, are only

broken by common consent. He gives them credit too for assuming, in an eminent degree towards each other, the laws and obligations of friendship. They do not take the trouble to pursue crimes committed among them before the tribunals of the country; but, like many others in Spain who are not Gipseys, execute justice on their own account.

MEMOIR OF ROBERT C. SANDS.

Since the first pages of this Magazine were in type, one upon whom reliance was placed for many valuable contributions to its pages, an author of high merit, "a scholar and a ripe and good one," devoted to literary pursuits with an ardor and a constancy rare among our countrymen, and of a temper and disposition amiable and excellent beyond that of most men, has been called away from us. Such an intellect should not be suffered to depart without notice, and in this article it is proposed to sketch briefly his life and character.

ROBERT C. SANDS was born in New-York on the eleventh of May, 1799. He was the son of Comfort Sands, Esq. for many years an eminent merchant of that city, who is honorably mentioned in Sparks's *Life of Ledyard*, as a liberal patron of that intrepid traveler, and who, during the events of the revolution had distinguished himself by his zeal and activity in the cause of liberty. Young Sands was noted in early life for his quickness of intellect and his facility in acquiring knowledge. At seven years of age he began the study of Latin in the school of Mr. Rose, at Brooklyn, on Long Island. At a subsequent period he pursued his classical studies under the instructions of Mr. Findlay, at the beautiful village of Newark, in the state of New-Jersey. It was Mr. Findlay, as he frequently remarked, who succeeded in inspiring him with a taste for the works of Virgil, which was never lost in the midst of all the various occupations in which he afterwards engaged. The *Æneid* was his refreshment when wearied by severer studies; and to the last day of his life it was a common practice with him, whenever he wished to kindle his imagination, or awaken the intellectual glow favorable to eloquent composition, to read a few pages of the rich harmonies of the Mantuan poet.

He was afterwards placed under the care of the Rev.

Melancthon Whelpley, of New-York, subsequently pastor of the Presbyterian church in Wall-street, by whom he was prepared for college. He was admitted to the Sophomore class of Columbia College, in October, 1812, after a private examination. At this institution, where the dead languages are taught with an exactness not common in the American schools, he continued to pursue with zeal and success, the study of the authors of antiquity, especially the poets, whom he read with a true and strong relish of their beauties. Hence, in classical learning, he did not become a mere *auceps syllabarum*, although in the department of philology he was by no means deficient, but early learned to apply to the works of the ancients the rules of a liberal and comprehensive criticism. Perhaps it should be mentioned as somewhat remarkable, that he mastered the various branches of mathematics, taught at Columbia College, with the same ease and the same readiness of comprehension as his favorite classics. He never, however, it is believed, recurred to these studies, and the success with which he has pursued them, is a proof rather of a capacity than an inclination for acquiring them.

About a year after his matriculation, he set on foot, in 1814, in conjunction with his friend, the late Rev. James W. Eastburn, and others, a literary periodical, entitled "The Moral-list," of which one number only was published. In February of the next year, a similar work was undertaken by the same association, with better success. It was entitled "Academic Recreations," and continued in existence as long as many very respectable magazines have done in this country, namely, to the end of the year. To this work Mr. Sands was a large contributor, both in prose and verse. He was always fond of the occupation, or rather the pastime of composition, for such it was to him. He wrote with incredible facility; his pen was as fluent, and hesitated as little, as the tongue of the most accomplished debater, and he possessed a variety and an affluence of allusion, that gave to his unpremeditated essays the air of being the fruit of special study for the occasion.

He was graduated in 1815, and soon after entered his name as a student at law in the office of David B. Ogden, Esq., of New-York. It might naturally be supposed, that one so much addicted to the pursuit of elegant literature, would find little attraction in the study of our jurisprudence. The fact, however, seems to have been different. Mr. Sands delighted, as a mental exercise, in fathoming the abstruse doctrines and fol-

lowing the subtle reasonings of the common law, and regarded with a kind of reverence that complicated fabric, the construction of which has tasked so many acute and vigorous intellects, and which, whatever may be its recommendations or its defects, must be admitted to be a wonderful monument of human ingenuity.

At sixteen years of age he wrote the "Bridal of Vaumond," a metrical romance, in the irregular measure of Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; but the poem was not published till 1817. It was harshly criticised in a contemporary periodical; but had the reviewer known the extreme youth of its author, the facility of the versification, the brilliancy of many of the conceptions, and the daring wildness of the imagery in various passages, should have caused him to overlook the defects consequent upon an age when the best endowed and most highly cultivated minds have not yet learned to use skilfully their own powers and resources. Mr. Sands, of course, was not gratified with the kind of notice his poem had met with, and never seemed to refer to this early effort with pleasure.

In 1817, he contributed largely to a series of communications in prose and verse, entitled "The Neologist," which were published in the *Daily Advertiser*, and attracted some attention. About the same time he engaged in a bolder undertaking. In conjunction with his early friend already mentioned, Mr. Eastburn, a young man of a richly graced and furnished mind, he planned a romantic poem, founded on the adventures of King Philip, the Pequod Chieftain. The fable was sketched in a brief interview between the two friends, and afterwards, while Mr. Eastburn was at Bristol, in Rhode Island, and Mr. Sands in New-York, the several portions undertaken by each were written, and transmitted to each other in letters. After the death of Mr. Eastburn, he revised the work, adding some portions, and published it with copious notes in 1820. In the *North American Review*, it was made the subject of one of the most eloquent and delightful articles of literary criticism, that has ever appeared in this country. The poem deserved the commendation it received—it was a work of high original power—a bold attempt to deal with new and untried materials of poetic imagery and interest—and the success justified the attempt. Mr. Eastburn died in the year 1819, and the surviving author of the work inserted an affecting monody on his death, in a series of papers published in the *Commercial Advertiser*, entitled "The Amphibologist." Un-

der this signature he also gave several translations of great merit from the Greek and Roman poets.

Mr. Sands was admitted to the bar in the spring of the year 1820, the day before he completed his twenty-first year. He then opened an office and commenced the practice of his profession in the city of New-York. The writer of this notice is not positive whether it was about this period that he revised his classical studies, and extended his acquaintance with the poets of antiquity. Certain it is, however, that after leaving college, he applied himself with great ardor to the reading of such of the old authors, as had engaged the least of his attention in the schools, particularly the Greek tragedians, with whose works he gained a rare familiarity. Having accomplished this, he acquired the Italian language, and read carefully all its great authors, from Dante downwards to Monti in our own times. At a subsequent period he studied the Spanish tongue critically, and made himself acquainted with its most celebrated writers. French he had learned early, and was at home in its literature; and a little before his death he had begun to read the Portuguese authors.

In 1822, and the subsequent year, he wrote much for the *Literary Review*, a monthly periodical, then published in New-York, by Van Winkle, which received a great increase of reputation from the contributions of his pen. In the winter of 1823-4, some of his happiest efforts in the humorous style, of which he was a great master, appeared in the *Tammany Magazine*, a periodical which had not even the ordinary fortune of lasting to the end of the year. In May, 1824, the "*Analectic Magazine*" was established in the city of New-York, by E. Bliss & E. White, and placed under his charge. At the end of six months he gave up the work, but was afterwards engaged as one of the editors, when it had changed its name to that of "*The New-York Review*," and assisted in conducting it, until, in 1826, the year before its dissolution, it was united with the *Literary Gazette*, published in Boston. In 1827 he accepted an engagement to write for the *Commercial Advertiser*, which continued until his death.

The letters of Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, were published in this city, in 1828, for the S. American market. Mr. Sands wrote a life of that famous adventurer, compiled from the old Spanish historians, to which he was so fortunate as to obtain access, and from other authentic sources. It was translated by Mr. Dominguez, a learned Spaniard of this city, and pre-

fixed to the letters. The original yet remains in manuscript, and is unquestionably the best biographical account of Cortes in the English language—perhaps the best that has been written.

In the course of the same year, Mr. Sands, along with two of his friends, one of whom was the Hon. Mr. Verplanck, projected a literary miscellany, entitled the *Talisman*, of which three volumes were published, the last in 1830. To this work he contributed about a third of the contents, and some of the articles furnished by him are among the best of his writings. The "Simple Tale" is a happy example of sly humor and concealed satire. In the "Scenes at Washington," a considerable portion of which was written by him, his talent for ludicrous description and narrative is employed with capital effect; and the "Dream of Papantzin," a poem, the scene of which is laid in Mexico, is admirable for the solemn grandeur of the thought, the magnificence of the imagery, and the flow of the versification. Mr. Sands had an ear for poetic measure cultivated by a study of the varied and flexible rhythm of the ancient classics, by the reading of the old poets of our own language, and by an examination of the rules of versification adopted in the various modern languages with which he was acquainted. By those who consider metrical harmony as identical with monotony, who accuse Milton of not understanding the structure of blank verse, and who charge Spenser with ignorance of the art of versification, because he wrote

Unweeting of the *perilous* wandering ways—

Mr. Sands may be said to have had a bad ear. But the fact was that he understood how to roughen his verse with skill, and to vary its modulations.

In the beginning of November last, the work entitled "*Tales of the Glauber Spa*," was published in New-York. The introduction and two of the tales, namely "Mr. Green," and "Boyuca," were furnished by Mr. Sands, and they bear strongly the impress of his mind—the peculiar vein of humor and satire in the two former, and the imagery of the latter, so wild and vivid, that the narrative seems to the reader like the recollection of some strange dream, give them a character which could not be mistaken by those who are at all familiar with his writings. One of his latest compositions was a little poem, entitled "*The Dead of 1832*," which, a few days before his death, appeared anonymously in the *Commercial Advertiser*. It was an enumeration of the trophies reaped by Death and

Time, in the distinguished men who had been gathered to their graves in the year which has just ended, and with whom, though unconscious of the fate impending over him, he was, within the few remaining days of that year, to be numbered.

Mr. Sands, just before his death, had engaged to furnish, for this Magazine, an article on *Esquimaux Literature*. He had consulted, for this purpose, all the common books containing any thing which related to that singular race of people; and on the sixteenth of December, had procured a history of Greenland, in two volumes, written by David Crantz, a German missionary, who, in the year 1761, was sent to Greenland by the United Brethren, and resided there a twelvemonth, for the express purpose of compiling a description of the country, and whose work is full of curious and minute information respecting those frozen latitudes and their inhabitants. He immediately gave himself, with his usual intense application, to the perusal of this book, in order to fill his mind with ideas of the Esquimaux modes of life, their traditions and their mythology. He had already finished an introduction to the article, which was a review of an imaginary book of translations from the Esquimaux language, and had written two fragments, which he intended for supposed specimens of Greenland poetry. After another interval of close reading, he again, on the seventeenth of December, about four o'clock in the afternoon, sat down to the work of composition. He merely wrote with a pencil the following line, suggested probably by some topic in the Greenland mythology,

Oh think not my spirit among you abides,

when he was suddenly struck with the disease which removed his own spirit from its material dwelling. Below this line, on the original manuscript, were observed, after his death, several irregular pencil marks, extending nearly across the page, as if traced by a hand that moved in darkness, or no longer obeyed the impulse of the will. He rose, opened the door, and attempted to pass out of the room, but fell on the threshold. On being assisted to his chamber and placed on the bed, he was observed to raise his powerless right arm with the other, and looking at it, to shed tears. It was soon discovered that the disorder was an apoplectic stroke; he shortly after relapsed into a lethargy, from which he never awoke, and in less than four hours from the attack expired without a struggle.

Mr. Sands had qualities of the heart no less admirable than those of the intellect. He possessed an uncommon and wholly unaffected humanity of disposition; he loved his friends with a strong and unwavering attachment, and few men ever succeeded in attaching their friends so strongly. He was particularly kind to those whom fortune had placed in an inferior station, and seemed to study to make up by the gentleness and generosity of his conduct, for the inequalities of accident. He revered religion, and all good and moral influences, wherever they were found to exist.

His intellectual character has already been drawn in the course of this narrative. With great activity and versatility of mind, he possessed a large share of what is commonly called *talent*, or the power of vigorously directing the faculties of the mind to any given purpose. His fancy was surprisingly fruitful of new and varied combinations of ideas; and if his vein of humor, peculiar and original as it was, had any fault, it was only that of excessive and unrestrained exuberance. His conversation was full of wit and knowledge, and the quaint combinations of language, and grotesque associations of ideas, that seemed to suggest themselves to his mind unsought, made him an amusing, as his learning and originality of reflection rendered him, an instructive companion. Delighting as he did in the work of composition, he was disposed to make it a social and not a solitary enjoyment; he loved to write in conjunction with his friends; and he had this peculiarity, that the presence of others, which most authors feel to be a restraint on the free course of their thoughts and fancies, was actually to him a source of excitement and inspiration.

A collection of his writings to be published by subscription, consisting of such as he himself might have thought worthy of preservation, has been spoken of, and it is hoped that the plan may be carried into effect.

Subjoined is the fragment of the article begun by him for this magazine. In this unfinished state it derives its principal interest from the fearful catastrophe by which it was interrupted. The little poem, on page twenty-nine, by another hand, was originally written to form a conclusion for the article which follows. The first of the poetic passages seems to have been intended as the introduction to an heroic poem, on the ancient settlement of Greenland by the Esquimaux. Two or three notes have been added from Crantz's book, by the writer of this memoir. The second is the beginning of an *Ana-*

creontic poem in praise of water, the sole beverage of the Greenlanders, and which is kept by them, according to Crantz, generally in copper vessels, and cooled from time to time with ice or snow.

POETRY OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

The title of this article may, at the first flush, surprise some of our reading and not merely nominal readers. It is not very probable that the extremely novel little work before us has fallen into the hands of any of them. Messrs. Peabody & Co. believe that they are the sole possessors of a copy, on this side of the Atlantic; but, like other publishers, and other people, they are extremely liable to be mistaken; since the intercourse carried on over the waste of waters is nearly as miscellaneous as the flight of birds in the upper element. Before this notice may see the light of publicity, half a dozen other enterprising monthlies in this country may possibly get a copy of Professor Skallagrimston's work.* But it is doubtful. Messrs. Peabody & Co. are not inclined to believe it; and we feel as if we were treading, in some measure, on fresh and original, dew-bespangled, or rather frost-congealed ground.

Dr. Thorliet Glum Skallagrimston is well known to all who take any interest in, or have heard of, the proceedings of the "Foreign Missionary and Tract Society of Great Britain and Ireland," as the accomplished and able translator of the Gospels and a portion of the Apocrypha, into the language of the "universal Esquimaux nation." We parody a phrase which has been bestowed on our eastern fellow-citizens, of which they have reason to be proud; and think that we do it legitimately. Whoever has been taught "geography and the use of the globes," and will take the trouble to consider the nature of the arctic circle, and the contiguous portions of ice, water, and earth, must be satisfied that those who, from choice or necessity, live in such high latitudes, can easily find the ways and means of circumventing the pole, and be nearly as well off any-where, in the same parallel. The Esquimaux, or Iskimoos, (as Doctor Skallagrimston calls them, by way of un-frenchifying their genuine title,) seem to have been of this opinion; for they settled and squatted in nearly all the frozen

* Specimens of the Poetry of the Iskimoos. Shaw, Smith & Scroggins. London, 1832.

regions, except Captain Symmes's hole, the aspect of which, it seems, did not please them. But we are anticipating our extracts from Doctor Skallagrimston's selections, in which a curious reference is made to that aperture. The Esquimaux *did* make themselves a universal nation, by taking independent possession of all the ground they could find, which the occupants could not keep with the strong hand, in the extreme northern latitudes: and as the result of the exploration of all modern navigators has been that there is very little of it, perhaps they are more excusable than some other people.

We feel that we are writing in a strain of levity, which may be thought misplaced. But it is impossible to refrain from smiling at the idea of poetic inspiration being kindled in regions where alcohol freezes; and natural wonder at the fact that such is the case, is accompanied, more or less, with amusing associations.

May our apology be accepted; and let us proceed with Dr. Thorlief Glum Skallagrimston's specimens of the poetical literature of the Esquimaux. We love his name, because it is hard to utter, and, being learned, is difficult to *disremember*,—as we have heard certain of our countrymen say, when cross-questioned in courts. Next to Dr. Bowring, he is probably the most erudite man alive, in the languages of the northern regions of the globe; and he has made that of the Samoieds his favorite and particular study. By some cultivated English scholars, his metrical versions both from the Celtic and the Gothic poets are preferred to those of Dr. Bowring. And, if our opinion were of any recognized value, we should not hesitate to say that there is a sameness and a *oneness* about Bowring's translations, which makes less touching and effectual the joys and the woes of that kind of people who do not know each other from Adam; and who, moreover, are unapprised of the fact that Adam was their common father. Not that they have been sophisticated, by reading Voltaire's *Universal History*; for they are innocent of knowing *any* letters; but that they have lost even the commonest and most universal of the early traditions. Still they are homoio-pathetical with the great family of man; while, as nations, they have idiosyncrasies which arise from circumstances, and give a definite and distinct character to the poetry of each tribe or people. Dr. Bowring makes them all sing to the same tune. They do not. The peculiarities of all the large human families which have ramified out from among the descendants of Shem, Ham, and

Japhet, are as distinctly marked in their poetry, as they are in their complexions and craniological features.

Dr. Skallagrimston is of Icelandic extraction, and of a very old and respectable Danish family in that island, of which the inhospitable nature of the climate is so strongly contrasted with the hospitable manners of the inhabitants. He has resided, however, in the vicinity of London, for the last ten years, dedicating his time and talents to the prosecution of his studies in the northern dialects. There is a daily beauty and respectable simplicity about his private life; while his philosophical researches have already done much to advance the great cause of learning, by illustrating the history of the past. He is the personal friend of the Rev. Egil Peter Geirson; with whose name some of our readers may be more familiar than with his own.

• • • • • • •

Of sledge-borne heroes, o'er the cold bright waste,
Whom mighty dogs, rejoicing, drew to war,
And of the warrior multitudes who past
Round where the unfathomed cave extends afar.
Who heard the ice-bound rock split, unaghost,
And saw new suns, and many a fiery star,
Lsing in numerous verse—that their renown
May thus to all posterity go down.

Wonderful are thy doings, Witch of Cold!
The frozen gossamer web that cuts the skin,
The hoar frost piled fantastic on the old
Substantial hills, the sea that boils within
And steams from all its waters manifold,
Until the frost-smoke clears, and first the thin
And then the solid ice spreads, white and strong,
These are thy works—to thee I wake the song.

Queen of the long long winter, when the sleep
Of living death is wrapped round bears and men?
I love thy reign full well, for I can keep
Well pleased with those I love my lowly den;
Hear the dread iceberg thunder from its steep;
Or mark the bright moon shining now and then;
Until thine enemy, the God of Fire,
Unbinds the ice and bids thy sway expire.

Now hath he gone—and ere the sacred feast
 Again invites to his returning blaze,
 I'll sing the deeds of Karalit* at least,
 If thou inspire and these repeat my lays.
 That so the memory long may be increased,
 Of giant conquerors in the olden days;
 Who in their Kaiak† o'er the Kraken's froth,
 Flew, and o'ercame the sea-snake in his wrath.

Who met the bearded Auak,‡ and defied
 Their tusks, and smote with never-failing lance
 Neitsek and Neitersoak,§ that in their pride
 Deemed the whole ocean their inheritance,
 Till the whole ocean with their blood was dyed—
 O'er the heaven-spanning ice-bridge dared advance,
 And now have joined the Gods in mimic wars,
 Or drive the devious foot-ball mid the stars.

• • • • •

From the brazen kettle bring
 Water, while its praise we sing.
 Water, pure, and clear, and cold,
 Beverage of the Gods of old.
 Shining in the upper sky,
 See the pure white masses lie!
 See the glory round them blending!
 See the sparkling stream descending!
 While in brightness to the shore,
 Comes the current we adore.
 Fill the skins, the kettle fill,
 Let me sing and let me swill,
 Till the heat within me raging,
 Dieth with its blest assuaging.
 Colder make * * *

* *Karalit*; a name given to themselves by the Esquimaux.

† *Kaiak*; the smaller boat of the men of Greenland, "sharp at head and stern just like a weaver's shuttle, scarce a foot and a half broad in the broadest middle part, and hardly a foot deep."

‡ *Auak*; the sea-cow or walrus. "On both its lips, and on each side of its nose, is a kind of skin, a hand's-breadth, stuck with a plantation of bristles, that are a good span long and as thick as a straw; they are like a three-stranded cord, pellucid, and give the animal a majestic though a grim aspect."—*Cresset's History of Greenland*.

§ *Neitsek* and *Neitersoak*; two kinds of seals,—the latter the largest.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The pigeon-holes of our cabinet are already lined with communications, and we cannot better keep them in order, than by at once distributing their contents under their respective heads of "accepted," "rejected," and "for advisement,"—observing always, however, most religiously, the request, when made by correspondents, to have their contributions passed over in silence.

To begin with grave subjects, we shall always be happy to have answered through our pages, any questions upon literature or antiquities, like that preferred by CELTICUS; and we regret that his own letter was not intended for publication. That important ground once occupied with so happy an effect by the London Gentleman's Magazine, when it was the medium through which men of taste, science, and literature, communicated with each other upon every class of subjects, has been so deserted by modern periodicals, that it may be necessary for us here to remind our readers, that we shall always be happy when they exchange their views with each other, as well as with the public, through our Magazine. In the meantime, though but little versed in the abstruse points of chronology, about which Celticus is so curious, we believe (upon the authority of Gillacoeman's list of the heathen monarchs of Ireland,) that the commencement of the Milesian monarchy was coincident with the reign of Solomon in the east. As to the period of time when the Irish language was fixed, it must be almost impossible to name it with any precision, when we recollect that according to the most received opinions of philologists—while many of the terms and all the construction of that ancient tongue, have been derived from early commerce with the Phœnicians—it is composed from fewer Celtic dialects, than any other tongue among the continental Celts, and involves the remains of the primeval language of Europe.

QUIVEDO'S "Resuscitations of forgotten Bards," is misnamed. Quivedo is a resurrection man, not a resuscitator, and he should recollect that reviewers dissect none but living subjects—a dead one is of no more use to them than to a recruiting officer.

"C," "LAKE ERIE," and "ROBIN HOOD'S" article on Rifle Shooting are under consideration. We think we should like to hear from the author of the second in prose. We like the subject of the third, but it might have been handled better. R. H. should have consulted Col. Hawker's book for information, upon percussion locks, before attempting to decide upon the relative advantage between them and flint locks. The idea of the action of the percussion powder depressing the piece, we believe is exploded.

"THE OBSERVATORY" shall appear in our next.

"S. W." does not do himself justice—he must elaborate his verses more.

We like "LION" so much as to wish to keep him for the present in our menagerie, but as yet do not know what use to make of him.

HOGAN MOGAN'S "Vision" is received. But Hogan Mogan has forgotten that though a man may dream when he is asleep, yet he should always be awake when he relates his dreams. The poetical part, the Ode to *Black Hawk* particularly, he has imitated from Halleck's Marco Boszaris. But such an imitation

—It is as flat and fulsome to our ears
As howling after music—

We shall be happy to hear from INIGO JONKS, on "Domestic Architecture," though the want of room, of which he complains at large parties, might in some measure be remedied by the gentlemen entering into terms with the ladies, to give up carrying their hats into a ball-room, upon condition that their fair enemies will sacrifice so much of their sleeves as occupies an equal space in the crowd.

The lines signed CONRAD will never do—they are too deep in the autumnal tint. What an opening.

"What life o'erhanging cloud, whose tearful showers
Fall through the sunshine of our happiest hours,
In gathering volume new and deepening dye,
Weights on the heart, and blackens on the eye,
It is enough—

Too much in all conscience. Exit Conrad cum suis.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Desirous of making this department something more than a mere enumeration of the contents of books, we have determined, in order to make it as valuable as possible, and to give these notices that anonymous character, without which criticism loses half its efficacy, to have the different works which are submitted to us, examined by different individuals, capable of passing upon their merits, from having had their attention particularly turned to the subjects treated of. In pursuance of this plan, we regret that we cannot keep back this No. longer for two notices, from able pens, that were promised us in time for publication, upon the only books we have yet received. The beautiful work on Mineralogy and Geology, by J. K. Welsh, of Boston, and the new translation of Longinus, by a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, shall both receive their due attention in our next. In the meantime, however, we must manage to fill the space kept open for them till the last moment, with something else; and as one, when disappointed of a dinner, will stay his hunger, or spoil his appetite, with confectionary, we will substitute the pastry and bon-bons of literary persiflage, for the solid roast-beef and pudding of science and the classics; and as many of our reviewing brethren pass upon books they have never read, we will try and give an account of one they are not likely to read.

THE COMPLETE NEW-YEAR'S VISITOR.
By Barent Vanderlyn, 1 vol. 12mo. Staats & Fonda, Albany. Unless our judgment is very much at fault, this little work will be as well received by the town, as any original publication that has long issued from the press. But why the author, whose resources are chiefly derived from this city, should have chosen Albany as his place of publication, we cannot divine. Unless it is that the capital being the only city in the Union besides this, where the excellent and gallant custom of visiting all one's fair friends on New-Year's day, is observed, and the ancient town of Beaverwick being the mother colony from whence her strapping daughter of New Amsterdam was derived—it was perhaps due to the most ancient metropolis of the two, that a work of such importance should emanate from within those walls, where Dutch hospitality survives in all its original brightness: Where still the smoking caudle cup and tender cruller first meet the young eyes that open upon a strange world, and mulled-wine

and dote-cake solace the vigils of those who watch over them when closed in death—and where each welcome is as warm and as cheering as the first, and each farewell bears some token with it as kind and generous as the last.

The work, which very modestly pretends to be only a manual for the use of those who would simplify the business of New-Year's visiting, by reducing it to a proper system, does in fact contain a fund of deep erudition and lively entertainment, upon every thing relating to the first day in the year's calendar. Of the four books into which it is divided, for instance—book first, treats of the origin of New-Year's visiting, which it, perhaps somewhat extravagantly, carries back to the days of Hesiod, whom the learned Peter Heylin quotes in his Cosmography, from the admirable edition of the poet's works, by Nicholas Heinsius, the celebrated Leyden scholar—as authorizing the opinion of this usage having existed among the Scythian tribes that were present at the siege of Troy. Some curious observations are then given upon the zeal with which the custom was observed in the time of Julius Cæsar, among the warlike but hospitable Belge—as may be gathered from that passage in the writings of the illustrious Commentator, where he speaks of the *Fores omnibus aperti ut edendi bibendique causa ostiatim per diem totam percurrerent*. We have afterward an interesting account of the usage, as it existed at that brilliant court, where the steel-clad knights of Brabant

“Drank the red wine thro' their visors barred.”

from goblets filled by the fair hands of Jacqueline of Holland. From this part of the work, we learn, that formerly it was only noble or very ancient families who interchanged these courtesies with each other, and that the custom of ladies offering to shake hands with the male visitant upon this day, arose from a ceremony that grew up in the days of chivalry, of the young and fair hostesses placing their fragile fingers in the gauntleted palms of their guests, to signify that they recognized each as one of their own order, and confided in him as worthy of upholding its dignity. This book terminates with an account of the establishment of the custom in this city, from the time when it was first confined to the immediate connections of the old Dutch governors, and other official characters, down to our day, when it has become of such general adoption, that the whole town observes the social usage.

Book Second, is addressed to the ladies exclusively, and, among other things, treats of the manner of preparing the room for receiving visitors; giving at the same time some useful hints for so arranging the curtains, that the light, whether warmed and softened through salmon-colored moreen, or reflected from glistening damask, may properly assist one's complexion. Some tolerably engraved diagrams are added, showing the most approved methods of adjusting ottomans and sofas, so that visitors may be taken in detail, or disposed of in detachments—ad libitum of their fair entertainers. To all of which are annexed a few available hints upon the art of securing a tete-a-tete, in windows or recesses, with those whom we wish particularly to favor amid the general rush.

Book Third, intended for gentlemen only, treats of the whole process of New-Year's visiting, according to the latest improvements. It gives much useful advice upon the art of compiling a visiting list, and suggests the expediency of always being provided with a pocket map. After disposing satisfactorily of that much agitated question, whether it is best to district the morning's operation into wards, or adhere to the ordinary usage of visiting by streets, our author presses very warmly upon those ambitious of becoming at all distinguished as New-Year's visitors, the indispensableness of system in plan, and coolness, promptness, and decision in execution, to get thro' even a tolerable list of calls. "Order," he justly observes, "is Heaven's first law, and method is quite indispensable in this matter above all others—a method too, which must confound all respect of persons and order of preferences, all distinctions of rank and fashion, into one principle of geographical precedence," while "self-possession" he urges, "is particularly requisite to make an efficient use of each allotted moment, when people are darting to and fro around you, like stones from Catapultas." It is time, however, as our limits draw to a conclusion, that we should begin to quote more at large from the work, which we cannot perhaps do better than by quoting here a passage, which sets off the writer's pathetic powers to much advantage.

"Well," pursued my agitated informant, "three of my remaining seconds had already expired—but I could not leave him thus—I spoke again to him—I besought Riffleton—I conjured him as he sat there, pale as the mantelpiece against which he leaned—he—the gay, the dashing, the brilliant Riffleton—the soul of every set—the life of

every circle—now listless, melancholy, and in despair—I conjured him to tell me what sudden affliction had overtaken him at such a moment—what circumstance had subdued—what pain had overwhelmed his spirit—what dear friend he had lost.—"Friend," he exclaimed, and the answer came from the depths of his soul hollowly as the ascending urn from the bottom of a well, that sends up no limpid brimmer from its parched sources. "Friend? not one but all—all my friends—I have lost my"—The word faltered upon his lips, as if they could not pronounce so dread a thing—"I have lost my visiting list!"

In relating this tragic occurrence, our author argues very soundly upon the expediency of being always provided with duplicate copies of one's list, to avoid the consequences of people thus dropping their acquaintance.

But we are rapidly approaching the bottom of the page, and have only room to mention that Book Fourth is composed of "the diary of a New-Year's visitor"—the whole of which we may perhaps copy in a future number and a quantity of miscellaneous pieces in verse upon visiting matters. Interesting as these must have been to the immediate friends of the writers, few of them, for the public at large, possess any interest. An exception might perhaps be made in favor of the following touching adieu of a celebrated beau, and veteran New-Year's day visitor, whose regret at leaving the circle which he had long adorned, was so keen, when going abroad, that he could only send the following farewell cards to his four especial favorites.—

"Emma good bye—

In a far away land when I hear them tell
Of the new risen star and the reigning belle,
I shall think of the card where I wrote with a sigh
T. T. L.

Ellen Adieu—

This clasp of the hand hath a meaning for thee
At the moment of parting, whose language should
A smile for the many, a sigh for the few, [be
P. P. C.

Fanny Farewell—

Indifferent—cold as I saw thee to day,
I would fain have been like thee, so careless and
But a tear in despite of my bitterness fell, [gay
P. D. A.

Mrs. Smith good day—

I shall probably sail in an hour or so,
But I'll stop as I'm passing, before I go,
And leave you what cards I have left, to say
D. I. O.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

The experiment of the Italian Opera having been fairly tried since the present company visited our shores, and hardly a doubt remaining of its successful permanent establishment, in this city, we hope long to enjoy every opportunity of making that refined amusement, the subject of interesting comment in our pages.

It is fortunate for us that we have no national school of music, our country possesses no recollections of chivalry, of troubadours, feudal contentions or scenes of romance to hand down to us in song the deeds of heroism which such events naturally create. The broad ocean which rolls between us and Europe, is not only the interposing barrier in political relations, but it is also the means of removing us so far from local attachments and preferences that we can make our selection without prejudice and form our taste upon the best models without embarrassment. We were then prepared to receive the best impressions which could be made, and when in 1825 Garcia delighted us with his troupe he was astonished that his best points could be appreciated. Before this period we had heard little of Italian music. Some recollect the *Buffo* of Carmoglio, the violin of Burke, and the songs of Trajetta; yet there was not sufficient to give us a favorable impression of the great cultivation which existed in Italy. When therefore it was proposed by Mr. Dominick Lynch of this city, to transfer Garcia's troupe from the London Opera House to New-York, the English critics predicted the failure of an enterprise in a country where no evidence had as yet been furnished of any taste in the Fine Arts. "If London or Paris cannot support an Opera, said they, how can you expect success in the rude and uncultivated wastes of America." The solution of this problem is found in the fact that we had no national tastes to interfere with the great perfection of the art which was introduced among us. In England there are the melodies of Ireland and Wales, and the old ballads which were the foundation of a National School; and in Paris, the Conservatoire established for France the same predilections. These were to be subdued before the pure taste of Italy and Germany could be successful. The Italian Opera in England cannot succeed except it be assisted by the French Ballet, and in France it does not flourish from the great rivalry of the French Opera and its attractive decorations. When we hear Boieldieu and Auber placed by the side of Rossini, Webber, and Mozart, we

cannot, for a moment, be at a loss to discover the reason that Italian Music in Paris requires the arm of Government to sustain it. We are free from all these embarrassments, and consequently the success of the Italian Opera in this country must be less equivocal than in any part of Europe.

The impulse which Garcia's Troupe gave to musical taste in New-York, is the most extraordinary event which the era of Music can boast, and it determines a question very favorable to Italy, that cultivation to be good, must approach as near to nature as possible. This constitutes the perfection of taste—here the Italian School leaves in the distance the French and English Schools. They have reduced music to a code of principles, and not left it to the excursive of fancy. Whenever distances are fixed, comparison commences. The proportions of a Greek column became the standards to regulate design, and as our rule of beauty is deduced from its harmony, so are our notions of music derived from the expression of passion by simple intonation. Nature is then the idol of the Italian artist, and while he is corrected by its severity he is also chastised by its truth. To be successful the artist must have with him the skill to copy and the power to adorn a creation by grouping the scattered fragments of beauty, so as to form a standard originating in an equal mixture of judgment and feeling. It ceases then to be a matter of astonishment that our country is a ready recipient of good taste, and as soon as the unpractised ear recovers its tone, the power of appreciation will be more sensible and effective.

Again we have another troupe who came to seek their fortunes in the western world, and we venture to predict, if they bring the proper materials, the permanency of Italian Operas is placed beyond all hazard. The materials must be good or the labor is wasted. We do not ask that a Pasta, Sontag, or Malibran should constitute a part of these materials; but we expect that good singers will be given us. We might have been content with less if we had not heard Garcia, Malibran, and Angrisani, but their impressions have left with us standards that at least claim respectability in professional acquirement. The troupe of Montresor is good, but the sustaining power is in Signora Pedrotti. This lady is above the usual height, yet she is so well proportioned, and likewise so graceful that she appears not too tall or too large—her face is one of expression without much beauty, but her eye is so fine that every feature is lighted up with great intelligence. Mind strong and powerful, so pervades every attitude and expression—while her face exhibits intel-

tual transparency—that you can almost see the agitation of her feelings and the conviction is strong that art is exhausted in the masterly delineation of nature. Her voice is Soprano, differing from Malibran's, which is mezzo soprano, undoubtedly the best for portraying deep feeling. Her scale is good, although not comparable to Ferons, yet what she does she does well, and her great forte is that she attempts nothing wherein there is a probability of a failure. There is no exertion—every act is performed with ease and great truth.—There is never any over-excitement, nor does the sublimity of her conceptions ever degenerate into extravagance or bombast. She irresistibly carries the feelings into the very situation she endeavours to portray; and the admiration she produces is but in the great perfection of the representation. Her ornament is sparing but always well applied,—her shake good, yet rarely employed,—her roulades are thrown off with ease—her her appoggiaturas strong and true. Her ascending chromatique is powerful and correct, but there is a defect in the descending which she skillfully conceals in *sotto voce*. She made her debut in Elisa E' Claudio, and her success was complete, although her triumph was reserved for Il Pirata. Montresor, the tenor is good, but we think his voice defective, yet he has been educated in so excellent a school that physical disabilities disappear before great cultivation. The roles of Ramiso, Claudio, and Guallerio are too high for him to execute with ease, or do himself justice. They impose upon him a constant exertion, which fatigues him. At the same time he loses expression. He executes the music in Il Pirata well, but his acting is far better. It is not overstrained but natural throughout. He is the very Antipodes of the Physical School—there is no rant—no extravagance—every look, feature, and attitude correspond—he is a most accomplished actor, and we think some of our pseudo-tragedians should avail themselves of this present advantage. It would not be fair to institute a comparison between him and Garcia, the great Maestro of Europe; they belong to different schools. His singing is not florid, nor does it seek exuberant ornament—it is without pretension, but it is full of expression, and is often electric. His last aria in Il Pirata is executed with great taste and precision. He never sings false and his recitative is given with great effect. His merit consists in great accuracy, correct delineation, happy conception, and finished execution, and although he is obliged to avail himself of the falsetto, if is interwoven so accurately with his *voce di petto* as never to

be disagreeable, or destroy the charming of his scale. Fornasari, the Bas Taille is a wonder. His figure is tall and commanding, and his face one of great beauty. Every physical advantage, however, disappears before a voice of extraordinary compass, depth, and execution. The bass of Angrasani was grand, yet it was stiff, and wanted that flexibility which so pre-eminently distinguishes Fornasaris. It is most extraordinary that his fame never reached this country. He must be a formidable rival of Lallache and Zuchelli, and will, no doubt, when more years pass over his head, be at the very summit of his profession. He has appeared in Cenerentola, L'Italiani in Algeri, and Il Pirata; in all of which he acquitted himself with increasing reputation. His duet with Orlandi, Un Segretto, was admirably given. He sustained entirely the Italiani, and although most indifferently supported, gave great power and effect to his part. He is the lion of the Opera, and wherever he goes will always command attention and applause. Nature has been most bountiful to him, and if he does not throw away the rich endowments he possesses, he will, no doubt, grace a very important page on the history of the Italian Opera. He is still very young, and if applause do not stop his industry, he will soon be without a rival.

Signor Orlandi is the most perfect comic actor that ever trod upon our boards. Nothing can exceed his Magnifico and Inatazi in Cenerentola and Elisa E Claudio. There is no buffoonery at any time, and if he be a little extravagant, it seldom attracts attention with disapprobation. His voice is baritone, clear, and flexible, and always in tune, especially in recitative. In the mad scene with Pedrotti in Elisa E Claudio, he executes his part of the duet with great clearness and skill. He is an acquisition, and vastly surpasses the mummery of Rosich.

The operas which have been given are Cenerentola, Italiani in Algeri, Elisa E Claudio, and Il Pirata. The two first were failures for the want of a *Primma Donna*—the two last were eminently successful, and we believe, productive to the manager. The chorusses are well got up by Salvioni, and last though not least, Baglioli the director has given two delicious morceaux in Elisa E Claudio, and Il Pirata, which place his reputation upon high ground.

Our limits do not permit our giving an analysis of the Operas we have mentioned, which must, therefore, with such strictures as we may think of advantage to the musical taste of our city, be deferred to future numbers of the Magazine.

THE DRAMA.

THE coming of the KEMBLEs, and the dramatic festival in honor of JOHN HOWARD PAYNS, gave an eclat to Theatricals during the autumn, such as our boards have rarely if ever boasted before. The brilliant tribute to Mr. Payne was rendered towards the end of November, and on the evening of

December 1st—The second engagement of the KEMBLEs closed, to one of the most brilliant and overflowing houses that was ever congregated within the walls of the Park Theatre. The play of the Hunchback constituted the chief attraction. Miss KEMBLE as Julia in no degree lessened those powerful impressions which her personation of this beautiful though difficult character has created; while her father, as Sir Thomas Clifford, though the character is by no means fitted to display the abilities of this excellent actor, succeeded, as he generally does, in giving to his part an interest which failed not to insure the admiration of his audience. We have a few words to say respecting "The Hunchback." This play has proved a great favorite with the public; and while no drama of modern times has been so completely successful upon the stage, it has been thought worthy of being compared, as a reading play, with the productions of many of the old dramatists. Indeed, though the spirit in which the characters are drawn partakes in many instances, and necessarily, of the present age, we are not the less disposed to render Mr. Knowles the praise of having successfully followed in the steps of these venerable fathers of the English stage, and proved himself an able disciple of the school of Fletcher, Webster and Ford.

December 8th. On this evening Mr. and Mrs. RAZ made their first appearance on the stage of the Park Theatre. The modest and unpretending manner in which these performers have come before the public, has quite prepossessed us in their favor. The play was Morton's comedy of "A Cure for the Heart-Ache;" and though the parts of Jesse Oatland and Young Rapid are not of sufficient scope to enable us to judge accurately of the merits of performers seen for the first time, we were much pleased with the manner in which these debutants acquitted themselves. Indeed, these performers will constitute a most valuable acquisition to the Stock company of the Park, which now possesses sufficient strength for the representation of our best comedies.

We cannot suffer this occasion to pass, without saying a few words respecting Mr. WILKINSON, who made his first appearance

in the early part of the season, and who is now one of the regular company at the Park. Mr. Wilkinson has rapidly established himself in the favor of our play-going public; and there is no actor on the American boards by whom he is surpassed in a certain line of characters. His manner is always chaste; and his humor is of an unobtrusive and quiet nature, which pleases equally with the boisterous mirth of others. In Dogberry, though perhaps not as successful as Barnes in convulsing the house with laughter, he gives full effect to the ludicrous dignity which Shakspeare has invested this prince of watchmen; and though he possesses not that remarkable versatility of talent which enables Hilson to draw both tears and smiles from his audience, he yet has those qualities which render him well qualified to supply the vacuum created by the retirement of these general favorites.

Dec. 14th. Mr. FORREST concluded a short engagement at the Park, during which he played in the three pieces known as "The Prize Tragedies," elicited by the liberality of this popular actor, viz. *Metamora*, *The Gladiator*, and *Oraloosa*. The first of these pieces, viewed as a *tragedy*, is beneath criticism. It has not suffered from the misnomer, however, but has long held, and probably will continue to hold, possession of the stage, as a most successful melo-drama. The last is a late production from the pen of Dr. Bird, the well-known author of the piece enumerated before it.

Oraloosa, after long preparation, was represented for the first time on Friday evening, Dec. 7, to an overflowing house, anxious to ascertain whether the author had sustained the reputation he reaped in such abundance from "The Gladiator." On reviewing our recollections of *Oraloosa*, we are forced to say that we were much disappointed in this last production of Dr. Bird, which is in every respect far inferior to *The Gladiator*: a play which exhibits some admirable theatrical situations, and with many passages of great power contains others of a softer character, worthy of being compared with some of the sweetest verses of our old poets.

The plot of *Oraloosa* is complex in the extreme, the author having in the formation of it worked up incidents and events, which might with propriety constitute the subjects of three or four dramas. Of its poetical merits we would say but little. In the overweening anxiety which the author has taken to store his play with incident, it seems to have escaped him that a good drama must possess something more than continued bursts of passion, and vigorous and continued action,

to constitute it a legitimate tragedy; and one may therefore look in vain for those poetic beauties in *Oraloosa*, which have contributed not a little to make *The Gladiator* so permanent a favorite.

Dec. 19th.—O'Keefe's comedy of "Wild Oats" was performed this evening, in order to introduce a new debutant, Mr. J. Mason, in the character of Rover. So little pains had been taken to trumpet forth the name of this gentleman, that a very thin audience was collected on the occasion; and probably, on the rising of the curtain, no one expected the high enjoyment which was in store for him. That Mr. Mason is an actor of no ordinary rank, appeared, fully by his performance. The part was most happily chosen, as it gave him an opportunity of displaying his powers in the delivery of some of the finest passages of our dramatic poetry, and at the same time of showing his merits as a general actor. The various quotations of which the character of Rover is made up, were given with extreme beauty, especially those of a pathetic nature, into which Mr. Mason threw a degree of feeling which was irresistibly touching; as, for instance, in that fine scene where Jim rushes forward to defend his father, Rover quotes some lines applicable to the situation, and then, his own situation forcing itself upon him, he mournfully utters—"I never knew a father's protection—never had a father to protect!"—The wooing of Lady Amaranth was well done. Mr. Mason's gentlemanlike and modest address especially shine in scenes of tenderness; his voice, though not possessed of much strength, is so well modulated, and its flexibility so well managed, that any deficiency in power is made up by the skill with which it is used. His face is capable of much expression, and his figure well formed. His performance of Rover throughout was lively and spirited. He filled up the character to our entire satisfaction, and to that of a most enthusiastic auditory, in whose favor he completely established himself. Mr. Mason will become, we doubt not, a general favorite among us. He will be a most valuable and important auxiliary to the company, in a department, too, in which there has for a long time been a most glaring deficiency.

In English Opera there has been but little done at the Park until within a short time, there having been so many other sources of attraction and profit. We note, however, that Miss HUGHES is now playing, but we are sorry to say to houses by no means crowded. This may easily be accounted for. The Italian *troupe* is now regarded as the legitimate operatic company; and the great body of our amateurs is to be seen on opera nights within the walls of the Richmond Hill. As the termination of the Italian company's engagement has now arrived, English opera will again, we trust, delight us, as in former times it was wont. Miss Hughes is a charming songstress; and we are sure that now, when the Italians have left us, the sweetness and richness of her voice, and the inimitable grace with which she warbles forth her notes, will be appreciated, and ensure for our *homely* opera that applause, which until of late it has enjoyed.

Dec. 28.—Since the above was in type, Mr. CHARLES KEAN has commenced a farewell engagement at the Park, prior to his return to London, where he is said to have formed a most flattering engagement at one of the Metropolitan theatres. To do the performances of this excellent tragedian justice, however, we must defer noticing them to our next number.

BOWERY.—At this theatre, since the commencement of the season, theatricals have been well attended to. The manager has catered actively for the taste of the public. Not to mention our native actress, Miss VINCENT, of whom we shall on some future occasion speak more at length, we have observed that BOOTH has lately concluded a most successful engagement at this theatre, in which he performed his most celebrated characters. Mr. B.'s professional merits, in a peculiar range of parts, notwithstanding his varying style of playing them, are so well known and appreciated, that it were superfluous for us to enter into a detailed criticism; though were we disposed to do so, our limits, which are already exceeded, would forbid it.

Upon arranging the matter in type, it was found necessary to omit some valuable Statistics and Miscellanies, prepared for this number; but which must now be deferred to the next.

The Knickerbacker.

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No. 2.

MEMOIR OF GENERAL CHASSÉ.



ALTHOUGH not among the warriors who have filled the world with their renown, the name of this distinguished foreign officer claims a place here by a double title—first, on the general public ground that he is now in command of a fortress, upon which the eyes of the nations are intent; and secondly, that he is of the race of those from whom spring the genuine *Knickerbackers*.

The engraving which accompanies this memoir, presents faithfully the lineaments of this veteran soldier. It is executed from an engraving recently received from Holland, and does more than justice to the original. In the compressed mouth, and resolute brow, and air of decision which this portrait exhibits, the daring character and well proved heroism of the man whose life, even unto old age, has been spent amid the din and perils of battle, speak to every eye.

According to a brief notice we find of him in the *Biographie des Contemporains*—a record, we may say in passing, of as high talents and attainments in every department of knowledge or of art, of as noble characters, and of as daring achievements, as the annals of the world can shew—DAVID HENRY CHASSE was born on the 18th March, 1765, at Thiel, in Guelderland, and at ten years of age, with hereditary taste, (his father being a military officer) he entered as a cadet into the service of the United Provinces. He obtained in 1781 the rank of lieutenant, and in 1787 that of captain. At this period the disputes, which had long agitated the United Provinces, broke out into open and violent conflicts. The republican

party, opposed to the establishment of an hereditary Stadtholdership in the house of Orange, and rendered more ardent in the general cause of freedom, by the success with which these United States had then recently concluded their struggle for independence, proceeded to extremes, and among other measures, a band of the more violent patriots arrested the wife of the Stadtholder, who was sister to the king of Prussia. She immediately besought the aid of her brother, and forthwith a Prussian army of 25,000 men appeared, to avenge the insult and vindicate the cause of the Stadtholder William V. Young Chassé, then only twenty-two years old, and who, with the natural enthusiasm of youth, had embraced the cause of the patriots, was fired with new zeal at the aspect of foreign mercenaries brought into his own native land, to impose upon it by force a government it rejected, and was foremost in the ranks to combat them. But the resistance of the patriots was unskilfully conducted and unsuccessful; and when, in September, 1787, Amsterdam fell into the hands of the Prussians, and the patriot cause was finally lost, Chassé, with others, went into voluntary exile. Soon again, however, lured by the same idol, Liberty, which now was arousing the people of France from the despotism of ages, he entered into the French armies, and so distinguished himself by his gallantry, that in 1793, he had attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In 1794, he was attached to the army under *Pichegru*, and made the memorable campaign of 1794-5, when the water defences of Holland, which under ordinary circumstances render her almost impregnable, became the sources of her weakness; and the floods which from her dikes she poured forth over smiling fields and villages, in order that the foot of the invader might be cut from her soil, were bridged over with solid ice, and presented the unwonted and unwelcome spectacle of embattled armies, with their horses and their artillery borne into the very heart of the land, by a path made with no human hands. The arms and the opinions of republican France found ready acceptance among the patriots of Holland, and by their aid, and with their concurrence, the Batavian republic was formed in May, 1795. They too soon found that a republic established by the arms and maintained by the presence of a foreign soldiery, was a mockery of their fairest hopes; and it cannot be doubted, that the delusion which had blinded Chassé to the crime—for crime since the days of *Coriolanus* to those of *Mareau* it has been, and ever should be, deemed—of bearing arms with foreigners

against his native land, was early and bitterly repented. He, whose youthful patriotism had been kindled to a loftier glow, by the introduction into his country of a Prussian army, to avenge and defend the cause of the Stadtholder, could not, in maturer years, and when the first impulse and ebullition of the high excitement of the times had passed, but feel that he had greatly erred. His career since that period has, however, been wholly with Dutch troops and worthy of the brightest days of that valiant people, who in their early history were styled by Tacitus, "the friends rather than the allies of the Romans," and whose warlike qualities were so remarkable, as to draw from the same historian this description of the nation—"unvexed by tribute, free from all taxes, they (the Batavians) are, as it were, set apart for the demands of battle, and like arms reserved alone for war." In the campaign of 1796, he was attached to the army under the command of the Dutch General, Daendels. In 1799, the English having made a descent upon the coast of Holland, General Chassé displayed great military talent at the head of the Dutch corps, who fought several hours against a larger body of English troops. This campaign having terminated, he quitted the country for Germany. He was at the siege of Wurtzburg, took a battery from the Austrians, and four hundred prisoners, on the 27th of December, 1800. In the years 1805 and 1806, he served with distinction in the war against Prussia, under the command of the Dutch General Dumoreau. But, above all, it was in the Spanish war that General Chassé was most distinguished.

Having been created a major-general and appointed to the command of a Dutch division, he led them wherever there was danger and glory. Always in advance himself, always decisive, and distinguished especially for the frequency and the success of the charges he led, he obtained from his own corps and in the army, the significant appellation of the weapon he so freely resorted to; and as Murat, from the number and brilliancy of his cavalry charges, was called *the Saberer*, and Junot, from the impetuosity of his attacks, was distinguished as *the Grenadier*, General Chassé came to be known and dreaded as *the Bayonet-chief*. For six years of this murderous Spanish war, he was always in the hottest of its battles, and in all, the simple and glorious praises of his soldiers, the witnesses of his exploits and the companions of his dangers, accompanied him. At Talavera, Durango, Missa d'Abord, and parti-

cularly at Ocana, where the Dutch troops covered themselves with glory, he was conspicuous; and when finally the broken remnants of the many gallant armies, which the insatiate ambition of Napoleon had poured into Spain, to be sacrificed piece-meal to the great revenge of a wronged and outraged nation, were fast retreating under the auspices of Marshal Soult, before the better fortune and better cause of a combined English and Spanish force, led by the Duke of Wellington, the valor and the daring of General Chassé were signally displayed at *Col de Maja*, a pass in the Pyrenees. In this pass the corps d'armée commanded by Count d'Erlon, hemmed in and pressed by superior numbers, was relieved by the *bayonets* of the Dutch division led on by General Chassé, and extricated from its difficulties. The military eye of Soult could not fail to perceive the merit of such a commander, and at his suggestion, the decoration of the Legion of Honor was the reward conferred by Napoleon, of so brilliant an action. He was created, by special decree, Baron of the Empire. When the tide of war had changed, and the great Captain who had entered as a conqueror the capital of almost every continental power, was, in January, 1814, driven back upon his own, and in the presence of combined Europe was fighting for crown and life within sight of the towers of Notre Dame, and the triumphant arches of the Carousel, he testified his confidence in General Chassé, by ordering him in that extremity to join him at once with his troops, in the vicinity of Paris. On the 27th February, with the remains of only four regiments, he attacked at *Bar sur Aube*, a corps of 6,000 Prussians, supported by a battery of six pieces; and after an obstinate and hotly contested action, in the course of which he was thrice charged by cavalry, and in which he himself was wounded, overthrew them. But the star of the conqueror had set, and the allied sovereigns entered Paris, with the profession of hostility only to the chief, and not to the people of France. With Napoleon fell the vast empire, which his arm alone could hold together, or wield in unity; and General Chassé, released from the banner under which he had so long and gloriously served, returned to his native country. Here the House of Orange had been reestablished with the full consent of the nation, and to its head the present king of the Netherlands, this soldier of many fields presented himself, and was welcomed by him with the confidence and distinction, to which his well earned laurels entitled him. He was received into the army of the Netherlands, with the rank of lieutenant-general, on the 21st April, 1814.

Europe now for a space seemed to breathe in peace—and the disorganization consequent upon years of war and suffering, and the fancied derangement of that blood bolstered illusion—the balance of power—were to be remedied by congresses of sovereigns and protocols of ministers. Diplomacy was now to bind anew those whom the sword had loosed, and with “Louis XVIII as a principle,”—for in that light alone the wily Talleyrand told the assembled despots in Paris, could he be presented to the French; that is, as representing the conquest of legitimacy over the revolution—the nations were parcelled or parcelling out among the heaven-born—when lo! a sound from an obscure town on the shores of the Mediterranean, reverberating in instant thunder throughout France and Europe, scattered at once congress, and sovereigns, and ministers; and Napoleon, the exile, stood again unquestioned sovereign in the palace of the Thuilleries. Faithful to his new duties and to his country, General Chassé prepared himself in the war that immediately ensued, to defend the menaced frontier of the Netherlands; and on the field of Waterloo he displayed anew the peculiar qualities, both as a soldier and a chief, which had marked so honorably his previous career. At a critical period of the battle, perceiving, at a moment when an English battery having exhausted its ammunition, had ceased firing, that it was menaced by an attack from the old imperial guard, and aware of the fatal consequences of such an attack if successful, he detached instantaneously his artillery under Major Van Smissen, to repulse at all hazards the advancing French columns. The manœuvre was gallantly performed, and the fire of the artillery was so well directed and murderous, that the assailants were compelled to fall back, leaving the declivity of *Mont St. Jean* covered with their wounded and their dead. This was the moment for the Bayonet-chief—his Dutch and Belgic corps was led to the charge, and soon completed the route which the artillery had prepared. This eminent and timely service was remarked by the Duke of Wellington, and publicly acknowledged by letter in the July following. The final overthrow of Napoleon, consequent upon this bloody day, again promised peace to the nations; and the sword of our warrior, which had been bared in so many climates and so many combats, was quietly rusting in its scabbard, when the revolution of the three days in Paris, which overturned at once and at a breath, as it were, the throne of a thousand years, and the more recent combinations of the Holy Allies,

stirred up anew all the elements of European discord, and Brussels soon had its three days. Placed, by this event, in a situation where he must choose between his fidelity to his colors and to his Dutch allegiance, and a cause that appealed to him in the name of liberty and popular rights, he decided with a soldier's honor to stand by his flag, and throwing himself into the citadel of Antwerp, in October, 1830, he declared his purpose to hold that post for Holland and the House of Orange to the last extremity. Neither menace, nor promises, nor entreaties, could shake his firm resolve; and all that could be extorted from him was, that if not attacked from the city, nor endangered in his position by the construction of any new works, or the repair of old ones, he would remain passive and await ulterior orders from the Hague. On the 27th October, however, some hostile movements against the citadel having occurred among the Belgian volunteers in Antwerp, General Chassé, with his wonted decision, commenced an immediate bombardment of the city, as well from the citadel as from the Dutch ships of war lying at anchor in the Scheldt. The cannonading lasted from four o'clock in the afternoon until eleven o'clock at night. Red hot balls and shells were fired, and a vast destruction of property, though with little loss of life, was occasioned by it. Among the buildings consumed was the Entrepôt, which was peculiarly exposed, from being situated between the citadel and the river. There was a great amount of foreign property deposited there, of which a large proportion belonged to our own countrymen, and for which it is believed a claim upon the king of Holland, or as he is still called, of the Netherlands, may be rightfully preferred. The judgment passed at the time of this occurrence, upon General Chassé, for thus assailing a comparatively defenceless town—for the citadel was originally constructed full as much to overawe and control the citizens, as to strengthen their means of resistance against external enemies—was generally unfavorable. His course was readily ascribed to Dutch jealousy of Antwerp, as the commercial rival of Amsterdam; and as the effervescence of popular movements against established authorities, had affected the leading presses of France and England, they willingly enough adopted a version of the affair, which tended to excite sympathy in favor of the revolted Belgians, and angry feelings against the Dutch. Looking, however, from this distance, at the conduct of General Chassé, as that of a trusted military commander, who under circum-

stances of great responsibility, was invested with the charge of an important fortress, for the preservation of which he was bound to take all proper means, it may perhaps be questioned whether he could have acted otherwise, without a sacrifice of reputation and duty. What are the circumstances? Secure of safety in his citadel, he had agreed to abstain from hostilities, provided none were directed against him. But on the 26th October, some citizens of Antwerp, aided by armed volunteers from Brussels, attacked the Dutch post in the great square of the city, composed of about 300 soldiers, killed the commander and many of his men, and scattered or made prisoners of the remainder. The city guard was present, and in no wise interfered to prevent this combat. Emboldened by their success, the volunteers and citizens attacked all the Dutch posts in the city, and made themselves masters of them in the course of the night of the 26th, though not without much bloodshed. The strife was renewed at daylight on the 27th, and successively all the gates of Antwerp held by Dutch troops, were captured, and the scattered remnants of these troops, pursued by the armed citizens, were chased into the citadel: then only did General Chassé retaliate—and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th, nearly thirty-six hours after detachments from his garrison had been attacked at their posts in the city, was the first order given to fire upon the citizens and their town. That it was executed with vigor, if executed at all, was to be anticipated from the known character of the commander; but the moment a deputation from the town, pledging it to abstain from further hostilities, proceeded to the citadel, that moment the fire was discontinued. The game of war is one that cannot be played in kid gloves, and they, therefore, who enter into it, should count the cost beforehand. If, in the circumstances alluded to, General Chassé had suffered the volunteers and citizens of Antwerp, flushed with their partial success over detached parties, to proceed unchecked or unpunished, it will be conceded we think by all men, that he would have failed in duty to his king, and in that care and regard for his brother soldiers, massacred in the streets by superior numbers, for which in all his previous military career he had been remarkable. We conclude, therefore, that in firing upon the city, General Chassé was fully justified by the circumstances that led to it. Since that period, now more than two years ago, this veteran has quietly held his post—strengthening himself doubtless wherever he could, and pre-

paring himself for any event, which the future might have in reserve for him. What that event may be, is yet to be seen. Our last accounts left him beleaguered by a vastly superior force, led by skilful commanders, and intent upon reducing him, as soon as possible, to submission. Marshal Gerard, with an army of nearly 50,000 chosen French troops, encouraged by the presence of two of their king's sons, who work with them in the trenches, and who, though young, emulate the oldest soldier in their attention to, and discharge of, all military duties, is before the strong hold of General Chassé. To the summons to surrender it he has answered *No*—and the guns of his citadel, fired upon the assailants, bore witness to his apparent sincerity. It may nevertheless be that his secret orders are, not to defend himself to the uttermost, but, after such a show of resistance, as would prove that in giving up the fortress he yielded to actual force, to strike his flag and surrender; and the impunity with which the besiegers were permitted to make their first approaches, would seem to sanction some such idea. On the other hand, the language of his Order of the Day, issued on the first marching of the French army for Antwerp, indicates the most settled resolve to defend the fort to the last extremity. Here is that

“ORDER OF THE DAY.

“*To the Citadel of Antwerp, the Forts dependent upon it, and his Majesty's Navy in the Scheldt.*

“Brave brethren in arms! The moment when old Dutch courage and loyalty are to be put to a new test approaches. Within a few days a French army will appear before these ramparts, in order to compel us, if possible, by force of arms, to surrender this fortress and its dependent forts.

“Full of confidence in the justice of your cause, and relying upon your well tried courage and loyalty for your King and your Country, we shall intrepidly await this army.

“Brethren in arms! All Netherlands, and even Europe, have their eyes fixed upon you; let us, collectively and individually, prove that the confidence which our beloved King has reposed in us, has not been bestowed on the unworthy. And let us take the unalterable resolution to defend ourselves with manly courage to the last extremity.

“LIVE THE KING!

(Signed) “The General Commander-in-chief of the citadel of Antwerp, of its dependent Forts, and of his Majesty's Navy on the Scheldt,

“BARON CHASSÉ.

The appeal made to old Dutch courage and loyalty, will not be made in vain. The honors shewn by royal decree and popular enthusiasm to the memory of the gallant *Lieutenant Van Spyk*, who in the combat of October, 1830, of the citadel and fleet with the town of Antwerp, blew up himself and his vessel rather than surrender to the Belgians, are well calculated to quicken the ardor and confirm the resolution of those to whom the defence of the citadel is entrusted. The historical honors too, which in all ages and in all countries await the garrisons of besieged towns, who prefer every alternative of suffering, danger, and death, to the ignominious safety which submission might purchase, will all be remembered on this occasion; and the memorable answer of Palafox, from amidst the almost ruined battlements of the obstinately defended Saragossa—"war, war, to the knife"—will find an echo on this occasion in many a Dutch heart—and so it should be—so we hope it will be. There is a natural and honest instinct in the human breast, which prompts it to espouse the weaker cause. If Belgium had been left to settle her quarrel with Holland by the might of her own right arm, we could have looked unmoved upon the spectacle; but when she invokes or assents to the interposition of her mighty neighbors, France and England; and when an old, free, industrious, and peaceful people, like the Dutch, are summarily required to yield what they believe to be their rights, or to encounter the roused and united vengeance of the masters of the land and of the sea, we sympathize with, and are irresistibly led to put up our vows for, the gallantry and steadfast faith in a just cause, which dare encounter such fearful odds.

But the citadel of Antwerp must fall. However resolute and able the commander—however true, faithful, and brave the garrison—it is certain in the present advanced state of the art of war, that a place which can be approached, must eventually be reduced; and the precise number of hours almost and lives, which its reduction will cost, can be accurately estimated. The flag of Holland then, in any event, will be struck; but the past history of General Chassé, should he persist in the defence, can be little relied on for any thing, if it do not afford a pledge that it will only be amidst the ruins of his fortress, and the slaughtered bodies of its defenders, that the flag of his country will sink. Overwhelmed he may be—subdued never—and the noble soldier's career of half a century, could surely find no more glorious or honorable close, than amidst

the fallen bulwarks of the citadel, and while yet the banner of Holland flung defiance to its foes.

Victrix causa Deis placuit—sed victa Catoni.

THE ALBATROSS.

"Tis said the Albatross never rests.".....Burros.

Where the fathomless waves in magnificence toss,
Homeless and high soars the wild Albatross—
Unwearied, undaunted, unshrinking, alone,
The ocean, his empire—the tempest, his throne.

When the terrible whirlwind raves wild o'er the surge,
And the hurricane howls out the mariner's dirge,
In thy glory thou spurnest the dark-heaving sea,
Proud bird of the ocean-world—homeless and free.

When the winds are at rest, and the sun in his glow,
And the glittering tide sleeps in beauty below,
In the pride of thy power triumphant above
With thy mate thou art holding thy revels of love.

Untir'd, unfetter'd, unwatch'd, unconfin'd,
Be my spirit like thee in the world of the mind,
No leaning for earth e'er to weary its flight,
And fresh as thy pinion in regions of light.

ORCATIA.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ. NO. II.

FAUST'S curse—it will perhaps be recollected we left him uttering one—was an effusion which we might suppose had been dictated by the very breath of his companion, with the very sulphur of whose lungs it seems to be reeking, and resonant with the voice of the old Adam in his heart, an echo and a token to tell him the dispositions of the speaker are all he could desire. So we may reason—but so he reasons not—he is an indefatigable spirit who still thinks nothing done while aught remains to do. The vices and bad passions of solitude have indeed arrived at their lowest depths; but the world hath lower depths, and he must now plunge his victim into these. He loves, after his fashion of loving, a hermit much, but dissipation more; dissipation, that expressive word, that most pernicious thing, that compendium of all the ways by which a human being can possibly go to—Mephistopheles.

Dissipation! it is the consuming fire, which the fruits of genius, the results of thought and study, and the offspring of early hope and promise, have all passed through to Moloch; it is the category and definition which includes all that is not singleness of purpose, consistency, and perseverance; it is the sieve which we exhaust the springs of our youth to fill, and it divides their precious waters in a thousand streams, and wastes them irretrievably. Through all its varied forms and names it may be traced by its effects; sometimes it is loud and riotous and, so, speedily destructive; sometimes it is gay only, and wide outspread in a great round of unmeaning courtesies and rapid amusements; sometimes with a business-like or studious air, it is full of projects, longings sublime and aspirations high, and the beginnings of ten thousand things that end where they begin; but it is forever the same voracious quicksand swallowing up his life who has no fixed pursuit, who allows himself to mistake the meteor fires that cross his pathway, each in their turn, for pole stars.

In social or in solitary life, in all conditions and pursuits, religious or profane, we walk in this hourly danger; of frittering away our time on many objects, and failing of success in all; for this temptation is a wind the devil blows with-

al, and the energies of the mind are scattered. *De profundis clamavi*, I have cried out of its depths, with a voice of warning, a cry from its loud and hollow gulphs to those that shall come after: but they would not believe the warning, though one came to deliver it from the dead. To them the vortex is attractive, but not to Faust; he has been engaged in high pursuits; he has closed with the giants of mortal sense and intellect, wrestled with them, vanquished them, and proved them shadows, and shall he now be amused with a chase of butterflies? He listens scornfully to the proposal and assents to it recklessly; he has no faith in the results, but then he has no fear, nor care for its consequences. The following is an attempt to translate this dialogue from the point where we left off, where a chorus of invisible spirits breaks in with a sort of reply and expostulatory comment to Faust's anathema.

Chorus. Wo—wo—
 Thou hast destroy'd it—
 This beautiful world,
 With powerful arm,
 It yields, it shivers,
 The demigod's word obeying,
 We are conveying
 Its fragments to annihilation,
 And saying
 A lament for the fair and ruined one.
 Mighty,
 Earth's mightiest son,
 Brightly,
 Out of its ruin,
 Build it anew in thy breast,
 And life with new zest
 Recommence,
 Which thy gentler sense,
 Song still renewing,
 With joy shall invest.

Mephistopheles. These little ones
 Are of mine, and their tones
 How to action and joy they impel thee.
 Sagely they tell thee
 To fly to the busy haunts of men,
 From this lonely den,
 Where the blood and the spirit together grow
 Stagnant and slow.
 Harbour no more this lonely sorrow,
 That vulture-like thy life devours;
 From men, though bad, thy soul may borrow
 Some human thoughts and joyous hours.
 Yet deem not that I would confound
 With vulgar herds a soul like thine,
 No lofty rank or name is mine,
 But wilt thou tread with me life's round.
 Unite with me, I'll strive to show
 What mortals may enjoy below,

And presently engage to do
Thy hopes and wishes service true.
Nay, if but thus thou wilt agree,
Thy instrument and bondsmen be.

Faust. And what conditions then must I fulfil?

Meph. Oh nothing—for a good long time at least.

Faust. No, no, the Devil is an *egotiste*,
And not so very prompt from pure good will,
For God's sake thus his neighbor to assist.
Tell the conditions, speak them fairly out,
With such a servant danger comes no doubt.

Meph. I bind myself to thy obedience here,
To know no pause nor rest in serving thee;
And should we meet again in yonder sphere,
Why thou in turn shalt do the same for me.

Faust. Small care for yonder sphere have I.
If this world once in fragments fly,
A new perchance the void may fill;
But let my joys from this their sources borrow,
This sun hath been the witness of my sorrow—
And when I part from these, the morrow
May even bring what chance it will.
I heed not that, nor care to hear
If men hereafter hate or love;
Or if there be in "yonder sphere,"
A part below and part above.

Meph. With views like these what needs delay—
Accept my terms, and even to-day
I shall delight for thee my art to try,
For things unseen till now by mortal eye.

Faust. Poor devil, vain, how vain is all thy art.
Was the high scope of an aspiring heart,
By such a spirit e'er embraced?
Where are thy fruits that satiate not the taste?
And thy red gold, whose ready haste
Quicksilver-like evades the hand?
Thy games for losing only plann'd?
Thy dames, that from our very arms,
Will wink to catch our neighbor's eye?
And Honor, whose ambitious charms,
Like transient meteors shine and fly?
Show me the fruits that while we grasp them, rot;
And trees whose leaves each morning must renew.

Meph. Reproaches such as these affect me not.
That I have gifts like these to give, is true;
But time brings fairer hours, my gentle friend,
Which we with joy and soft repose may crown

Faust. —When I lie joyful in corruption down,
May my existence on the instant end.
Canst thou once flatter me to deem
I do not hate myself, or cast
One instant o'er my soul a gleam
Of pleasure, be the next my last.
These are my terms.

Meph. Agreed.

Faust. 'Tis done and fast.
When I to any instant say
Nay, fleet not thus, thou art so bright,

- Then let thy chains assert their prey,
And swift perdition claim her right.
Then sound the knell, prepare the pall,
From thy obedience then be free;
The clock may stop, the pointer fall,
And time forever cease for me.
- Meph.* Think of it well, we shall remember this.
- Faust.* 'Tis just it should not be forgot.
But I am firm, your doubts dismiss,
Since slavery is at last my lot,
I care not who my master is.
- Meph.* Well, henceforth your amusement is the task
To which my powers and talents I must bring—
Only, since life is an uncertain thing,
Two lines in writing I'll be bold to ask.
- Faust.* What, Pedant, must thou have a writing too.
Unused with honest men to have to do,
Let it suffice thee that my spoken word
Shall bind my soul like a recorded vow;
Though in this reckless world it seems absurd
That forms of promise should appal me now.
Yet such a weakness still the heart retains,
So unresolv'd, enslav'd, our feeble minds.
Ah, happier those where steadfast Truth remains,
And late repentance no admission finds;
But a sealed bond, in vulgar eyes, maintains
Its rank with bugbears and portentous signs.
Well, pens must supersede the word,
Which wax and parchment can record.
Come, demon, bring thy tablets on,
Thy paper, parchment, ore, or stone;
With chisel, pencil, or, with quill
I'll write, to me 'tis all the same.
- Meph.* Nay, thus your dazzling rhetoric still
Shoots far beyond its mark and aim—
Come, any scrap you please is good,
Just sign it with a drop of blood.
- Faust.* Well, well, I'm in the yielding mood,
So pray play out your silly game.
- Meph.* 'Tis a strange juice this ink of ours.
- Faust.* Well, fear not but I hold my vow.
The earnest aim of all my powers,
Is that which I have promis'd now.
Once I aspir'd, but now despair
To loftier rank than thine to rise—
The loftier spirit mock'd my prayer,
And nature's secrets mock my eyes.
My thread of thought is snapp'd in twain—
My sicken'd heart finds knowledge vain—
And now, let passion sound and try
The very inmost depths of feeling,
From mystery's secret veil revealing,
The wonders that beneath it lie.
Adown the stream, now rushing by,
Of time and change, our bark shall fly—
And so let joy and care,
And fortune and despair,
Succeed, and arrive, and depart as they can,
But action and change are existence for man.

- Meph.* No bounds nor limits you shall have,
 But sip and nibble where you will,
 Give each caprice in turn its fill,
 And help yourself to what you crave,
 Only, set to at once, I want employment—
- Faust.* Listen, I do not ask thee for enjoyment ;
 I ask for agitation, I would know
 Pain, hate, and love, the stimulus of wo.
 My love of science cured hath left a void,
 Where every passion is a welcome guest,
 And all man ever suffered or enjoyed,
 I would embrace within my single breast.
 His spirits heights and depths attain and sound
 His joys concentrate, all his anguish bear,
 Expand my soul to his extremest bound,
 And wreck'd at last, his endless ruin share.
- Meph.* Oh, trust to me, for ages year by year
 I've fed to fulness on these fruits unblest.
 No man between the cradle and the bier
 This ancient leaven ever can digest.
 Believe me, friend, for God alone
 Was this great universe design'd—
 Eternal light surrounds his throne,
 But we in darkness are confined,
 Senseless of day and night and blind.

It is worthy of remark, that the character of Mephistopheles is in general represented as absolutely passionless, and this exclamation, "oh trust to me," &c. is the only instance in which he shows any thing like pathos or gentle feeling. This was the moment, perhaps, when goodness might have taken the evil one at advantage—might have breathed with a warm and kindly breath on his frozen sympathies, and favored the incipient thaw, by whispering in his ear those well known words of Nature's sweetest spokesman.

Old Nickie Ben
 Oh wad ye tak a thot an men',
 Ye siblins might, I dinna ken,
 Still hae a stake.
 I'm wae to think upon yon den
 Even for your sake.

These ideas may be erroneous, but it is not amiss to indulge them, for with such grains of allowance should evil always be represented, and we ought not to admit into our minds even its abstract idea undiluted. Satan, in his own right, may be entitled to no indulgence; but for humanity's sake we ought to show him some; and if we must paint him, we should as much as possible flatter the resemblance. Southey's painter in this respect was decidedly wrong, who set him off for the multitude,

With his teeth and his grin, with his fangs and his scale,
 And that, the identical curl of his tail,
 Till he had the old wicked one quite.

One other instance occurs toward the end of the work, where Mephistopheles is thrown a little off his guard, or affects to be so, and appears to be in a passion, and even goes so far as to regret that he is deprived of the usual resource of angry people, of venting their spite by giving themselves to the Devil, by the circumstance of being the Devil himself. But to pursue—

Faust. I heed you not.

Meph. 'Tis brave and plain.
But life is short, and art is long,
And chiefly there your views are wrong.
But would you some instruction gain,
Call in a poet, let the wings
Of fancy for his thoughts be spread,
To scan the powers of living things,
And heap the choicest on your head—
The Lion's heart and hardhood—
The Chamots' swiftness in the course—
The Italian's fiery flowing blood—
The Northmen's more enduring force.
The art of joining in one mind
Greatness and cunning, let him find—
And how a young romantic man
May fall in love by rule and plan.
Why such an one I too were fain to see,
Whom I should call a World's Epitome.

Faust. What am I then, if thus debarr'd
From seizing on the crown and prize,
That hang in sight and mock my eyes.

Meph. Why thou art—even what thou art—
Put on perukes of million locks,
Or prop thyself with ell-high socks,
Still art thou—even what thou art.

Faust. I feel it—vainly hath my soul amass'd
Of human thought each richest store and gem ;
For when array'd in all, I pause at last,
No spirit or refreshment springs from them.
I am not rais'd in stature nor in thought,
Nor to Infinity the nearer brought.

Meph. Mine honest friend, your views of things
With other thinkers' views may suit ;
But practice yet some oomfort brings,
And life is not so bare of fruit.
Why what the devil, this head, these hands,
And feet and limbs at least are thine,
And is not all which ready stands
To serve my ends, as good as mine.
If I've six horses ready here,
I count as mine their speed and power,
And make as well my swift career,
As if my legs were twenty-four.
But come, lay all these thoughts aside,
Let's seek the open world and wide.
And note this well, the man of thought and doubt,
Is like a beast, on barren heaths and dry,
By some infernal spirit need about,
While all around him verdant meadows lie.

In these lines, the irregularities of the rhyme follow the order of the original exactly, and those of the metre very nearly, which is a slavish and mechanical fashion of translating, but on the whole the safest. It is the Chinese tailor's principle, of copying into the new coat the rents and patches of the old one, the poor fellow could not trust himself to judge where it had been slashed for ornament, and where it had suffered from carelessness or ill usage. One course or the other must be adopted, either to make a free translation, as it is called, in which case the result will be a new poem, which must depend for its merits on those of the soi-disant translator but actual author; or to adhere faithfully, through good and evil report, to the actual original letter and text: in this case the copy is like the print of a man in the snow, tolerably accurate as far as it goes, and giving you the general ideas of length and breadth nearly enough, but not remarkable for grace, expression, warmth, coloring, or perspective.

The above dialogue results in Faust's acquiescence in Mephistopheles' proposals, and they resolve to depart and see the world together; but just at this moment a youth presents himself to be enrolled among the doctor's scholars, and to make his personal acquaintance. Mephistopheles, while Faust is preparing for his journey in his dressing room, takes his gown and personates him, and amuses himself with astonishing the boy with some unintelligible rhapsodies about the choice of a profession, talking very learnedly, but so as to make the point in question the darker for every sentence. Yet there is a vein of sincerity through the whole, because he has no objection to truth when it serves his purpose, and here in some respects it does so. His leading principle seems to be a realizing sense of the close union, and hand in hand connection, that wisdom maintains with sorrow, and of the ultimate inanity and insufficiency of human science. In urging the boy to study, therefore, he argues *con amore*; he bids him improve his time; reminds him that it flies fast, and he must take no holidays, but increase and store up knowledge. He seems to trust to future occasion to improve this knowledge for his own evil purposes, by misdirection, and to make its sweet fountains pour out bitter waters; in the meantime he talks for all the world like the unexceptionable chairman of an education society, and finishes by writing in the scholar's common-place book an old quotation from himself—Ye shall be as gods, knowing both good and evil.

Their adventures now begin. The first is a tavern scene, with which Faust is forthwith disgusted; the next is a visit to a witch, where he drinks the liquor of rejuvenescence, and falls in love with a magic figure in a mirror, and shortly upon this follows his introduction to Margaret. Her character is beautiful beyond comparison, far beyond imitation or any attempts at translating. Her devoted love for Faust—her instinctive horror of his companion—her misfortunes, madness, crimes, and imprisonment, from which she refuses to be released by the instrumentality of the fiend, and the supernatural voice which proclaims to the baffled lover and tempter, as they retire, that she is saved, though we are left to infer that she dies upon the scaffold, all these make a moving and mighty picture; but bold indeed must be the hand that would copy it. In the action of the piece few other characters are introduced, and those that are, besides these three principal ones, though original certainly and masterly, do not belong to that characteristic order of thought which pervades those of Faust and Mephistopheles, and which distinguishes this poem from all the other productions of men. The scene on the Blocksberg has nothing to do with the main action of the piece, it is a sort of independent interlude, and besides it has been translated by Shelley. The present article, therefore, will be dismissed with a few extracts from the second number of the *Foreign Review*, where the general scope of the poem and these two principal characters are admirably touched on, by a writer whose Germanized tastes and habits of thought, give a peculiar zest and interest to his eloquent contributions to that able, but now extinct periodical, and to the *Foreign Quarterly* in which it is merged.

“*Faust* is emphatically a work of Art; a work matured in the mysterious depths of a vast and wonderful mind: and bodied forth with that truth and curious felicity of composition, in which this man is generally admitted to have no living rival. To reconstruct such a work in another language; to show it in its hard yet graceful strength; with those slight witching traits of pathos or of sarcasm, those glimpses of solemnity or terror, and so many reflexes and evanescent echoes of meaning, which connect it in strange union with the whole Infinite of Thought, —were business for a man of different powers than has yet attempted German translation among us. In fact, *Faust* is to be read not once but many times, if we would understand it: every line, every word has its purport; and only in such minute

inspection will the essential significance of the poem display itself. Perhaps it is even chiefly by following these fainter traces and tokens that the true point of vision for the whole is discovered to us; and we stand at last in the proper scene of Faust; a wild and wonderous region, where in pale light, the primeval Shapes of Chaos, as it were, the Foundations of Being itself, seem to loom forth, dim and huge, in the vague Immensity around us; and the life and nature of Man, with its brief interests, its misery and sin, its mad passion and poor frivolity, struts and frets its hour, encompassed and overlooked by that stupendous All, of which it forms an indissoluble though so mean a fraction. He who would study all this must for a long time, we are afraid, be content to study it in the original."

"Mephistopheles comes before us, not arrayed in the terrors of Cocytus and Phlegethon, but in the natural indelible deformity of wickedness; he is the Devil, not of Superstition, but of Knowledge. Here is no cloven foot, or horns and tail: he himself informs us that, during the late march of intellect, the very Devil has participated in the spirit of the age, and laid these appendages aside.* Doubtless, Mephistopheles 'has the manners of a gentleman;' he 'knows the world;' nothing can exceed the easy tact with which he manages himself; his wit and sarcasm are unlimited; the cool heartfelt contempt with which he despises all things, human and divine, might make the fortune of half a dozen 'fellows about town.' Yet, withal, he is a devil in very deed; a genuine Son of Night. He calls himself the Denier, and this truly is his name; for, as Voltaire did with historical doubts, so does he with all moral appearances; settles them with a *N'en croyez rien*. The shrewd, all-informed intellect he has, is an attorney intellect; it can contradict, but it cannot affirm. With lynx vision, he descries at a glance the ridiculous, the unsuitable, the bad; but for the solemn, the noble, the worthy, he is blind as his ancient Mother. Thus does he go along, qualifying, confuting, despising; on all hands detecting the false, but without force to bring forth, or even to discern, any glimpse of the true, Poor Devil! what truth should there be for him? To see Falsehood is his only Truth; falsehood and evil are the rule, truth and good the exception which confirms it. He can believe in nothing, but in his own self-conceit, and in the indestructible

* This is a mistake; Mephistopheles says he cannot get rid of the cloven foot, but has learned to disguise it by padding—"waden."

baseness, folly, and hypocrisy of men. For him, virtue is some bubble of the blood: 'it stands written on his face that he never loved a living soul.' Nay, he cannot even hate: at Faust himself he has no grudge; he merely tempts him by way of experiment, and to pass the time scientifically. Such a combination of perfect Understanding with perfect Selfishness, of logical Life with moral Death; so universal a denier, both in heart and head,—is undoubtedly a child of Darkness, an emissary of the primeval Nothing; and coming forward, as he does, like a person of breeding, and without any flavor of brimstone, may stand here, in his merely spiritual deformity, at once potent, dangerous, and contemptible, as the best and only genuine Devil of these latter times.

"In strong contrast with this impersonation of modern worldly-mindedness, stands Faust himself, by nature the antagonist of it, but destined also to be its victim. If Mephistopheles represent the spirit of Denial, Faust may represent that of Inquiry and Endeavor: the two are, by necessity, in conflict; the light and the darkness of man's life and mind. Intrinsically, Faust is a noble being, though no wise one. His desires are towards the high and true; nay, with a whirlwind impetuosity he rushes forth over the Universe to grasp all excellence; his heart yearns towards the infinite and the invisible; only that he knows not the conditions under which alone this is to be attained. Confiding in his feeling of himself, he has started with the tacit persuasions, so natural to all men, that *he* at least, however it may fare with others, shall and must be *happy*: a deep-seated, though only half-conscious conviction lurks in him, that wherever he is not successful, fortune has dealt with him *unjustly*. His purposes are fair, nay, generous: why should he not prosper in them? For in all his lofty aspirings, his strivings after truth and more than human greatness of mind, it has never struck him to inquire how he, the striver, was warranted for such enterprises; with what faculty Nature had equipped him; within what limits she had hemmed him in; by what right *he* pretended to be happy, or could, some short space ago, have pretended to *be* at all. Experience, indeed, will teach him, for 'Experience is the best of schoolmasters; only the school-fees are heavy.' As yet, too, disappointment, which fronts him on every hand, rather maddens than instructs. Faust has spent his youth and manhood, not as others do, in the sunny crowded paths of profit, or among the rosy bowers of pleasure, but darkly and alone in the search of Truth: is it

fit that Truth should now hide herself; and his sleepless pilgrimage towards Knowledge and Vision, end in the pale shadow of Doubt? To his dream of a glorious higher happiness, all earthly happiness has been sacrificed; friendship, love, the social rewards of ambition were cheerfully cast aside, for his eye and his heart were bent on a region of clear and supreme good; and now in its stead, he finds isolation, silence, and despair. What solace remains? Virtue once promised to be her own reward; but because she does not pay him in the current coin of worldly enjoyment, he reckons her too a delusion; and, like Brutus, reproaches as a shadow, what he once worshiped as a substance. Whither shall he now tend? For his load-stars have gone out one by one; and as the darkness fell, the strong steady wind has changed into a fierce and aimless tornado. Faust calls himself a monster, 'without object, yet without rest.' The vehement, keen, and stormful nature of the man is stung into fury, as he thinks of all he has endured and lost; he broods in gloomy meditation, and, like Bellerophon, wanders apart, 'eating his own heart;' or, bursting into fiery paroxysms, curses man's whole existence as a mockery; curses hope and faith, and joy and care, and what is worst, 'curses patience more than all the rest.' Had his weak arm the power, he could smite the Universe asunder, as at the crack of Doom, and hurl his own vexed being along with it into the silence of Annihilation."

AN INKLING OF AN ADVENTURE.

[BY A TOURIST IN KENTUCKY.]

"If a naturally romantic country were all that novel writers required in pitching the scene of their fictitious narratives, the plot of many a story would be laid in Kentucky.

You are quite right, my dear K, in supposing that there is a great deal of romantic and picturesque scenery in the lower and eastern parts of the state, and much to repay the lover of Nature, who is willing to bear fatigue and exposure, for the sake of seeing her untrammelled by the fetters of art. Some admire the court beauty, others the peasant; my own admiration belongs to her who holds a middle station. Such is my taste in nature, I like to see art her hand-

maid, though not her mistress: with your romantic feelings utility has hardly its due weight, and I suppose you would consider it profanation if even a small portion of the mountain stream were withdrawn from the leaping cascade, though many a family might look to it for sustenance. With such moderated feelings as mine, you must not expect a very glowing description of mountain, rock, and bosky dell. Fifteen years have tamed even my recollections, yet even at that time I remember it was only the prosperous and onward look which every thing wore in this western world, that prevented a sensation of loneliness from creeping over me, when threading my way through the vast forests I was obliged to cross in order to reach Seneca. Occasionally, however, I found much that was inspiration in the hap-hazard life of a backwoods traveler of that day, and even caught with eagerness at each object that seemed to be characteristic of the scenes and people among whom I moved; and among other vivid reminiscences of the indulgence of this feeling, is the following:—

I was staying for a day or two at the house of a gentleman in the lower part of the state, who interested me by his description of several caverns, resembling the celebrated 'mammoth cave,' but much to the east of it. I suppose you will not allow me romance, but I had some enterprise and more curiosity; my location was not decided on; I felt myself more of a traveler than a man of business, and the twenty or thirty miles these caves were out of my way, was a matter of no moment; indeed such a distance is a trifle hardly worth counting in the west. My host, with true western hospitality, would have accompanied me, but he was detained at home by sickness. I had been long enough in the west to feel independent of roads and sign-boards, and with many thanks for uncalled for and unlimited hospitality, set out on the journey that was to introduce me to one of mother Earth's most private apartments. Here and there a *blased* tree formed my sole means of direction, but my eye was sufficiently practised to find such marks readily, and I willingly surrendered myself to the peculiar feelings which crowd the mind on finding one's-self alone in a vast forest.

The silence of a forest has always struck me as the most imposing form in which nature manifests herself; in every thing which has motion and change there is a resemblance to ourselves, which softens the effect: the foaming torrent is an emblem of passion, breaking through all barriers, even the living

rock of God's command and our own conscience ; like time it hurries by and is gone, and like time, with many of us it leaves but a wreck behind: the tornado and the volcano are apt and common-place emblems—but in the imposing stillness of the forest man is but reminded of passion to feel its folly. Those noble stems shooting up on all sides as if aspiring to a nearer approach to heaven, seem offering silent adoration: he feels his own insignificance—but that beautifully tinted flower he had nearly crushed beneath his foot, reminds him that the meanest is an object of care, and if he feels himself alone, it is with God.

I was indulging in such thoughts when, with a motion so sudden and violent that I was nearly thrown off my saddle, my horse sprang aside, and before I could control him, I found myself at the bottom of a ravine near which our path had been. I had hardly time to observe the creature was trembling under me, as if from excessive fright, when my ear was struck by a rushing sound, followed by a tremendous crash—a tree had fallen. I dismounted, for the sides of the ravine were too steep to ride up, and leading my panting horse, regained the path: the tree had fallen, as nearly as I could judge, exactly on the spot on which I should have been, had not the senses of my sagacious beast, more quick than my own, warned him of the danger. It is a curious fact that horses, accustomed to the woods, acquire a quickness of perception much superior to man's, and I doubt not many lives have been saved, as I think mine was, by their sagacity. Notwithstanding the interest of my reflections, and the exciting accident which had broken in upon them, I was not sorry when an opening in the forest gave to view the little hut which I had been told stood near the principal cave, and whose inmate was to be my guide.

Various superstitions and surmises had been connected with these caves by the ignorant, and a sufficient number of visitors had been attracted to the spot to make my new acquaintance feel himself of some consequence, and claim the right of doing the honors; a right, for the resistance of which, one man paid dearly, having been left for several days in the labyrinths of the place. The hut offered few temptations for a long sojourn, and upon signifying my desire to proceed immediately, my entertainer and guide produced a suit of clothes for my use, of an appearance so appalling, that I positively declined; but upon his assurance that the entrance was so narrow we should be obliged to crawl for a great distance on our hands and

knees, through a clay always soft, and from late rains, very deep, the condition of the garments bearing evidence to the truth of his statement, I assented, and remembering that I had been a soldier, at least in heart, and was determined to be a backwoodsman, I put on a disguise in which no one but my dog would have recognized me. He then produced a bundle of pine knots, the mouth of the cave was close at hand, and lighting one of them we set out.

The opening of the cave was indeed a small one, in the side of a bank, and he said the descent was gradual but continued for a great distance, and that the ramification of the galleries was almost endless, some leading to large chambers, others terminating in terrific pits. Having lit a second torch and secured the rest, we entered; we were soon in darkness, with the exception of the murky light thrown by our torches, which seemed in constant danger of being extinguished, from the current of air that rushed through the narrow passage, and the great dampness. The clay was so soft that our hands went in above the wrists, and I found my limbs a weary weight indeed. We had proceeded in this manner fifteen or twenty minutes, when a peculiar sound struck my ear; I spoke to the guide, but he insisted it was only the splash of water that had oozed through and was falling near us, and enjoining care of my torch, with an assurance we should soon be able to stand upright, crawled on; I was fain to follow, but in a few seconds sounds, to me unequivocally those of an animal in distress or anger, again reached us—we both halted.

“It would be ridic’lous if it should be a bar, (bear) them creturs sometimes come in here, and I have nothing but my knife.”

A true son of old Kentuck indeed, thought I—to whose mind no image of mirth was brought up by the expectation of an attack from an infuriated animal in such a spot—for western phraseology was then new to me. A short consultation ensued, and we determined to continue onwards, in the hope we should be able to reach one of the chambers of the cavern in time to defend ourselves.

We had hardly recommenced our cautious progress, feeling more painfully than before the narrowness of the passage, the heaviness of the clay, and the oppression created by the smoke of our anxiously watched torches, when a violent rush, an ejaculation from my guide and the extinction of his torch, was followed by my own overthrow, and the alarmed animal, whose

retreat we had thus unwittingly entered, rushed over me with a force and weight that seemed to be that of a mammoth, burying my face completely in the clay.

It was some seconds before we could raise ourselves; we were in utter darkness, in the bowels of the earth; unexplored passages terminating in fathomless gulphs, or leading to chambers, which we had proved were not without their occupants, were around us. To be once more on the surface of the earth and in the light, was my principal desire, (though I doubt whether my Kentuckian would have consented to the abandonment of our project, could our pine knots have been rekindled,) and I lost no time in attempting to retrace, not our steps but our way. The fear of the unknown and ferocious beast had given way to the more terrific one, of a lingering death in the darkness and silence of the cave, or the fearful agony of being precipitated over one of the subterranean precipices.

It seemed as if instinct guided us, for ere long we beheld a faint glimmering before us, which proved to be the mouth of the cave. I shall never forget the sensation with which I once more raised myself up and assumed proud man's distinguishing attitude.

But our perils were not yet over. Hardly had we inhaled our free breath, when a rustle in the neighboring thicket brought back for an instant the suffocating palpitation I had felt in the cave; do me the justice to believe it was but for an instant, and rather from recollection than present fear; I seized a stout stick and my guide drew his knife, and acting by impulse in concert, we moved towards the thicket together. The rustling was renewed, and we paused for a moment to see in what part of the brake to make our onset, when, tearing the branches that opposed its progress, the cause of our alarm sprang before us—a large hog.

Mortification and vexation predominated over every other feeling, and it was some time before we ventured to steal a glance at each other, when our ridiculous appearance, cased with clay as if in armour, together with the whole scene, threw us into a fit of laughter. And thus ludicrously terminated a train of incidents, which, while they seemed to promise for your friend some most romantic conclusion, provokingly left him at last but the inking of an adventure. A.

LODGINGS AT ZARAGOZA.

From a Manuscript Work.

[BY A TRAVELLER IN SPAIN.]

THE inn at which I found myself established at Zaragoza, though called the best in the place, was a very sorry affair. It was a large ruinous old house, which doubtless in its better days had been the mansion of some family of wealth and dignity, but had now come to the base uses of a common inn, an emblem perhaps of the fortunes of its once lordly tenants, who may have fallen too from former magnificence into poverty and neglect. Its present occupants were sluttish people, who left the great porch and stairway unswept by day and in gloomy darkness by night, while the chambers and the table accorded but too well with the other arrangements of the careless wife of the host, a woman of slovenly attire, unwinning person, and a shrill voice, that was often heard ringing ill-naturedly from the kitchen to the garret.

The rooms of this cheerless domicile had such a desolate air, that for the sake of companionship in misery, I took a large wo-begone apartment with one of my fellow passengers of the diligence; whom, though I have nothing to say in his praise, I will nevertheless introduce to the acquaintance of the reader. Don Ambrosio Salsereta was a withered, sallow, wrinkled little man, who counted some fifty-five winters, but had the face and figure of a man much more advanced in life. Had I been a better physiognomist, I might have discovered a victim of one of the most fatal passions, in the bloodless parchment complexion, in the reddened eye, the anxious countenance, the trembling hand, the thin gray hair, the broken form, and the general aspect of premature decay and exhaustion. But these are sometimes the symptoms of the innocent prey of disease or misfortune; and perhaps it was not surprising that one still young in the world, should not have been able to make the distinction. Don Ambrosio, as I afterwards learned from his own story, and principally from other sources, was born to a good estate and grew up a boy of lively mercurial temperament, more fond of pastimes than study, and of a disposition that rejected control. When he came to the proper age, he was sent to the university of Salamanca, where the idle school-boy was readily recognized in the careless student. He soon found that philosophy had no charms, that law was a pest, and

metaphysics an utter abomination, to a man of spirit and fortune. Besides to have pestered his brains with these quirks and subtleties, would have been an idle waste of trouble to one who had highborn friends at Salamanca. By their influence he was carried triumphantly through the horrors of examinations; and came forth full fledged at the end of his career, a very Aristotle in philosophy, a Cicero in latinity, and a Justinian in jurisprudence, without having once troubled his head about the matter.

Emerging from the cobweb halls of Salamanca with all these ready-made accomplishments, he soon found himself in the possession of his long expected estate, and the gay 'world all before him where to choose.' For a man of wealth and spirit to languish in the dullness of a provincial town, or in the sombre old fashioned halls of his ancestral mansion, would have been no better than being buried alive. Madrid was the only place for one who aspired to shine as the fine gentleman of wit and fortune, and to Madrid hurried the hopeful Don Ambrosio Salsereta. With the dashing spirit that characterized him, he took a short cut to the object of his ambition, and made his debut in the fashionable world with becoming magnificence. Whose was the gayest livery, and the most spirited pair and the costliest coach on the Prado? Why whose could it be but the newly arrived Don Ambrosio, the happy heir of a lordly store of ducats, who had come to Madrid to breathe the atmosphere of the court, and spend his fortune as became an elegant gentleman. As a matter of course he became a connoisseur in fine women as well as fine equipages, and also accomplished himself in the art of losing gracefully at the card table, an art in which he made a handsome progress, while a student at Salamanca. Things went on thus swimmingly for some time, till one day his *contador*, or steward, hinted that his treasury was on the wane, and suggested with becoming delicacy the propriety of selling some of his estates. A *contador*, by the way, is in Spain an indispensable appendage to a man of fortune or fashion, who occupied with the more agreeable amusement of spending money, would consider it a degradation to perplex himself with the dull and vexatious care of gathering it in. The Spanish *contador*, is a person usually in not much better odour for probity and principle, than the *Alguazil* or the *Escribano*, and while he ministers to the extravagance of his employer, usually takes care to realize the familiar adage, '*quien el aceite mesura las manos se unta.*' He who measures

oil, anoints his fingers with it. Whether the *contador* of Don Ambrosio was an exception to the character of his tribe or not, the heedless profligacy of his master was quite sufficient to account for the rapid disappearance of his patrimonial ducats; which, to make a long story short, were soon utterly spent on horses, women, and at play—that railroad to ruin.

It was probably a great surprise to the dashing Don Ambrosio, to find his fingers so soon at the bottom of his purse, and groping about in its empty meshes without finding so much as a maravedi. Doubtless he had some twinges of conscience, and may have even railed at himself a little for having played the man of spirit and fashion with such unexampled cleverness and success. But these seeds of repentance being sown on stony ground, were soon devoured by the hungry passion that had now taken unlimited possession of his heart. Having begun to play as the fine gentleman, he continued it as the gambler by profession. As he had gone to school to that shrewd mistress experience, and felt his wits additionally sharpened by the fruitful 'mother of invention,' he probably found this for a time a tolerable resource with the unwary. Indeed I once fell in with one of his countrymen, who, having got into his clutches, had taken a lesson in circumspection to the tune of a pocket full of ducats. But as talent is sure to be sooner or later appreciated by the discerning public, the Madrilenians became at last so well convinced of Don Ambrosio's genius and dexterity, that they modestly shrank from competition with him; so that this ambitious Alexander of the card table and dice box, grew tired of the scenes of his victories, and sighed for new worlds to conquer. With the perseverance of the worthy Cristoval Colon, he made voyages of discovery to the provincial towns and cities, staying long enough in each to enable the innocent natives to form a proper estimate of his abilities, and then extending his researches elsewhere. With this praiseworthy motive he had probably come to Zaragoza, and had timed his arrival at that opportune season, when the approaching celebration of the Virgin of the Pillar attracted crowds of curious strangers and country gentry to the battered capital of Aragon.

Had I been able to read the story of Don Ambrosio's life by intuition, I should of course have preferred the solitude of the gloomiest room of that desolate mansion, to the worshipful society of a veteran gambler. But as these facts only came to my knowledge from a foreign source, the anxious reader must

be content to leave me for a day or two domesticated in the very same apartment with this faded fine gentleman and gray-headed sinner.

Very soon after my arrival at Zaragoza, I became acquainted with a young scion of the law, one Don Amadeo Calderon, who to a gay disposition, a tolerable share of legal lore, and those man-of-the-world qualities which are characteristic of his profession, added an ardent love of liberty and a generous sorrow for the fallen fortunes of his country. In this last respect he was like almost all young Spaniards in the middling walks of life, of educated and thinking minds. These form the most respectable portion of the nation, elevated as they are by education above the benighted peasantry, and superior in all but wealth and lordly lineage to the degenerate and besotted nobility. But unfortunately those two great component parts of the Spanish population, they who are too ignorant to know the cause of their own misery, and those who are wedded to despotism by the fear of having their titles and estates snatched from them by the equalizing hand of revolution, so far outnumber the disheartened friends of freedom, that these can do no more than indulge in secret execrations and unavailing regrets. Patience or the scaffold is the sorrowful alternative.

Don Amadeo coming one afternoon to smoke his cigarillo with me, opened my eyes to the character and accomplishments of the worthy Don Ambrosio Salsereta. He was in truth the person whom I have already mentioned, as having once emptied his pockets to this Corypheus of the card table. Don Ambrosio, not perhaps supposing that the unceremonious flight of a few score of ducats from Don Amadeo's purse to his own, could have awakened any suspicion in the lawyer's mind, had that very morning applied to him for a loan of money. It seems that the old worthy had been outwitted in his own trade, by certain sharpers, who kept a thriving '*monte*' table in a very private and genteel way at Zaragoza, and of which the head magician was a black-eyed dame of winning manners and agreeable person. Hither had hied the self-confident Don Ambrosio, little thinking, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek in the play, that he should find this deceptive Viola as 'cunning in fence' as himself. But he paid dear for his temerity; for they stripped him, doubloon by doubloon, down to the last piece in his purse, and thus the hapless gamester realized but too bitterly the old Spanish saw, of coming for wool and going away shorn.

As Don Amadeo was quite contented with the contribution he had already made to Don Ambrosio's purse, he found some plausible pretext for declining the loan, and now cautioned me against this cavalier of industry. Moreover, as I was as anxious to get out of the desolate wo-begone tavern, as a mouse to get out of a trap, he suggested that I might find more agreeable quarters in the house where he was himself domesticated, and took me to see his landlord. This was a little *Sastre*, or tailor, who lived in the street of the Packsaddle, near the Place of the Market. By much industry and thrift, he had come to a moderate competence, whereby he was enabled to take upon his shoulders the rent of a tolerable house; and here, while he plied the needle and shears in the little shop below, his wife, a stirring body, turned a penny above stairs by taking lodgers. Her rooms had usually been occupied by such young literary pilgrims, as came to worship at the antiquated shrines of Latin and Metaphysics, in the university of Zaragoza. But as these were now bolted and barred by the jealousy of the absolute king, the wife of the *Sastre* was fain to receive any other strangers who offered.

I found my future host, Senor Casimiro Retazo, a pale-faced little man, whose figure wanted the stout-legged, sturdy proportions of the Aragonese, and had doubtless been wasted by the sedentary confinement of his calling. But though the outward man seemed broken down by too diligent attention to the goose and needle, it had not affected his moral constitution; for he overflowed with good nature, and was one of the most civil, laughter-loving little men one could 'see of a summer's day.' His shop was not a very spacious one, and seemed built on the same proportions as its occupant. It was hung round with jackets, cloaks, and breeches, in various stages of progress; while for ornament's sake were stuck up here and there, some dusty engravings of the bull-fight, and also a table almanac, on which were set forth the days of the various saints, with a statement of the religious observances to be kept at certain times, and the indulgences to be thereby obtained.

Senor Casimiro welcomed Don Amadeo's return with much heartiness, and rising from his stool, placed himself, house and household, at the disposition of the stranger cavalier, in the due form of Spanish politeness. Being informed of my errand, he called in his wife as assistant counsel in the case, or rather turned over the whole matter to her superior discretion. Dona Casera accordingly led me up a narrow antiquat-

ed staircase, whose strange turnings and windings spoke volumes for the ingenuity of the architect, who seemed to have exhausted his craft in setting convenience and order at defiance. We at length arrived, after a very dark and round-about journey, to the second story, where the hostess ushered me into a snug little apartment, which had quite an air of comfort when compared with my desolate chamber at the inn. It was garnished with a goodly store of rush-bottomed chairs and quaint chests of drawers. Two or three saints smiled in coarse wood cuts from their cunningly carved frames, and the miniature corpse of Saint Catharine, done in wax-work, with her nun's smock, her rosary and rope girdle, and a crucifix on her bosom, quietly reposed beneath a glass case on the cupboard. I liked the looks both of my landlady and the room; and when she bolstered these good impressions by the promise of a decent dinner, consisting of a soup, a *puchero* with its manifold representatives from the animal and vegetable creation, and a supplementary hare or partridge, I closed at once with her proposition, and assured her I should come that very afternoon—*cayga que cayga*.*

I had no reason to regret my change of domicil or company. In truth I personally became acquainted with all the inmates of the house, from top to bottom, down to a quiet, meditative little ass, who was lodged in the Moorish fashion in a stable quite underground, and beneath the kitchen of Dona Casera. This meek and unassuming little beast had rather a sinecure office, being only led forth twice a day by the kitchen maid, a strapping black-eyed Aragonese, with three or four long earthen jars set in a wooden frame on his back, to bring water from a fountain near the Ebro. During the rest of the day, secure from the flies and heat, the Capitan or Captain, for such was his name, stood demurely in his stable, looking as grave as Archimedes in his study, or Diogenes in his tub. These subterranean quarters he shared with a tall, high-blooded charger, beneath whose belly he might have walked without touching his ears, and who every morning bore his master, a cavalry-colonel, gaily forth to muster or parade. Whether the diminutive and humble Captain felt his inferiority in rank and size to the colonel's charger, or whether nature had given the horse and the ass but little sympathy, certain it was that there was no sociability between the ill-paired fellow lodgers. The

* An idiomatic expression equivalent to Macbeth's 'come what come may.'

horse ate his barley in selfish solitude at one end of the dark chamber, and Capitan at the other munched his stingy pittance of refuse greens, envying, perchance, if envy could enter the head of an ass, the more luxurious repast of his favored companion.

WALLER TO HIS MISTRESS.

[BY KENNETH QUIVORLEY.]

[" There be those who say, that despite of the many verses which he wrote about this time to the Lady Dorothea Sidney, (his *Sacherissa*,) his wit was frequently not forthcoming, when most in quest; and that it was well for Mr. Waller that his marriage with Mrs. Banks, the great heiress of the city, who left him a rich widower at twenty-five, prevented the poet from realizing, as he might else have done, how much he who liveth by his wits is dependent not only upon his own humors, but those of others for his bread.—*Memoirs of the Court of Charles II.*]

I'll try no more—'tis all in vain
 To rack for wit my head,
 While every chamber of my brain
 By thee is tenanted.
 Thoughts will not come—words will not flow
 Except when thus toward thee they go.

Oh! thou wert born to be my blight,
 My bane upon this earth—
 Fate did my doom that moment write
 In which those eyes had birth.
 'Tis strange that aught so good, so pure,
 Should work the evil I endure.

Thou darkenest each hope that flings
 O'er life one sunny ray;
 And to each joy thou lendest wings
 To take itself away.
 Yet hope and joy—oh what to me
 Are they, unless they spring from thee.

I'll try no more—'tis all in vain
 To rack for wit my head,
 While every chamber of my brain
 By thee is tenanted.
 Thoughts will not come—words will not flow
 Except when thus toward thee they go.

FANNY;

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

"Fanny was younger once."—HALLECK.

CHAPTER FIRST.

A HERO.

"Αἶψα μοι στυγε, Μουσα, πολύτροπον."—HOMER.

"WELL," said Mr. Egerton Winthrop, as he was sipping his coffee one fine morning at about eleven o'clock, "I think I am done—done!"

"Who is there?—Oh, Lupin, it is you.—Come in—come in; and *shut* that cursed door."—

"Did you see the Pedrotti last night?"

"Damn the Pedrotti!"—

"Damn the Pedrotti!—Damn the Pedrotti!!!"

"Lupin, sit down. You are not quite a fool, I believe, and"—

Mr. Lupin smiled with an air of conscious greatness.

"Well, well—and you *can* hold your tongue sometimes—Besides—in short, I am—ruined."

"Hum!—Well," (slowly) "I did suppose it must be pretty nearly so."

"Here," turning out a pair of empty pockets, "are my means—And here," taking up a paper, "is my credit—'Narr' (reading) '*de bene esse*—Please to take notice'—and so forth—'To Mr. E. Winthrop'—Last night at the club I lost —; *that* must be paid!"—

"Why, Egerton, you know!"—

"Yes, yes, I know perfectly well that you will not lend money when you are not sure of getting it back again—But what shall I do?"

"There—is—one—thing!"—

"Matrimony—I suppose; it can be nothing else that you drag forth with such funereal solemnity."

"Yes;—'Farewell forever hence, &c.'—But really, I am told, it is not so *very* bad."

"But—my life has not been quite that of which parents and guardians approve—And something must be done so soon!"—

"There are difficulties—no doubt. Dine with me to-day—I have something in my head—alone, at five."—

"At five!—And let us have the Brahmin."

CHAPTER SECOND.

A HEROINE.

"Dum moluntur dum comuntur."—TERENCE.

It was done—*Toussaint* had given the finishing touch. And the dress had been pulled, and pinned, and tucked, and—the Lord knows what—In short there was nothing more to do.

And there was mamma, and grandmamma, and aunt Betsy, and aunt Sally, and aunt Nicky, and cousin Polly, and cousin Nancy,—in all thirty-seven. What a noise they made!

The poor girl was twisted and turned; this one must have a look, and that one must have a look. They screamed admiration, like a chorus at the opera—to those who don't understand music. Such sounds! such gestures! such looks!

(*Chorus.*) "Oh! here is papa! Papa must see her; throw it away; throw it away—that vile segar! There, papa, look!—What do you think? Her hair—so nice!—Is n't that dress—" (*Papa.*) "Very pretty—very pretty, indeed." (*Chorus.*) "Oh!—your hands!—his hands!—his hands!!—Don't touch!"—Thank—the heathen gods!—there's the carriage.

Rattle away!—In a tumult of delight—my pretty Fanny!—how hope, and fear, and joy, mingle and struggle in her young bosom! And the vague expectation of something terrible, yet delightful!—The opening of a mystery!—

It was her first ball.

CHAPTER THIRD.

RATHER EPISODICAL.

Κακίστεν μὲν ὄδωρ.—PINDAR.*

I hate the man who loves not thee, Madeira!—He cannot know the world; he cannot be a gentleman; he cannot have a head; he cannot have a heart; he cannot have a palate—Not for such "the hand of Douglas"—

But I am wrong, after all; there may be, there doubtless are, clever people, in a homely way, who yet by birth, and breeding, and education, and perchance the coarseness of the clay, whence they were fashioned, are unfitted, unable to enjoy, to understand the finer and more delicate sensations of which our nature is susceptible!—

—Let 'men of business,' fox hunters, and prize-fighters muddle themselves over port! Claret, I think, suits well the weak heads of fops, and the hungry stomachs of authors.—For all the tribes of German wines, the whole conjugation of *heimer*, Rhine and Rhone, and red and white;—why I sincerely hope my friend Delmonico may be able to get rid of his present stock. For myself, I must positively decline drinking them again—'en personne.' Champagne, bah!—'tis for vulgar mirth! for noisy boys—and giggling girls—for—

But Madeira!—princely Madeira!—*Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!* The vulgar know thee not, and thou know'st not them—My first love and my last!

As I raise thee to my lips, bright and clear, thy blush is like sunset, so rich, so warm!—For a moment I pause; I drink that breath rich with the

* From the press of the Hydrophobian Society; in most editions, Κακίστεν.

perfumes of a hundred climes—This, thou hast caught from the “spicy breeze” of Ceylon; and, here is the native sweetness of thine own woodland isle. I can resist no longer—Come, to my—mouth!—

Circe’s cup; nonsense!—*That* made men brutes; *this* might make brutes men, men demi-gods. “’Tis *not* so sweet as woman’s lip?”—Ah! Tom Moore, you never tasted it; the right sort. They don’t get it in England. Woman’s lip, *after* it, I grant you; and it was *then* perhaps you wrote.—But what were woman’s lip or woman either *without*?

I could not love thee, love, so well,
Loved-I not (Brahmin) more. * * *

Beautiful traveler!—Blest be thy lonely, distant home!—Blest the blue Atlantic that wantons on its shore!—Blest be the winds that pipe in its valleys! Blest the mountain side where the sun warmed and ripened thee!—Blest be thy parent vine! Blest be the careful old man who pruned its too great luxuriance! Blest the little boys and girls who gathered thy ripe clusters! Blest the wine-press to which thou didst yield thy virgin charms!—

Oh! blest be the ship that first bore thee on the deep! Blest be each particular sail, rope, spar, and block from her topmast down to her keel!—Blest be the very bilge-water in her hold, and the barnacles that grew to her bottom!—Blest be her captain!—Blest be her mates, her passengers, her men before the mast, her cabin boys!—Blest be her cook!—* * * *

The world brightens:—Love, Friendship;—ye are *not* illusions!—The poets have not feigned.—There are many whom I love, and who love me; Charles, John, Dick; these men would die for me, or I for them; cheerfully, gladly. And my wife loves me; very much, *very* much!—She has her ways,—but she loves me—And my children!—What a delightful thing to have a large family! Mine is perhaps a *little* too large: I am a happy man:—

I believe I am drunk.

* * * *

“I wish,” said Mr. Winthrop, “it was some other father.”——

“Why,” said his friend, “they are not quite in the first circle to be sure; rather, *rather*”——

“Oh!—that’s nothing—you know he has a son; you must have seen him. The youngster had a notion for fashion—there were some conveniences about it, and I took him under my wing. He *would* play; I warned him against this; but one night I became winner from him of about five thousand dollars; this was rather beyond my young gentleman’s present means—the father called upon me,—he wanted me to abate—I was obstinate; not a farthing; *could* not, a debt of that nature.—It was all paid.—But you see the old gentleman will not be disposed to regard me in the most favorable light”——

“That *is* a difficulty.”

“No matter, I think something can be done;—I have a notion of my

own, if your's fails. You will let me have the money that I want now?"—

"On your promise"—

"Yes, I pledge myself—if it can be done by marriage and in no other way, I will marry—But must n't I dress? What o'clock is it?—You know I am to see her to-night."

"By St. George!—Yes; I had no idea it was so late—Make the most of yourself, Egerton—Good night"—

"I half envy him," said Mr. Lupin conceitedly, as he twitched his collar by the glass; "she 's a sweet creature."

CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE CONQUEST.

"Veni vidi vici."—JULIUS CÆSAR.

Odi profanum—Are you in good society, reader? Has your father left off? Do you know Mrs. —? Do you dine with —?—If not, then not for you do I unfold the sacred mysteries. *Procul! O procul! este profani!*

Upon the whole, however, I won't describe it—I could now—I am in the vein. There is a flush on my cheek!—Drops from Helicon are on my forehead!—A nervous agitation convulses my quill. *The estro!* The poetic rage! I feel the presence of Apollo and the Nine!—So kind in them to visit me in this sociable way; sitting all alone in my night-gown and slippers.—

Benoit was there, of course—a sensible man by-the-bye, Benoit!—Perhaps a little old-fashioned in his notions. He says, 'the Misses Benoit shall not waltz.'—But that 's foolish.—

Our hero and Mr. Lupin stand apart. He is pointed out to Fanny; she turns to look at him as on 'some bright particular star'—To her surprise his eye is upon *her*; of course she blushes—Poor girl, she had fallen into the clutches of —; that indefatigable prowler after all the young *débutantes*.—

The cotillion is over—Mr. Egerton Winthrop advances. He gives Fanny an opportunity to observe and admire the ease and elegance of his manner; his careless but graceful accost; the brightening of eyes at his approach; the frequent endeavor to detain his attention—and then—taking Mr. Lupin's arm, he advances—no—yes—yes, ye gods! to *her*; and Mr. Lupin asks, 'permission to introduce his friend Mr. Egerton Winthrop.' Nor is that all. Shade of uncle Richard, the rich old tobacconist!—the spectre that had seemed to forbid her approach to the realms of fashion—he asks her to dance!—He asks her to dance!—She could but bow assent;—her gratitude was too deep for words—And then he leaves her to *feel* her happiness.—

He leads her to the dance.—New surprises!—He is so kind in his manner; so sociable; so *chatty* even. She had no idea she could feel so easy.

—Her spirits rise—she moves with a more assured grace. *He* is more and more agreeable. Those soft eyes were never so bright!—In truth, she looked *very* pretty.—

The dance over, he conducts her to a seat—And now he ventures a few distant allusions—he lets fall one or two seeds of sentiment;—well knowing how soon in the unfurrowed soil of a young girl's heart they spring into love! A waltz!—‘Will she waltz?’—

Now this had been a matter of some discussion. She had vowed she *never* would—*Never!*—Her embarrassment was visible—‘You waltz, of course?’ in a tone of slight surprise. She dared not say, ‘No.’—She rose; she accepted his proffered arm—

Ah! that waltz—

CHAPTER FIFTH.

ROMANCE.

“Oh! love——”—CAMPBELL.

What were the thoughts that kept Fanny awake last night?—What were the dreams that detained her so late in the morning?—

Wherever she goes now, she meets Mr. Egerton Winthrop—At papa's he does not visit; but at parties, in the street, at the opera, in church; whether she goes to see some newly-arrived paintings “by the first masters,” or some newly-arrived hats, “just received from Paris,” that graceful form, those eloquent eyes, she is sure to encounter—And Fanny is in love! What may not be accomplished (in love) in a fortnight?

And at last the tale came—no matter where; her eyes are downcast, but she drinks the tones of his silver voice. She believes,—poor girl,—she believes it all. She *must* speak. The word is faltered forth—the half-articulated assent; and her face is covered with blushes.—

They meet still more frequently—she can more than listen now; she can raise her eyes to his; she can return the pressure of his hand. He talks sometimes of his poverty; fears that her parents will not consent; doubts the constancy, the strength of her attachment—then mystifies her with extravagances—persuades her that their union will be bliss unspeakable;—a separation—worse than ten thousand deaths.—Her love becomes passion; something she can't quite understand; that half frightens her; but without which, she is certain she could not exist.

“Yes, Fanny, you may love me, but not as *I* love; I am afraid your attachment may yield to obstacles; that you may be persuaded out of it—Oh, tell me, do you, will you *always*, love me with *your whole heart*?”—

She did not answer; but her head fell on his shoulder—and she raised her eyes to his, bashfully, but with an expression so tender! so confident!—

A dandy has no heart.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

BUSINESS.

“Man of the world—man of the world.”—CORPORAL BUNTING.

The progress of events carries us to No. — Chambers Street; the scene, a snug parlor crowded with mirrors and clocks, ottomans, little bronze figures, &c., &c. All was new, still, and solemn. The owner, evidently, had not inherited his Penates.—

A thick-set, middle-aged man was walking up and down with short, quick steps. The bell rings—‘Who is there?’—The servant introduces, ‘Mr. Egerton Winthrop.’

A bashful man is never so bashful as when he attempts to be impudent; nor an impudent man ever so impudent as when he assumes modesty.—Our hero entered with a Joseph Surface air of penitence and deep respect. There was something in it (under the circumstances) vastly exasperating to a man of the choleric temperament.

“Mr. ——— I have taken the liberty to call—The veneration I feel for your character—I should perhaps sooner—In short, sir, your daughter Frances,—my feelings were uncontrollable!—I have conceived an attachment—and I—I believe it is mutual—I——”

“I know it, sir—I know it all!”—(in a rage)—“You have behaved like—I won’t say what—She *never* disobeyed me before! I don’t know what you can have done to her, to make her so obstinate.—For a whole week now”——

“Mr. ———,” said our hero, entirely changing his manner, “let us talk this matter over coolly; I understand you to have objections to me as a son-in-law”——

“Objections!—I *have* objections!”——

“And you would never consent to my marriage with your daughter?”

“Never.”

“And this daughter is your only child—You have no other near relative to whom you could leave your property.—Hitherto, I understand you, she has been affectionate and dutiful; you must therefore love her. But now you find her determined to have her own way; believe me she will *continue* so”——

“Do you mean to insult me?—I can tell you Mr. Egerton Winthrop”——

“A little patience, sir. You cannot prevent her marrying me, if she chooses to do so; and I choose to marry her. She has property of her own; not very large, but considerable—And yet—perhaps the matter may be settled”——

“Sit down—take a chair.”

* * * *

After conversing half an hour, they drove to No. — Pine Street.—What took place there is a professional secret.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

CONCLUSION.

“—— my eye and Betty Martin.”—OLD SAYING.

“DEAR TOLER,

“Enclosed is a check for \$——;—and no matrimony, either—‘Richard’s himself again.’

“WINTHROP.”

“MY DEAR MISS,—

“It is with great pain that I sit down to make the following communication; but a sense of duty compels me to the task.

“I have had a long and interesting interview with your very worthy and excellent father. He informs me that he can never consent to what we had both so earnestly wished; I had not supposed his objections to be so strong. He thinks, that my character and habits are such, that he could not trust to me the happiness of his daughter. Perhaps he is right. I know, at any rate, that my dear Miss ——, could never be happy if, in so serious a matter, she disobeyed the commands of her parents. I trust she will do justice to the delicacy which induces me to release her from a promise too inconsiderately asked, too rashly given. May some better man—but, perhaps, the eagerness of my friendship is leading me to the verge of impertinence.

“I enclose a lock of your hair;—and remain, with great respect,

Your sincere friend,

And humble servant,

“EGERTON WINTHROP.”

“Wednesday Morning.”

* * * * *

“It will cost me—my life!” said Fanny, and she burst into tears and left the room.

“I hope not,” said her father;—“It cost *me*—humph!”

What could Fanny do? She kept her bed, and cried for three days, and for some weeks longer she was sullen, and out of spirits.—

“Fanny!” said her papa one morning, with a peculiar smile, “Mr. ——, is coming to see you this evening.

“I *won’t* see him,” said she pouting.

Alas! alas! we cannot always be wretched! Time, time, obliterates all feelings—all recollections. She *did* see him—an active young man in the Jobbing business. * * * *

Fanny detests handsome young men now; and abhors romance and novel-reading. She is a good wife; and a very notable woman.

THE OUTCAST.

[BY MISS VANDERSTEIN.]

"As thou hast with others, will Fate with thee deal,
And that heart which pride smothers, be yet taught to feel,
Thou wilt doat upon one whom all others condemn,
And thy heart when undone will regard him like them."

QUIVORLEY.

Aye, they may condemn him,
Yet so will not I,
When the storm clouds are darkest,
The rude blasts most high,
When denounced, and forsaken,
He shrinks from the storm,
Be my heart as unshaken,
My bosom as warm.
A love deeper than mother's,
Thou'lt find mine for thee,
And deserted by others,
Be dearer to me.

Oh ! how little thou knowest
The strength of that faith,
Which the proud spirit keepeth,
Through danger and death.
In the sunshine of fortune,
It hides from the world
Its love, like the eagle,
With proud pinions furled ;
But when rises the tempest
O'er those it loves best,
Like the eagle it battles,
And dies for its nest.

THE ART OF MAKING POETRY.

[BY AN EMERITUS PROFESSOR.]

I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, suppers, and sleeping hours excepted—it is the right butter women rate to market.—*As You Like it.*

Cardinal Richelieu is reported to have said once that he would make so many dukes that it should be a shame to be one, and a shame not to be one. It appears, however, that he changed his mind afterwards, inasmuch as down to St. Simon's time there were only twelve or thirteen dukes in France, besides the blood-royal. At present they are more plenty, though it is even yet some distinction to be a duke, out of Italy; and in Poland there is an express law against the title being borne by any man who has not a clear income of three hundred dollars a year to support its dignity. In Bavaria, you may be made a baron for 7000 rix-dollars (or \$5250)—or a count for 30,000 rix-dollars, but in this last case you must not follow any trade or profession; bankers, accordingly, content themselves with baronies usually, like sensible men, preferring substance to sound; as in fact, when it is perfectly well-known you are able to buy a dozen counts and their titles, the world gives you credit as for the possession,—perhaps more. But what Cardinal Richelieu threatened with regard to dukedoms has, in fact, been effected by the progress of the world with regard to another title as honorable, perhaps, as that of duke, though few of its possessors could retain it if the Polish regulation mentioned above were to be applied to it and enforced. I mean the title of poet. To be a poet, or rather, for there is still some reverence left for that name, to be a versifier, is in these days a shame, and not to be one is a shame. That is, it is a shame for any man to take airs or pique himself on a talent now so common; so much reduced to rule and grown absolutely mechanical, and to be learned like arithmetic: and, on the other hand, for these same reasons, it is a shame not in some degree to possess it, or have it for occasions at command. It is convenient sometimes to turn some trifle from a foreign language, to hit off a scrap for a corner of a newspaper, to write a squib or an epigram, or play a game at crambo, and for all these emergencies the practised versifier is prepared. He has, very likely, the frames of a few verses always ready in his mind, constructed for the purpose, into which he can put any given idea at a moment's warning, with as much certainty as he could put a squirrel or a bird into a cage he had ready for it. These frames may consist merely of the rhymes, or *bouts rimés*, being common-place words such as would be easily lugged in apropos to anything; or they may be very common-place verses ready made, upon which an appropriate travestie could easily be superinduced; or, finally, their place may be supplied by the actual verses of some

author, who should, however, be, if possible, but little known, which may be travestied impromptu. This will be better understood by an instance, and as I am now making no secret of the matter, I will take those well-known lines of Moore.

“Vain was that man—and false as vain,
 Who said, were he ordained to run
 His long career of life again
 He would do all that he had done.
 It is not thus the voice that dwells
 In coming birth-days, speaks to me;
 Far otherwise, of time it tells,
 Wasted unwisely—carelessly.”

Now suppose I wish to make love in poetry. I am a despairing lover—or will suppose myself one for the present, and my griefs may be poured out in this same measure, and with so many of these same words as to leave no ground for any claim to authorship for me in the following stanza.

Vain are the hopes, ah! false as vain,
 That tempt me weary thus to run
 My long career of love again,
 And only do what I have done.
 Ah! not of hope the light that dwells
 In yonder glances, speaks to me,
 Of an obdurate heart it tells,
 Trifling with hearts all carelessly.

And now take the same stanza, only change the circumstance to something as different as possible. I am a flaming patriot, the enemy is at our gates, and I am to excite my fellow-citizens to arms. It will go to the self same tune and words.

Our country calls, and not in vain,
 Her children are prepared to run
 Their father's high career again,
 And may we do as they have done.
 In every trumpet voice there dwells
 An echo of their fame for me;
 Oh, who can hear the tale it tells,
 And pause supinely—carelessly.

Again, which is a more possible case in our country, I am disgusted with an unprincipled mob orator, some indescribably low, but gifted scion of perdition, one whom no prose can reach; why have at him with the same arms,—they are always ready.

Thou bad vain man, thou false as vain,
 If Satan were ordained to run
 A free career on earth again,
 He would do all that thou hast done.
 It is of him the voice that dwells
 In thy gay rhetoric speaks to me,
 Of horrors scoffingly it tells,
 Of crime and suffering carelessly.

Or, lastly,—for one may get too much of this—I am enraged with a bad singer or musician, and want to gibbet him,—lo, is not Tom Moore my executioner.

I stop my ears, but all in vain,
 In vain to distant corners run,
 He imitates the owls again,
 And will do all that they have done.
 Of roasting cats the voice that dwells
 In such discordance, speaks to me,
 Of Tophet up in arms it tells,
 With doors left open carelessly.

There is absolutely no end to this, and any man may practice it to any extent, who has musical ear enough to dance a contre-danse in correct time, or march decently after a drum. He must not take his implements or frames out of Moore, he would do better to tax his own ingenuity for the making of them; or, if he have none, he can do very well without it, if he only possess a little memory, and a competent knowledge of the dictionary. The examples given above are intended to prove that the words and the ideas have but little to do with each other, and that anything can be made out of anything else, and that, therefore, in compositions of this kind, it is perfectly legitimate procedure to cook your dolphin before you catch him. Make your verses, and look about you afterwards for ideas,—any man who has two, and there are many such in society, will give you one. But I must exhibit the whole process, for, after all, there is nothing like example; and with the assurance, gentle reader, that up to this moment I have no more notion than you have of what they are to be, I shall proceed now to make eight lines of verse, and endeavour to make you understand, as I go along, how I do it. And, as I have shown already how the ideas may be inserted or changed in ready-made verses, I propose now to show how the verse may be worked up when the idea is ready; and, to begin at the very beginning, I will shew also how I got the idea. This very evening—I am now writing at midnight—a highly-gifted and beautiful lady has been telling me of some conversation or circumstance, in the course of which she was compared to the full moon,—a comparison upon which the comment arose of itself most naturally to my lips—that, not to criticise it further, the lady had at least the advantage in her expression,—for which the moon is not remarkable. Very well, we will try to versify this, and we will succeed too, after some sort of a fashion, and that by virtue of intelligible rules.

The subject is a lady's face and a question of resemblance—*face* is a good word for a rhyme, and *trace* comes in very well with it, and has also some sort of bearing on the matter in hand; the moon is to play a part, there is *light*, and *night* to rhyme with it; *sky* also and

eye, for the deuce must be in it if we cannot get these words in ; *fair*, also, is very appropriate, and for a rhyme the word *there*, which has an impressive, pointed sound, and is a capital word to rest on at the end of a line or phrase. Now, let us try ; I should like some one to stand by with a watch, and we would fill up this against time. It is evident, that the difficulty of this is nothing to a game at *bouts rimés*, for there the words are expressly chosen for their difficulty and incongruity, things as hard as possible for any sense to link together,—here, they are so easy that, for fault of better, nonsense might do it.—Allons.—

Oh, lady,—would some spirit trace
Upon the moon's unmeaning face

That goes of itself,—if we had shaken a dictionary over the paper the words would have fallen into their places,—but the *eye* must come next, as we are to tell what the effect would be, and after *eye*, *sky* is indispensable ; *night* and *light* must follow, as next in order of thought ; and *fair* and *there*, which, for the reason given above, must come in at the end. But we must begin anew, for I have not confidence enough in the effect my instructions have yet produced, to trust my readers even to put together the *disjecta membra poetæ*.

Oh, lady, would some spirit trace
Upon the moon's unmeaning face,
Such lineaments as thine ; mine eye
Should grow a gazer of the sky,
And often, in the cloudless night,
Should turn to her ethereal light,
To hail its beams, so bland and fair,
And greet thy rich expression there.

Here is some scope for criticism,—as in the sixth line, the word *her* does not seem to have any strict antecedent ; it might, by the construction, apply either to the night or the sky, or possibly, though hardly, to the moon, as it is intended. It is easy to make this right and say,

Turn to yon orb's ethereal light, &c., &c.

As for Moore's lines to Lord Strangford,—but I have borrowed nothing from them,—or if I have, upon the principles of these days, it 's all one.

I quit here, for a moment, the subject of rhyme, to say a word or two upon blank verse, that mortal humbug which "prose poets" are so fond of, and, certainly, the world would soon be full of it, if any body were fond of *them*. There is no more difficulty or skill in cutting up a given quantity of prose into blank verse, than there is in sawing up a log into planks, both operations certainly reflect credit

on their original inventors, and would immortalize them if we knew their names, but fame would have her hands full, and her mouth too, if she should occupy herself in these days with all the handicraftsmen in both or either. The best way, perhaps, of setting this in a clear point of view, is to exemplify it; and, for this purpose, it would not be difficult to pitch upon authors whose whole writings, or nearly so, would bear being written as blank verse, though they were given out as prose. For instance, there is John Bunyan, the whole of whose works it would be easier to set up into verse than to restore some works, now held to be such, to their metrical shape, if, by any accident, the ends of their lines should get confused. Let the reader try his skill in reconstructing, with the visible signs of poetry, the following extract from *Samson Agonistes*, from line 118, omitting the next three, and going on to line 130.

“See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused, * * * in slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds, o'er-worn and soiled, or do my eyes misrepresent; can this be he, that heroic, that renowned, irresistible Samson, whom, unarm'd, no strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand, who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid, ran on embattled armies clad in iron, and, weaponless himself, made arms ridiculous, &c.”

But to return to Bunyan; take the following extract, which is verbatim, from his “*World to Come*,”—it is more correct metre than much that we find written as verse in the old dramatists, though it is always printed as prose.

“Now, said my guardian angel, you are on
The verge of hell, but do not fear the power
Of the destroyer;
For my commission from the imperial throne
Secures you from all dangers.
Here you may hear from devils and damned souls
The cursed causes of their endless ruin;
And what you have a mind to ask, inquire,
The devils cannot hurt you, though they would,
For they are bound
By him that has commissioned me, of which
Themselves are sensible, which makes them rage,
And fret, and roar, and bite their hated chains,
But all in vain.”

And so on ad infinitum, or throughout the “*World to Come*.”

But not to seek eccentric writers and far-fetched examples, let us take a popular and noted one, even Dr. Johnson himself,—every body will recognize the opening sentence of *Rasselas*.

“Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of *Rasselas*, prince of Abyssinia.”

This is prose incontrovertibly,—in two minutes it shall be as incontrovertibly blank verse.

Oh, ye, who listen with credulity
 To fancy's whispers, or with eagerness
 Phantoms of hope pursue, or who expect
 Age will perform the promises of youth,
 Or that the present day's deficiencies
 Shall by the morrow be supplied, attend
 To Rasselas, the Abyssinian Prince,
 His history. Rasselas was fourth son, &c.

I do not suspect any reader of this Magazine of stupidity enough to find a difficulty here, or of wit enough to imagine one, the process speaks for itself, and so far requires no comment; but in carrying it a step or two farther, we shall see by what alchemy gold may be transmuted into baser metals and into tinsel, and how the rogue who steals, or the poor devil who borrows it, may so thoroughly disguise it as to run no risk at last in passing it openly for his own. I take the first six lines only of the above, and tipping them with rhymes, they suffer a little violence, and read thus.

Oh, ye who listen,—a believing race—
 To fancy's whispers, or with eager chase
 Phantoms of hope pursue, expecting still
 Age will the promises of youth fulfil,
 Or that the morrow will indeed amend
 The present day's deficiencies, attend—

Now in this shape they might do pretty well had they not been taken purposely from a notorious part of a notorious work, for one might borrow even from Rasselas, in the middle or any where less in sight, and few indeed are the critics who would detect and expose the cheat; but the next stage of our progress would distance the major part even of these. That a scrap from Rasselas should be set to Yankee Doodle is an idea which seems to have been reserved from all time to be first broached in the present article. But if not the same, there are similar things done hourly, and if the written monuments of genius, like the temples and palaces of antiquity, were themselves diminished by all the materials they supply to new constructions, how much would there be remaining of them now. Imagine a chasm in Moore or Byron for every verse any lover has scrawled in an album, or any Cora or Matilda in a newspaper; or reverse the case, and imagine the masters of the lyre and of the pen reclaiming, throughout the world, whatever is their own, in whatever hands and in whatever shape it might be now existing. The Scotch freebooter was warned upon his death-bed, rather late, but it was the first time the parson had had a chance at him, that in another world all the people he had robbed, and all the valuables he had robbed them of, sheep, horses, and cattle, would rise up to bear witness against him. "Why then," said he, in a praiseworthy vein of restitution, "if the horses, and kye, and a' will be there, let

ilka shentleman tak her ain, and Donald will be an honest man again." Now I should like to be by, at a literary judgment, when "ilka shentleman should take her ain," to have righteousness rigidly laid to the line, and see who would in fact turn out to be "a shentleman" and have a balance left that was "her ain," and who would be a Donald, left with nothing, a destitute "bipes implumis." Then, and not till then, will I give back the following piece of morality to *Rasselas*, and indeed, in the shape into which I am now going to put it I think it will not be till then that he or anybody for him will lay claim to it.

Air, "Yankee Doodle."

Listen ye, who trust as true
 All the dreams of fancy,
 Who with eager chase pursue
 Each vain hope you can see,
 Who expect that age will pay,
 All that youth may borrow,
 And that all you want to-day
 Will be supplied to-morrow.

I leave this matter here, having spun it out, perhaps, something too much, but if I have treated it frivolously, I am not the less, with regard to the subject, in profound and indignant earnest. We profane the lofty name of poet by such short-sighted, indiscriminate application—we allow reputations to be founded and to endure, on such unreal and dishonest bases, that it is high time that somebody should proclaim, and that all should realize the difference between a poet and a versifier, and that the last name should be indelibly branded upon those who either professedly or fraudulently reconstruct from the labors of others, for mere rhymes are as mechanically made as stone fences;—"Walls supply stones"—it is *Rasselas* again that I quote,—"more easily than quarries, and palaces and temples will be demolished to make stables of granite and cottages of porphyry." The first care of criticism is to see what an author's material is, gold, silver, or ivory,—wood, hay, or stubble; the next is to know, if it be valuable, where he got it; if it be not, or not original, and if he has managed, notwithstanding, to make it ornamental, why we need not be very severe or difficult about giving him as much credit as we would attribute to a basket-maker or a carver of figure-heads and claw-feet, but we should mark him out his place, and keep him in it. But after all, there is nothing new under the sun, and reproduction of old ideas will pass for new, songs will be made unsuspected out of sermons, and sermons out of songs, and metamorphosis will be mistaken to the end of the chapter for creation. "*Isto enim modo*," says old George Buchanan, apropos to a question of etymology, and the remark applies most forcibly to the subject we are discussing,—*Isto enim modo quidlibet e quolibet licebit effingere.*

DRINKING SONG.

(Imitated from the French.)

[BY HENRY DE WITT.]

If Jove, when he made this beautiful world,
Had only consulted me,
An ocean of wine should flow in the place
Of the brackish and bitter sea,
Red wine should pour from the fruitful clouds
In place of the tasteless rain,
And the fountains should bubble in ruby rills
To brim the sparkling main.

No fruit should grow but the round, full grape,
No bowers but the shady vine,
And of all earth's flowers, the queenly rose
Should alone in her beauty shine ;
I'd have a few lakes for the choicest juice,
Where it might grow mellow and old,
And my lips should serve as a sluice to drain
Those seas of liquid gold.

FACES.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "DREAMS AND REVERIES."]

The human countenance, in itself, is a palpable wonder, and is full of other wonders. The eye, regarded philosophically, is one of the subtlest combinations of matter with mind,—half soul, half substance; a mere optical instrument, yet miraculously conscious. The mouth, too, with its curious organs of speech and taste; the forehead, by modern science rendered expressive of all the secret biases and elements of the character; the cheeks whitening with fear, crimsoning with love; and even the nose, though, by some inexplicable fatality, invested with undignified, if not ludicrous associations—even this undervalued member, conveys to the brain agreeable sensations, the grateful incense of fields and woods. The lips, in their property of smiling, possess a most exquisite gift, and inspire the soul with such a keen sense of beauty and pleasure as to render them all important members in the family of the features. Who has not owned the loveliness that lurks in a smile? As for me, I acknowledge its irresistible influence; I catch the contagion by the slightest glance. Even when one strays towards me accidentally, it stirs my secret thoughts into a sparkle of pleasure; but when directed to me by one in whose happiness I rejoice, my soul unfolds instinctively, like a flower in the sunshine. If the instruments of vision, too, are so wonderful to the philosopher, what are they to the poet, the lover? How the silent eyes of beauty charm him, and overflow his nature with a flood of joy, and what else can he find in the universe like them? Their orbs ever play in light, where the beams of earth seem mixed with those of heaven. They reflect thought. They are shaded by passion. Their motion, like every thing else connected with them, is peculiar and unearthly;—a restlessness,—a lustre,—a tremble,—a visible feeling. I have written myself beyond my depth, and must borrow a passage from Shakspeare on eyes. It is an appropriate and exquisite scene between *Silvius* and *Phebe*, in "As You Like It."

Phebe. Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
 'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
 That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
 Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
 Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers.
 Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
 And, if mine eyes can wound; now let them kill thee;
 Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
 Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
 Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
 Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee.
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,

The cicatrice and capable impressure
 Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes,
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;
 Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
 That can do hurt.

Silvius. O, dear Phebe,
 If ever (as that ever may be near,)
 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That love's keen arrows make."

As the human countenance came originally from the hand of our Maker, it was, undoubtedly, the most beautiful object of his care. Thus it appeared in Adam and in Eve, amid the creatures of Eden :

"Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
 God-like erect, with native honor clad."

Since that time this fair page has been obscured by moral evil. Guilt, intemperance, misery, ignorance, have scathed and changed it. Its symmetry has fallen to pieces. Its lustre is obscured. Our countenances are distorted from their native glory. We were not intended for what we are. We are touched with the traces of degradation and woe, just as the earth itself betrays marks of some vast convulsion and general ruin. Human nature has fallen. Sin has blasted it every where with volcanic fire, and the melancholy wreck of the moral world is reflected from our bodies. We are afflicted with hereditary deformities, and, while the inferior, brute creation abounds in images, brilliant in all their dazzling, undiminished, pristine beauty, the lovely haunts of human nature are darkened often with misshapen creatures—cripples, dwarfs, and giants ; and scarcely any one of us but bears in his person, or more particularly in his countenance, some token of our obscured nature.

There is a way by which the consequences of predestined ugliness may be palliated. There is a *moral* beauty to be acquired even by the deformed in feature. There is an inward light which can soften and endear a homely face. Innocence, temperance, benevolence, the absence of strong and evil passions, good-nature, and love,—these are redeeming attributes, and they shine through the universal gloom, like the "little candle" that threw "its beams" upon the moralizing Portia. They who neglect these ennobling qualities are repulsive enough, even with all the accidental advantages of person, for it is moral beauty, after all, which only can enchain the soul. All else is worthless tinsel, which soon grows more detestable the more it was at first admired. The angel Zephon, in *Paradise Lost*, beautifully alludes to this in his awful rebuke to Satan, and in reply to the celebrated exclamation of the haughty Prince of Hell, "Know ye not me," &c.

“To whom, thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.
 ‘Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,
 Or undiminish’d brightness, to be known,
 As when thou stood’st in Heav’n, upright and pure;
 That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
 Departed from thee;’ and thou resemblest now
 Thy sin and place of doom, obscure and foul.”

To say the truth, there are certain faces about town which make one laugh perforce. There are the family of the long noses—great heroic looking fellows—you can’t help smiling for your life. What a club they would make? Then the extremely short ones. You feel a certain degree of superiority over a man with a little nose. Then there are those with no noses at all, from which fate heaven defend us. There is probably no situation in which a human being can be placed, where he would more feelingly acquiesce in the justice of the annexed worn-out quotation from Shakspeare, than that of a gentleman who has lost his nose :

“For it so falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,
 Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack’d and lost,
 Why then we rack the value ; then we find
 The virtue that possession would not show us
 Whiles it was ours.”

I cannot quit the interesting subject of noses without a passing compliment to certain fiery and bulbous excrescences to be seen about taverns and oyster-saloons. It is good to behold these lineal descendants of old Bardolph. Without presuming to jest upon so reverend a subject, they are beacon lights to youthful adventurers on the dangerous sea of pleasure. They warn them off from the rock on which many a gallant ship hath suffered wreck. They contain more virtuous arguments, than “sage or sophist ever writ.” When the giddy boy raises the glowing goblet to his lips, and peruses with his greedy eyes the splendors of its crimson depths, tell him that “intemperance degrades the moral being,” that “the journal of health recommends total abstinence,” or any other ordinary truth, and he drains the draught to its luscious dregs : but show him one of these noses into which are gathered the concentrated fires of a life of debauchery—misshapen, indecent,—Mount Etna in little,—glowing, glowing, and altogether ignited ; and if he continue to drink, I have only to say, that I should consider him an exceedingly thirsty man.

It is amusing to trace a likeness through whole families. I have smiled inwardly to look along a bench at the theatre, and detect in this way a row of kinsmen and kinswomen, little and big, parents and children, cousins, and grand mothers. Here are the Siphthorpes, (excellent people,) with their noses all turned up ; next

them, the Dribblets (*so* intelligent), with their noses all turned down. Here sit a line with long, lean, intellectual faces. And there, a family of visages as round and stupid as an apple dumpling. Then there are your large featured countenances, immense eyes that roll about like suns, exaggerated mouths, prominent cheek bones; and next, the diminutive class, with thin lips, brisk, small eyes, and peaked, sharp, scolding chins.

I noticed a curious phenomenon, some time ago, in the way of family likenesses. A young gentleman, with a most fully-developed Roman nose, that hooked down with the fierce bend of an eagle's beak, by some caprice of that everlasting little scoundrel, Cupid, saw and fell in love with a girl whose intellect was powerful and highly cultivated, and whose heart was full of most amiable emotions, but whose nose took such a determined course upward, as to render that organ a delicate subject of conversation both to the young lady herself, as well as to her friends and admirers. I myself don't stand much on these affairs, and, certainly, it matters little to the fond and faithful pattern of conjugal felicity, whether she, upon whom he has bestowed his affections, and who cheers his exhausted mind when he comes home in the evening, has a nose a trifle too aspiring, or distinguished, indeed, in any way from the ordinary run of noses; but this excellent young woman's was so unequivocally, so unreasonably peculiar in its position and general appearance, as effectually to cool the fires that glanced from her heavenly eyes, as far I was concerned. But *De gustibus*, you know, and they were united. In the course of time, a tender little pug-nosed pledge appeared.—the father's delight—the mother's joy. It was, as all babies are, a beauty, an angel. The maternal author of its being herself, although she knew what fools people were about their own children, still perceived that Tom was really, and without any joke, a very uncommon child. There was only one drawback upon all this good fortune. It was that nose. It could not be denied. It could not be concealed. It twisted up like the end of a cork-screw.

As Tom grew old, however, a change came over the spirit of his face. Fate relented. The nose gradually turned down, and the boy's olfactory now bids fair to rival the beak of his father himself. I believe the mother is a little jealous, and feels bad about it. It is certain that the husband plumes himself on it a great deal. What the feelings of Tom are upon the subject, is not distinctly known. It must be confessed, however, that this substituting one hereditary evil for another—this shifting a family likeness from the female to the male line is curious, and gives Tom a claim to be honorably mentioned in this essay.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Caliph was perfectly right.—He did well to banish one of the Faithful for not putting pepper into his cheese cakes. Want of seasoning is the worst of all defects in any made dish that is presented at table. It may be underdone or overdone, it may be crisped up nearly to cinders or require a heater, but if it is brought up at all, there must be a flavor, a relish, a spice about it, that may at least tell what it might have been or may yet become.—That may at least evince the genius of the artist while it leaves you to deplore his present failure, and, as the delicate aroma of a Paté de Foie-gras at a side table, will steal out and betray itself through the gross and steamy odors of a course of game—harbinger, the promise of happier efforts even in the present imperfect exhibition of his skill. But if flavor and relish—if raciness and piquancy are utterly wanting in his attempts—however accomplished your professor may be in the mere mechanical parts of his duties—however well he may acquit himself with a haunch or a sirloin—you had better have recourse to Delmonico or Gassin, than trust him with the credit of your table upon extra occasions. Here now we have before us a table full apparently of good things, yet cover after cover each as we raise scarcely one develops a morceau beneath that is presentable to the reader. Nothing eppigrammatic, nothing fanciful—nothing *à propos*, pithy or spirited—no whim, no extravagance to stimulate and bewilder our senses. But, varying only from tame propriety to slovenly mediocrity—every thing is as staid and stupid, and sensible, as if composed in a bob-wig over a bottle of porter. More in short, like the squeerings of an editor's brain than the creaming of a contributor's wit.

What in the world have our readers to do with musty essays, in fourth rate Spectator style, like this one in which "Kate Careless" as a sloven, and "Dick Dainty" as a fop, detain us for an hour in describing habits we knew were theirs the moment their names were announced.

Here again is something not more inviting. "A ghost story"—The scene of which the writer by way of novelty lays in a Baronial Castle on the Rhine, while the spirit which he raises is so old fashioned as to be clad in white, and smell villainously of sulphur. It is wrong we know to look a gift horse in the mouth, but if people will present us with spectres let them belong to demoniac good-society—be well dressed in black, free from specks of blood, dagger-rust or grave-damp, and with manners fiendish and gentlemanlike; nor must we be sent for them to ruined abbeys and castles where such things (at midnight and in a thunder storm,) may be had for the asking, but raise us up one in a ball-room or at a supper table, in Broadway, or the common council chamber—places where such commodities from their rarity are valuable.

"Specimens of a fashionable Novel!" what is here? Slang from Pelham, and hits at society, made as broadly as if the writer were fencing with a hay stack, and was sure to thrust home wherever he made a pass. We will not aid in putting off on our guests mock turtle for real; give genuine Callipee, or we'll none of it. The English "Fashionable Novels" are half of them second rate pictures of second rate society, and to accept servile copies of them as faithful delineations of American Life, would be like receiving the suburban imitator of the 'gentleman's gentleman,' as if he were the dashing Metropolitan himself. Third rate satire is worse even than third rate affectation; for absurdity often makes the last not only endurable but diverting.

A scented pink billet, "Love verses to Delia." Men in love are proverbially stupid, but he who could not rally invention enough to find a newer *nomme de guerre* for his mistress than *Delia*, deserves no mercy from her hands or ours. And therefore do we make light of this piece by turning it into an *allumette*.

This greasy mass of Chirography—"pah! how it smells,"—as the Dane says in his phrenological lecture—what in the world can it contain? *Kitchen Lyrics, No. 1, by Burns*. Burns!—what!—the bard of nature? or the prince of pastry cooks? Genius of Ude! can it be the last! Hast thou then grand *chef de cuisine* let thy thoughts wander from creaking jacks, from groaning spits and sighing pans, to the pages of the Knickerbacker? Welcome thrice welcome is this rare combination of the *utile cum dulce* which make its way at once into the affections of every good housewife.

RECIPE FOR MAKING SWEET-POTATO PUDDING.

Oh, bring me from far in a Southern clime,
 The sweetest potatoes that ever grew:
 Such apples of earth as the olden time
 In its visions and prophecy envied the new.
 And wash them with lady-like lily hands,
 Till they look as pure as the saffron light
 That falls in the summer on fairy lands,
 From the moon in the depth of a cloudless night.

And let them be next of their skins beguiled.
 But tenderly strip off the earthly vest,
 As if you were flaying a sleeping child,
 And were cautious of breaking its gentle rest;
 And let them be pulveriz'd next by the skill
 Of the same white hands and the grater's power,
 And a heaping up table spoon five times fill
 With the precious result of their golden flour;
 Of boiling hot milk add a full quart cup;
 And next with five eggs, in a separate bowl,
 Beat five table spoonfuls of sugar up,
 And stir them well in with the foaming whole.

Add one table spoonful of *eau de rose*,
 Of salt a teaspoonful: and after these
 Of butter an egg-sized morsel: and close
 With a flavor of nutmeg, as much as you please.
 Then bake it—'t is pudding—I pause at the name
 To reflect on the puddings of days that are past.
 And the prospects of more, which aspiring to fame,
 And failing, I've lost to go hungry at last.

We shall be happy to rank this celebrated Cuisinier among our future contributors, and by leaving his address with the publishers, a copy of Dr. Kitchener's 5000 Receipts will be sent to him to do into verse as soon as he has run through his own culinary treasures.

"Sketches, &c. by P." We think we should like P. had we more of him to judge by. His specimen sketch would do well as the introductory chapter of a Novel, but it wants several requisites to make it a good magazine article. Still we shall be happy to publish it if he will first put us in possession of something more striking to

follow. P. must be aware of the objections to commencing a series of papers of the kind until we can in some degree judge whether, and how they are to be continued.

Some of S.'s "musings" are very good, but the length to which they are protracted considering the want of interest in the subject, prevent their insertion.

"Faust" arrived late, but as he comes all the way from Baltimore, and being an *impromptu*, will not keep, we make room here for his "lines, written in a printing-office, while waiting for proof:"

TO ———.

'Tis long past midnight, and the air
Grows chilly in this cheerless room,
Where the few sputtering candles flare,
To show—not dissipate the gloom.

And I—no hero of romance,
Beneath his lady's window creeping,
To watch, with moon-beam—silvered lance,
The slumbers of that "lov'd one sleeping"—

I sit ensconc'd on piles of paper,
And keep, while thinking of thine eyes,
As bright a vigil by my taper,
As he beneath his moonlit skies.

Sweet Clara, thou in sleep art lost,
And smil'st, perhaps, in dreams on one
Who, mad with love, thy frowns almost
When waking often have undone.

Clara, the *proof* I wait for here,
From hour to hour, will come at last;
But that I've sought from year to year,
When will it tell my pains are past.

The following copy of verses, if meant for an imitation of the style of Petrarch, is a failure, as our fair correspondent, on referring to the sonnets and canzoni of the great Tuscan poet, will discover, by the brilliant thoughts and glowing images which, running into cold conceits and far-fetched epithets, generally distinguish, while they sometimes deform the style of those master-pieces of Lyric poetry.

SONNET OF PETRARCH TO LAURA.

When I remember all the fond devotion
The long, long love that I to thee have borne,
When I call up each gush of deep emotion,
Bitter and wild, that through my soul has gone.
When I reflect that, though thou canst not guess
The measure of my love or of my wretchedness,
That still thou must both long and well have known
His heart, which, whate'er lighten or oppress,
Unshaken, changeless, is, through all, thine own—
I cannot—distant though thy manner be—
I cannot think that thou art yet unheeding
Of the power thou hast of joy or misery—
I cannot believe that no kind thought is pleading
Ever within thy heart of pride for me.

ZULEIKA.

"A Spanish Romance" and the able reply to the fifth article in our last number, are reserved for the next.

D. C. M. writes well, but not poetry.

"W." and "Le Noir Faineant," are under advisement for the next number. They have both a share of the divine afflatus.

Mercutio's "Song of the Steam Spirit," is not so characteristic as the following plaintive ballad upon a kindred subject which we have received from Boston at too late an hour to insert entire.

THE LAY OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

[BY HENRY J. FINN.]

"He tells you fairly what his mind is."—*Shakspeare.*

With the swiftness of the swallow, and the color of the crow,
I 'm *train'd* up, like a child, in the way that I should go;
From the time that I had motion, from the first day to the *last* day.
Alas! I 've been *consuming*, for each day has been a *fast*-day.

And rapidly I sail along, with full and flowing sheet
Of iron, like a fire-ship, though *single* I 'm the *fleet*;
By physical, not moral force, I navigate my gap-lane,
And, as I 'm seldom half-seas-over, never have a *Chap-lain*.

And through my *pipe*, as thus I glide, full many puffs I 've whiff'd,
I 'm never dull, for I 've by heart, the works complete of *Swift*.
To legal lore I 'm partial, and it never ends in *smoke*,
I 've oft run over *Black-stone*, while my head was full of *Coke*.

In many matters *mercantile*, I often very *far* go,
For though I have not any *freight*, I always make a *car-go*.
An artist too,—my customers, all *sit* without see-sawing,
And when I take their *likenesses*, they all approve my *drawing*.

No *bull-y* e'er could *cow* me, in a *gas-conading* caper,
Few characters, you must confess, are more inclined to *vapor*;
Each driver thinks, of every age, more wonders do in *this* team,
For all the folks are fast adopting, *my* steam now for *his* team;

The lean and lankey cattle look as though they 'd run their *races*,
They 'll quit mortality's last *stage*, and leave behind no *traces*,
Then swear to follow in my *train*, and for that promise votive,
What *stronger* motive can you have, than one good *loco-motive*.

What can "MISOGUNOS" mean by thinking we can countenance his dull attack upon the most beautiful part of creation. *Malum est Mulier sed necessarium malum*, says Menander, and we would ask of Misogunos,—τιδὲ βίος τιδὲ τερπικόν, ἀστὴρ Ἀφροδίτης,

Which may be rendered,

What would remain but the loss of life, did you take the sweet mischief away?

. The Theatrical Notices are unavoidably crowded out of this Number, and several valuable works, which came to hand after the last form went to press, must lie over till our next.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A NEW LITERAL TRANSLATION OF LONGINUS ON THE SUBLIME, by a Graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. New-York. 1832. 12mo. pp. 70.

We owe this book at least the obligation of having caused us to refresh our souls again with the high and holy rivers of the Greek, and bidden "some notes we used to love in days of boyhood, meet our ear" once more. One cannot criticise the style of a work which professedly follows carefully the idioms of a dead language, and abandons all pretension, both by its title, and in the preface, to the name of a free and elegant translation. We have, therefore, confined ourselves to collating carefully with the original the first fifteen or twenty pages of this production, and find that it is in general all it professes to be, and, for its object, will no doubt be useful, that is, if it be conceded that the object is an useful one; for in fact, "the pupil at school," and "the student at college," ought, in general, to be left between their lexicons and their tutors, if they will not dig, they ought not to be ashamed to beg. As for the "private learners" of Longinus, we know no such class of men in this money-making community. We have found, moreover, a passage or two rather oddly rendered, the first sentence of the third section, for instance,—which is given in the translation as if *τραγωικα* and *παρατραγωικα* agreed with *πλεταται*,—"tragic" and "supertragic curls."—Now the sentence should stand, by the construction in Greek, thus, Those things are not tragic, but supertragic,—the curls, and "to vomit forth to heaven," &c. The English sentence, as it now is, does not make grammar nor sense. Again in Section 9,—"*υδ εζωμολισματα τα οψη και ιζηματα μηδαμυ λαμβανονται*,"—is translated, "nor that equal and unremitting sublimity." Whereas, literally, it would read, "nor those aspiring (or sallying) heights (or sublimities) which never take rest (literally, seats)." The idea of equality is the translator's entirely. Other such criticisms might be made; however, they are not of much consequence, and, on the whole, as we said above, the book is what it professes to be, and we recommend it heartily to those, be they who they may, who have need of such a thing.

FAMILIAR LESSONS IN MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY. Boston. Vol. I.

This work is a specimen of one of the various expedients that are resorted to for

the purpose of rendering elementary works on the sciences popular and attractive to the young, with the laudable intention of cultivating a taste for these useful branches of education, and, as our author expresses it in his preface, of "facilitating the acquisition of knowledge."

We question very much the utility of shaping works of this kind into the form of dialogues or conversations; all similar devices from the gingerbread alphabet, to a novel founded on mineralogy, or a dramatised Euclid, which we shall soon expect to see, are subject to one serious objection, the impossibility of communicating information with success without giving the learner the trouble of acquiring it. If the form of a dialogue is adopted, it should be as simple as possible, so as not to interfere with one of the greatest advantages to be derived from the study of natural history—the training of the mind to the clear, simple, methodical arrangement of facts, to which these pursuits are so admirably adapted. Every thing that diverts the attention from this object, and every thing that encumbers a treatise on these subjects with irrelevant matter, so far defeats one purpose for which these studies should be pursued, and prevents, rather than assists the acquisition of knowledge.

The work before us is written in the form of conversations between the different members of a family group, to whom we are introduced by some preliminary domestic sketches. Much of the conversation, like most domestic conversations, is commonplace and unprofitable and without any connection with the subject of which the work pretends to treat. We are quite at a loss to know how the study of mineralogy is to be "facilitated" by pages of anecdote about the French and Indian wars, and that of the American revolution, disquisitions upon rail-roads, and lamentations upon the Indians; details of family plans for visiting this place and that; or by being told how Emma's eyes glistened at this proposal, or how she drew a long sigh at the delay; common-place remarks on modes of education; boarding-school sentimentalism; scraps of poetry; and long moral and religious disquisitions;—but of such materials about half of the book is made up. Nor do we conceive that the description of minerals is likely to be made more agreeable or impressive by the eternal repetition of "Charles remarked"—"Mr. G. replied"—"Emma added"—"Caroline presumed"—"Madame Arlington thought"—"Mr. G. rejoined" &c., &c.—which preface every question and answer. The dialogue

is very clumsily and awkwardly managed throughout.

Of all the sciences mineralogy is one of those that are least adapted to this mode of arrangement, for there is nothing to discuss, and nothing to reason about; all that can be done with propriety is, to adopt a convenient arrangement, and then to give of each mineral a concise, clear, and definite description, and this is precisely that in which this book is deficient. The part of the work which relates to the subject on which it is written, if properly arranged, would not occupy more than a third of the 373 pages which the book contains.

The chapter which treats of crystallography, one of the nicest and most difficult parts of the study, and one which requires great accuracy in its practical application, is entirely unsuited to the class of persons for whom the book is intended, especially as but little use is made of it in the subsequent part of the work.

The systematic arrangement of minerals is not brought out clearly and distinctly, so as to assist the memory, and the descriptions of the physical characters of individual minerals is exceedingly deficient, especially in reference to their distinctive characters: those by which one mineral is distinguished from others resembling it, should be clearly exposed in every elementary work, to aid the learner in his investigations. To show how the author attempts to "facilitate the acquisition of knowledge," we will refer to a few examples; in looking for anthracite in the index, we find five pages devoted to it, in turning to its description, we are simply told that it consists of carbon, and that it derives its name from the Greek for carbon, not a word about its physical characters; then follow some of its localities; then three or four pages about Maunch Chunk; description of scenery; rail-roads, and an "amusing description of the obstinacy and romantic taste of mules;" "a train of reflections respecting that ill-fated race of beings" (the Indians), and the valley of Wyoming; then follows an imperfect description of graphite, taking no notice of the means of distinguishing it from Molybdena, with which it is often confounded by an inexperienced eye; then comes a meagre description of coal, with some few references to the characters of anthracite, seven or eight pages from the place where they should have been inserted. Of phrenite, the only distinctive character that is given is "its peculiar green color," which, however, many specimens do not possess. The description of nephrite is limited to its tenacity, translucency, and

color; of kaolin, a substance of so much importance that every one should be able to recognise it, all that is said is, that it is a very valuable example of the ductile clays. Of epidote no distinctive character is given, though it frequently resembles, in external appearance, other minerals. We might go on, and produce many other examples of equal negligence, but enough has been said to show the character of the work. The chapter on conchology is the best in the book, and confined chiefly to simple and perspicuous descriptions of the shells, which are represented by neat and well-executed wood-cuts.

The work is very neatly printed, and had the same care and attention been bestowed upon a concise and accurate compendium of some of the larger works on mineralogy, such as Cleaveland's excellent treatise, for example, a book of the size of the Lessons on Mineralogy would have easily contained all necessary information on the subject for the use of young people, and it would have been presented in a form infinitely better calculated to "facilitate the acquisition of knowledge," and at the same time been useful as a book of reference to those acquainted with the science, to which latter object the volume in question has no pretensions. If any one is disposed to undertake such a work, but fears its wanting suitable attractions for young persons of either sex, we would recommend them to obviate the objections by interleaving it with the pages of some fashionable novel.

THE REFUGEE IN AMERICA, BY MRS. TROLLOPE, Author of "The Domestic Manners of the Americans." 2 vols. London: Whittaker, Treacher, & Co. —New-York: reprinted for the Booksellers.

The heavy coarseness of this book is wholly unrelieved by the cleverness which sometimes made absurdity amusing in the previous work of the same author.

DERMOT MACMOROUGH, OR THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND. An Historic Tale of the 12th Century. Boston. Second Edition. The doubt we had about noticing this ephemeron in our first Number is removed in time for the second, by its having, in the mean time attained to the honor of a second edition.

History, somebody has said, and every body has quoted the maxim, is philosophy teaching by example. Mr. Adams, in the preface to this work, quotes it too, but it is to contradict it, for history, he observes, doth rarely teach by example, but often by admonition. The idea is that an ex-

ample being something to be imitated, a bad example is no example at all; a piece of hypercriticism which any reference to authority will overset.* No matter, let us adopt it, and we may then say that this work seems intended to teach morality by the "admonition" of its hero, and poetry by the "admonition" of its author. The story of the hero, such as it is, is told in the preface pretty much at length, and then, like a psalm, first said and afterwards sung, it is doled out to us again in four good cantos of verse, "in the garb of poetry" the author says, but that is a matter of opinion. We think these stanzas bear about the same relation to poetry that a procession of honest, unarmed citizens does to the pomp and circumstance of an army, the one trooping along without beat of drum in an unsatisfactory, fidgetty, uneasy fashion, incommode and annoyed by their unwonted arrangement, the other instinct with discipline, animated by the spirit of concert and moving

*"In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood,
Of flutes and soft recorders."*

It is a singular idea though, and rather melancholy, this, of an ex-president of the United States attempting poetry, or any thing else indeed, at the hazard of a signal failure, but poetry above all. It is the genius of utility at a castle in the air, it is gravity turned dancing-master, and coming down upon the vocabulary, to order the words to the right and left, to make them *chasser, balancer*, change partners, form *quadrilles*, and move like clock-work

*"To the incoherent mood and jaugling cadence
Of an infernal fiddle."*

Dermot Mac Morogh is a vicious Irishman, whose character Mr. Adams resurrectionizes to hang it in chains, and verse is a specific he uses to restore it as it rots, that it may go on "in fresh, immortal, unconsumed decay," tainting our moral atmosphere with ideas that, after all, were best forgotten. And forgotten they will be, in spite of such efforts as the present to prevent it; it is a holy and kindly law of our nature, that the eyes of our physical and moral sense alike avoid to dwell on the foul subjects of disease and of corruption, that we reject them from us as far as we are able, and treasure up rather the ideas of freshness, and health, and beauty. And as we would have none but the surgeon go into the dissecting-room, so, on the same principle, we would recommend that none but reviewers should busy themselves with

* See Matthew, ch. 1, v. 19. Also Othello, act 3, sc. 2, and Dr. Johnson's note, also Don Juan, canto 3, stanza 306, &c., &c.

reading Dermot Mac Morogh, a treat to which we are bidden, like a mob to a gibbetting, the attraction is horror, the fruit will be a suggesting knowledge of crime, and, in the very terms of the invitation, we are told that we may, perhaps, find something in the exhibition that will seem personal to each of us. (See stanza 2, canto 1.) For the knowledge of crime is a suggesting spirit, and the less we can know of it, and the less we deaden by familiarizing it, the horror of what we know, the better. When some great criminal stands forth in the daylight, and makes crime conspicuous and likely to pass into an example, the mischief of notoriety should be followed up by the remedies of invective and reprobation, it is salutary to announce the punishment and infamy of a traitor, or a robber, to those who are already acquainted with his crimes, but should we therefore be benefited by a new edition of the *Newgate Calendar*, "presented in the garb of poetry." Quite the reverse, and on the very same principle, the hero of the present work, might better have been left undisturbed in his grave. But passing over the nausea which this affected high tone of moral feeling must excite, in a work whose own morals by no means bear it out, the next most crying sin for censure is the hit the author attempts to give the militia of our war of Independence, whose "example" he is disposed to leave quite out of view that he may set off his own patriotism by dwelling with a perverse taste on their "admonition," and he would have us think that he has written something so very caustic to this point that his better feelings suppressed it, lest it should indeed disturb the ashes of some of those true defenders of their country. Does Mr. Adams know the hardships of the life of a private soldier; the privation, the bitterness of cold; the exhaustion of heat, and hunger, and forced marches, with bleeding feet and insufficient clothing; and the hourly peril of death; does he know what it is to leave a wife defenceless, and children crying for bread, in the midst of untilled fields; and to be exposed to all this for the sake of a theoretical liberty,—a liberty, beautiful certainly, and real and holy,—but from such pressing considerations as these abstract, and feeble in comparison. Does he know how much reflection and philosophy are necessary to nerve a man to this, and still think it much that he will not bear with it "six months when engaged for three;" that he seizes the time—supposing all had done so—to return to his fireside to know if his wife is gone mad in his absence, like the widow of the trooper, whose story

in the first Canto of Dermot Mac Morogh, is so wondrous pitiful. If he knows or feels anything of all this, where can he find in his heart a source of sneers at the men who bore it all, because they bore no more. Let every American of the present day discharge from his heart every feeling but that of devout and tender gratitude towards those who fought in the ranks of our war of independence, let him forget their faults where they cannot be denied,

"Or if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er it in silence and close it again."

A sneer at those men in our day can spring only from a pride of rhetoric and pharasaical presumption, which disdains or is too frivolous to know the holiness of the very altar of our temple.

So much for feeling. Remarks upon taste and style would be infinite, as every line and stanza is open to criticism; what a piece of extravagance, for instance, is that in Canto 1, Stanza 24, speaking of Dermot.

"And wherever one look his eye had cast,
It seem'd as if consuming fire had past."

Bad as this is, it is borrowed,—the gobbling in the Rejected Addresses, is the original.

"Who gallop'd, and gallop'd, and gallop'd, to smatch
His bride, little dreaming of danger,
His whip was a torch, and his spur was a match,
And over his horse's left eye was a patch,
To keep it from burning the manger."

What a paltry imitation of the scene in Donna Julia's bedchamber, is that in *Dovergilda's*; what an absurd blunder is that of saying, in Stanza 35 of Canto 1, that O'Rorik had left his castle with only Teague and two women, and in Stanza 10 of Canto 2, mustering half a dozen others; and what a pretty contrast is the character of O'Rorik in Canto 1, Stanza 22, with his conduct in Canto 2, Stanzas 34, 35, 36; and then, after the total destruction of Fernes, as recorded in these last cited verses, how did Dermot, in Canto 3, Stanza 20, find himself in such good case, to be courteous and hospitable there, amid the roaring of the ravens.

This might go on ad infinitum,—but we conclude, by protesting altogether against this work,—principle, plan, and execution. To say nothing of the regret we believe almost every one feels that the late first officer of our republic should make a target of himself in this manner, and aspire to a reputation which would be a little *infra dig.* even were it gained in any moderate degree, there is a pervading vice of taste, a sycophantic affectation of wearing prevailing colors in the most approved fashion; a catch-penny air of reaching out for popular applause, to all people and all countries, to good and evil passions, and by the

aid of falsehood or truth, which is absolutely revolting. He wishes to record Dermot's name, he says, in deathless darkness; his verses are, probably, as good a substitute as could be found; they are rather more legible, perhaps, but likely to be quite as little read. He will hand him down "with Arnold first," in the rolls of infamy, (4, 82.)—it is not clear which he means is first, but his Irish correspondents to whom he hands over his poem for continuation, will, no doubt, disentangle his phraseology. We wish them better success than we can congratulate him upon, or else we hope sincerely to hear no more of the deathless darkness of Dermot Mac Morogh.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE.
By WILLIAM DUNLAP, New-York.
1832. 8vo. pp. 420.

The history of theatres, and of those connected with them, has always obtained a cordial reception from the public, and from the amusing and instructive *Memoirs of Colley Cibber* down to the late publication of the *Reminiscences of Bernard*, many books relating to the drama, have been published, and have all, in their turn, enjoyed an extensive popularity; still, we hardly imagined that the subject of American Theatricals could have afforded Mr. Dunlap material sufficient for the execution of a work so instructive and entertaining as the one before us. The author has entered upon his labors *con amore*; few have had better opportunities, and none, we are sure, could have made better use of them. But however interesting this work may be to the play-goers of the present time, it is doubly so to those whose recollections, by its perusal, are carried back to those days when the Henrys, the Mortons, and Wignells delighted their youth, when the finimitable Mrs. Merry was in her glory, compared with whom, if we are to believe these "*Laudatores temporis acti*," even Fanny Kemble herself would cease to be considered the unrivalled actress she is now regarded.

It appears, by Mr. Dunlap, that the first regular company of actors arrived in this country in the year 1752, under the management of Mr. William Hallam, and opened at Williamsburgh, then the capital of Virginia, with *The Merchant of Venice*; thus, as Mr. Dunlap observes, 'Shakspeare had the first place in time, as in merit, as the dramatist of the Western World. The company met with a generous reception from the warm-hearted Virginians; and afterwards played with much success in several of the Southern cities. On proceeding

northward, they met with much opposition in Philadelphia, from the followers of Penn, and were, from that circumstance, prevented from playing in our sister city until a later period. On the 17th September, 1753, the first theatrical representation took place in the city of New-York, by special permission of the Governor, but, for reasons which are not stated by Mr. Dunlap, the performances of the company in New-York were closed on the 18th of March of the succeeding year. Negotiations were then entered into with several gentlemen of Philadelphia, and the result was that "the players" made their first appearance in that city in April, 1754; they, however, met with great opposition, and as Mr. Dunlap observes, "Pamphlets were published and distributed gratis, during the whole theatrical campaign, and every effort made to show the evils attendant on plays, players, and playhouses." But in vain, the followers of Penn were forced to submit, and the company performed with great success; their stay, however, in Philadelphia was short. They soon after departed for the Island of Jamaica; their absence was not long, for we find them shortly after on their return to New-York. Lewis Hallam, their manager and leader, died in the West Indies, and was succeeded by one David Douglass, who married his widow, and arrived with his company in our city. This gentleman appears to have acted with much energy, he caused a new theatre to be built on Cruger's wharf, between what are now called Old Slip and Coffee-house Slip, but in consequence of having neglected to obtain magisterial permission, he was prohibited for some time from opening his house. At length, after much solicitation, he was allowed to perform thirteen nights, but on the expiration of their allotted time, although they played with much success, the company departed, and again opened in Philadelphia, in a new theatre built expressly for them. Between 1759 and 1761 our players were engaged in performing at Newport, Williamsburgh, Annapolis, and Perth-Amboy; in this last year, however, the company returned to New-York, and commenced playing in a new theatre in Beekman-street, but here, as usual, their performances were limited to a few nights. From this time, until 1767, we hear little of them, they went their rounds on this continent and the English West-India Islands. We may remark, *en passant*, that the first American drama on record was written by Thomas Godfrey, of Philadelphia, and was entitled "The Prince of Parthia," of its merits we have no information; it was

never performed. In the summer of 1767, the Theatre in John-street, was built and opened by this same company, on the 7th of December of that year, with Farquar's comedy of the "Beaux' Stratagem," and Garrick's "Lethe," a farce which appears to have been, at that time, a great favorite. This theatre was situated on the north side of John-street, opposite to the present Arcade, and was the scene of all the glories of the old American company. We pass over the constant perambulations of the corps throughout the country, which are detailed at length by Mr. Dunlap.

On the 24th of October, 1774, the first Congress passed a resolution discountenancing "extravagance and dissipation, among which they included theatres and acting of plays." The company then migrated to the West-Indies, and did not return until after the conclusion of the revolutionary war. The city of New-York, however, was not during that time deprived of theatrical amusements; the English officers then quartered here enrolled themselves into a company, and commenced the performance of plays in the John-street theatre; following, as it appears, in the steps of their Boston brethren.

"The military Thespians began their transatlantic histrionic career in Boston, as well as their less brilliant career of arms. As no theatre had been built in the town of Boston, some place admitting of the change must have been fitted up as such. The accomplished Burgoyne, who commenced dramatic author in 1775, by the 'Maid of the Oaks,' now produced his second drama in that strong hold of Puritanism and unconquerable liberty; and the 'Heires' was preceded by a farce called the 'Blockade of Boston,' doubtless intended to ridicule the Yankees, who then held the soldiers of Britain cooped up on that narrow neck of land, protected by their ships; soon after expelled them with disgrace; and subsequently received the surrendered sword of the unfortunate poet on the meadow of Saratoga; as dear to us as the *Runnimeade* to our English forefathers.

"It is remembered, that while the officers were performing Burgoyne's farce, an alarm was given that the rebels had assaulted the lines, and when a sergeant entered and announced the fact, the audience supposing his words, 'The rebels have attacked the lines on the Neck,' belonged to the farce, applauded the very natural acting of the man, and were not disturbed until successive *encores* convinced them that it was not to the play that the words, however apropos, belonged, and that the prompter of the speaker was not behind the scenes, but behind the trenches. This was, as far as is known, the second drama written in America, and the first, so written, that was performed, although not by professors of the art histrionic, but amateurs. Another piece in

a dramatic form was published about this time, and perhaps ought to take chronological precedence. It bears no date, but as it was printed by James Rivington, in New-York evidently previous to the occupation of that city by the British, and purports to have been originally printed in 'New-England,' it must have been published as soon, if not before 'The Blockade of Boston' was played by the British officers. That it was written before hostilities commenced, its politics and whole scope and tendency evince. Though its form is dramatic, it was not intended for representation, but by its humor and satire to attract readers and gain proselytes to the cause of royalty or toryism. It is entitled 'The Americans Roused, or a Cure for the Spleen,' and the dramatis personæ are Sharp, a country Parson, Bumper, a country Justice, Fillpot, an Innkeeper, Graveairs, a Deacon, Trim, a Barber, Brim, a Quaker, and Puff, a late Representative."

To resume, the house in John-street was now called the Theatre Royal, and the company of officers performed with great success during their stay in this city. On the 12th of December, 1796, Hallam and Henry opened the John-street theatre, with a regular company, and now the drama may be said to have taken a permanent foothold in the city of New-York. Mr. Dunlap thus characterizes some of the principal performers.

Mr. John Henry was full six feet in height, and had been uncommonly handsome. He played Othello better, we believe, than any man had done before him in America; it is recorded that he wore 'the uniform of a British general officer, his face black, and hair woolly.' This must not appear strange, however improper, for the writer saw John Kemble, in 1786-7, play the Moor (Mrs. Siddons the Desdemona) in a suit of modern military of scarlet and gold lace, coat, waistcoat, and breeches; he wore white silk stockings, his face was black, and his hair (not woolly, but long and black) was cued in the military fashion of the day. Bensley played Iago, and very well, in a modern suit of blue and red. Thus Mr. Henry dressed in the manner of his cotemporaries. He was at this time a victim to the gout. His Irishmen were very fine, and he had great merit in serious and pathetic fathers. Of the merits of Mr. Hallam we have repeatedly spoken. In person he was of middle stature or above, thin, straight, and well taught as a dancer and fencer. In learning the latter accomplishment, he had received a hurt in the corner of one of his eyes, which gave a slight cast, a scarcely perceptible but odd expression to it in some points of view; generally, his face was well adapted to his profession, particularly in comedy. Biddle was an actor merely decent. Harper, who was then considered handsome, was marked with the small-pox, had expressive eyes and fine teeth. Woods, formerly the singer of the company, was now old, and of little value as a player; he was a gentlemanly, modest, and honest man. Wig-

nell was a man below the ordinary height, with a slight stoop of the shoulders; he was athletic, with handsomely formed lower extremities, the knees a little curved outwards, and feet remarkably small. His large blue eyes were rich in expression, and his comedy was luxuriant in humor, but always faithful to his author. He was a comic actor, not a buffoon. He was a clown who did not speak more than was set down in his part. The vice of impudently altering and adding to an author, has always existed, and is increasing in proportion to the increase of our theatres and the decline of the drama. In proportion as plays are worthless, players will foist in their own nonsense to amuse the auditors of worthless plays; but if the drama is to be supported or revived, the practice must meet the reprehension of managers and audience. Mr. Wignell's taste was too good to permit his falling into such an error. Ryan was passable, and Lake merely bearable."

From the following it will be seen that Washington was a frequent spectator of the performances of this company, and on one occasion an interesting scene took place.

"When Wignell took his benefit this year, he requested something from the author of the 'Father of an Only Child,' and the character of Darby in the 'Poor Soldier,' in which he was as popular in America, as Edwin was in England, suggested an Interlude, in which Darby, after various adventures in Europe and in the United States, returns to Ireland and recounts the sights he had seen. This trifle was called 'Darby's Return,' and was for years extremely popular, and several times published. The remembrance of this performance is rendered pleasing from the recollection of the pleasure evinced by the first president of the United States, the immortal Washington, who attended its representation. The eyes of the audience were frequently bent on his countenance, and to watch the emotions produced by any particular passage upon him was the simultaneous employment of all. When Wignell, as Darby, recounts what had befallen him in America, in New-York, at the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the inauguration of the president, the interest expressed by the audience in the looks and changes of countenance of this great man, became intense. He smiled at these lines alluding to the change in the government—

'There too I saw some mighty pretty shows;
A revolution, without blood or blows,
For, as I understood, the cunning elites,
The people, all revolved from themselves.'

"But at the lines,

'A man who sought to free the land from me,
Like me, had left his farm, a soldiering to go.
But having gain'd his point, he had, like me,
Return'd his own potatoe ground to see.
But there he could not rest. With our accord
He's call'd to be a kind of—not a lord—
I don't know what, he's not a great man sure,
For poor men love him just as he were poor.
They love like a father, or a brother,

DERMOG.

As we poor Irishmen love one another.'

The president looked serious; and when Kathleen asked,

'How looked he, Darby? Was he short or tall?'

his countenance showed embarrassment, from the expectation of one of those eulogiums which he had been obliged to hear on many public occasions, and which must doubtless have been a severe trial to his feelings; but Darby's answer that he had *not seen him*, because he had mistaken a man 'all lace and glitter, botherum and shine' for him until all the show had passed, relieved the hero from apprehension of further personality, and he indulged in that which was with him extremely rare, a hearty laugh."

We would much like to follow Mr. Dunlap through the whole of this interesting work, but our limits forbid. We give some extracts at random which we had marked for quotation. His account of Hodgkinson and his wife, both of whom were great favourites with the play-goers of the day.

"This physiognomy was capable of varied expression, and with the unbounded animal spirits of the possessor, and skill in the stage toilette, Hodgkinson passed for handsome, and undoubtedly had the power of expressing every thing but the delicate or the sublime. He had great physical strength, and a memory capable of receiving and retaining the words of an author to an extent that was truly astonishing. What is called, in the technical language of the theatre, 'a length,' is forty lines. A *part* in a play is calculated by the number of *lengths*, and twenty is a long part. Hodgkinson would read over a new part of twenty lengths, and lay it aside until the night before he was to play it, attending the rehearsals meantime, then sit up pretty late to *study* it, as it is called, and the next morning, at rehearsal, repeat every word and prompt others. His ambition for play-house applause was inordinate, and he was as rapacious for characters as Bonaparte has since been for kingdoms.

As an actor he deserved great praise, and was at that time the delight of the New-York audiences. From Jaffier to Dionysius, from Vapid to Shelly, he was the favourite, and was received with unbounded applause. His ear for music was good. He had cultivated the art. He sung both serious and comic songs. From the Haunted Tower to the Highland Reel, no one pleased so much as Hodgkinson."

From this it will be seen that Hodgkinson was an actor of singularly varied powers. Like Garrick and Henderson, the tragic and the comic muse seem to have contended for the possession of his person. Of Mrs. Hodgkinson our author thus speaks.

"As an actress in girls and romps she was truly excellent. In high comedy she was far above mediocrity, and even in tragedy she possessed much merit. In Ophelia she was

touching in a powerful degree, as her singing gave her advantages in this character which tragic actresses do not usually possess. Her forte was opera. From her father she had derived instructions; and her husband's practice on the violin continued to improve her in knowledge in this branch of her profession. Her voice, both in speaking and singing, was powerful and sweet.

"Mrs. Hodgkinson was very fair, with blue eyes, and yellow hair approaching to the flaxen. Her nose was prominent or Roman; her visage oval, and rather long for her stature, which was below the middling. Her general carriage on the stage was suited to the character she performed; and in romps, full of archness, playfulness, and girlish simplicity. As a general actress, she was as valuable in female as her husband was in male characters."

From this work also we learn that the Tammany Society once condescended to bestow their patronage on a tragedy bearing the name of their tutelary saint; the play, though a regularly nominated candidate for the favor of the public, failed to obtain that success which this circumstance now-a-days ensures. We extract the following spirited description of a scene enacted before the curtain on the 26th of November, 1793.

"One of the side boxes was filled by French officers from the ships of war in the harbor. The opposite box was filled with American officers. All were in their uniforms as dressed for the rejoicing day. French officers and soldier-sailors (we find the expression in a note made at the time), and many of the New-York militia, artillery, infantry, and dragoons, mingled with the crowd in the pit. The house was early filled. As soon as the musicians appeared in the orchestra, there was a general call for '*ça ira*.' The band struck up. The French in the pit joined first, and then the whole audience. Next followed the Marseillois Hymn. The audience stood up. The French took off their hats and sung in a full and solemn chorus. The Americans applauded by gestures and clapping of hands. We can yet recall the figure and voice of one Frenchman, who, standing on a bench in the pit, sung this solemn patriotic song with a clear loud voice, while his fine many frame seemed to swell with the enthusiasm of the moment. The hymn ended, shouts of '*Vivent les Français*,' '*Vivent les Americains*,' were reiterated until the curtain drew up, and all was silent."

In 1796, Mrs. Merry, then late Miss Brunton, and Mr. Cooper, then a youth of twenty, arrived in this country; the former had been a prodigious favorite at home, and had played successfully in opposition to Mrs. Siddons. Mrs. Merry was, perhaps, the greatest actress America has ever seen. Mr. Dunlap has an exceedingly interesting memoir of Mr. Cooper, which its

length only prevents our giving. Of Mrs. Johnson, the mother of *our* Mrs. Hilson, the author thus speaks.

"Mrs. Johnson was a tall, elegant, beautiful young woman, whose taste in dress made her a model for the belles of the city, and whose manners were as fascinating off as on the stage. Her irreproachable character and demeanor rendered her playfulness harmless to herself or others, for the most licentious would see at a glance that he must not approach, in that character, within the circle of her influence. She was almost too tall, yet the spectator did not wish her shorter, and if any movement appeared like an approach to awkwardness, it was only to be attributed to modesty. She had not the self-possession of Miss Farren or Mrs. Merry, though more like the first than the last. She was more beautiful, but not so good an actress as either, and at the time we now speak of, America had not seen so perfect a fine lady in comedy.

"This lady made her first appearance in Mr. Brunton's company, and Mrs. Merry has told the writer that she could not recognise, in the elegant Mrs. Johnson, the tall, awkward girl of that period. She had prudently accepted the hand of Mr. Johnson, much her senior, but one who could protect and instruct her. She lived respected and esteemed, and after several visits to her native land, she died in America, in the arms of a beloved and most worthy daughter."

By the extracts we have given above, it will be seen that this book is a rich mine of research for those curious in theatrical history; valuable also as affording a picture of the olden time in New-York. But there is another light in which Mr. Dunlap stands before the public, it is, as the author of fifty-one dramatic productions, nearly all of which have been successfully acted; in one there are the following beautiful verses, which we give as a specimen of the author's powers.

"The snow, which as a feecey mantle falls,
Covering the tender plant, its seeds preserving,
Is spread, alix on hill and lowly vale;
So falls the soul-preserving grace of God,
In equal portions on the rich and poor,
But as the wind drifts thro' the wholesome snow,
Uncovering the lofty hill's proud summit,
And doubly blanketing the lowly vale;
So do the fervent shafts of lawless passion
Sweep from the haughty head Heaven's balmy grace,
And doubly gift the humble."

In taking leave of this delightful work over the pages of which we would willingly linger, were it not that our limits prevent, we cannot let the opportunity pass without giving our hearty approbation to the measures which are in progress to give to Mr. Dunlap a benefit equally complimentary and satisfactory to the one so liberally bestowed on a favorite countryman and brother dramatist. Sure we are that there is no one who has greater claim to such a tribute than he who was

manager of the New-York Theatre for many years, and the author of some of the most popular dramas ever represented on our stage. And when we take into consideration, that Mr. Dunlap's success has by no means been commensurate with his merits; Fortune having played her tricks with him; we cannot but feel that a regard for our native literature requires us promptly again to come forward, and evince that New-York rightly estimates the merits of her literary sons, and that she affords them something more than unsubstantial compliment for real desert.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF BIRDS. With engravings. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 330. Boston.

He who is conversant with birds only as he hears them in a cage, or sees them over a double-barrel percussion, has no idea of the rich stores of entertainment that lie in the study of ornithology; and yet, so winning are the manners of "the people of the woods," that even the careless sportsman will often pause when striding eagerly toward the swamp, which a month's drought has filled with woodcock, to mark how gracefully a ground-sparrow will top the stubble, or a blue-bird poise upon a mullet stork; and who, however kech with his angling-rod, has not often neglected his dobber when trouting, to watch a coxcombical king-fisher, with his haughty crest and splendid plumage, as darting along the brook at one moment, and perched on a dry branch the next, he would plunge upon his prey, and parade his foppish figure with equal spirit and self-complacency.

The delightful pages of Wilson and Audubon, even where they have imparted but little of their own enthusiasm to the reader, have done much toward diffusing a taste for the study of this branch of natural history, and, we doubt not, that the little work before us will contribute its full share toward rendering it more general. The architecture of birds is equally curious and interesting as a matter of investigation, and the author of the present work appears to have brought to it the skill of a naturalist and the patience of a student. His classifications are clear and happy, and he has, with considerable research, availed himself of the best authorities, in bringing forward many singular facts about the habits and peculiarities of birds, as well as the forms, materials, and mode of constructing their nests. Among other curious particulars there is an estimation of the value of the trade in edible birds'-nests, carried on between Java and China, by which it would appear that 5,000,300 tons of shipping, and more than a million of dollars, are annually employed in the traffic, by which the Chinese epicures are supplied with this singular delicacy of the table. We had marked for extract an animated and interesting narrative of the discovery of that magnificent bird, "THE WASHINGTON EAGLE," by Audubon, which is copied entire into the volume, but our limits are already exceeded.

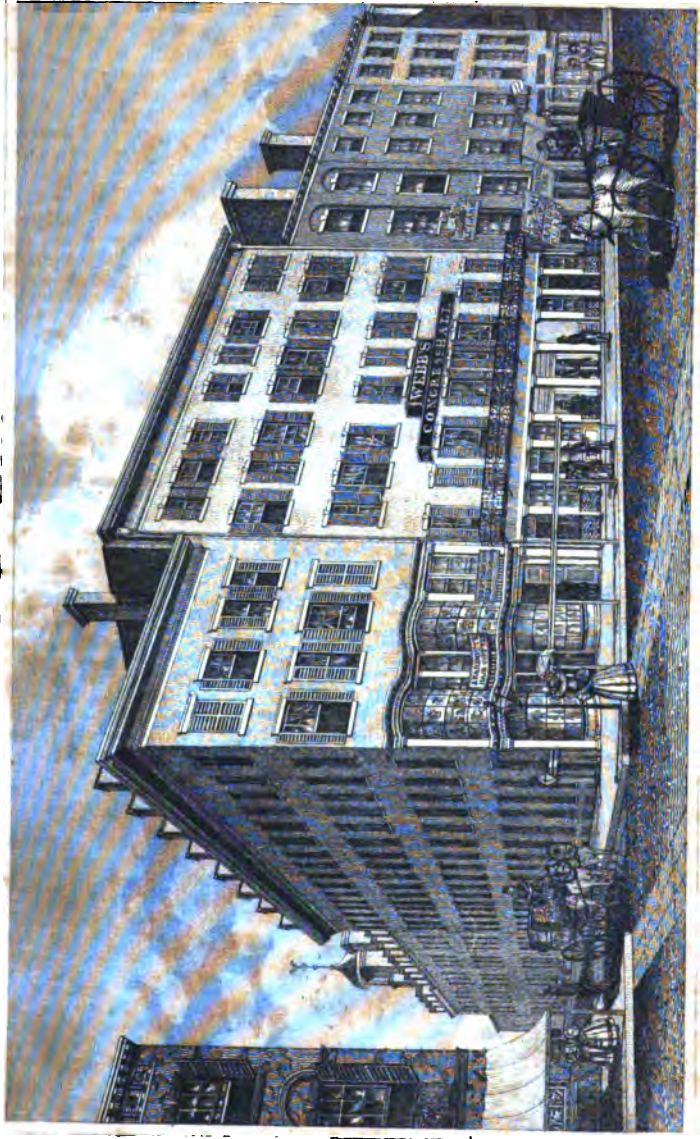
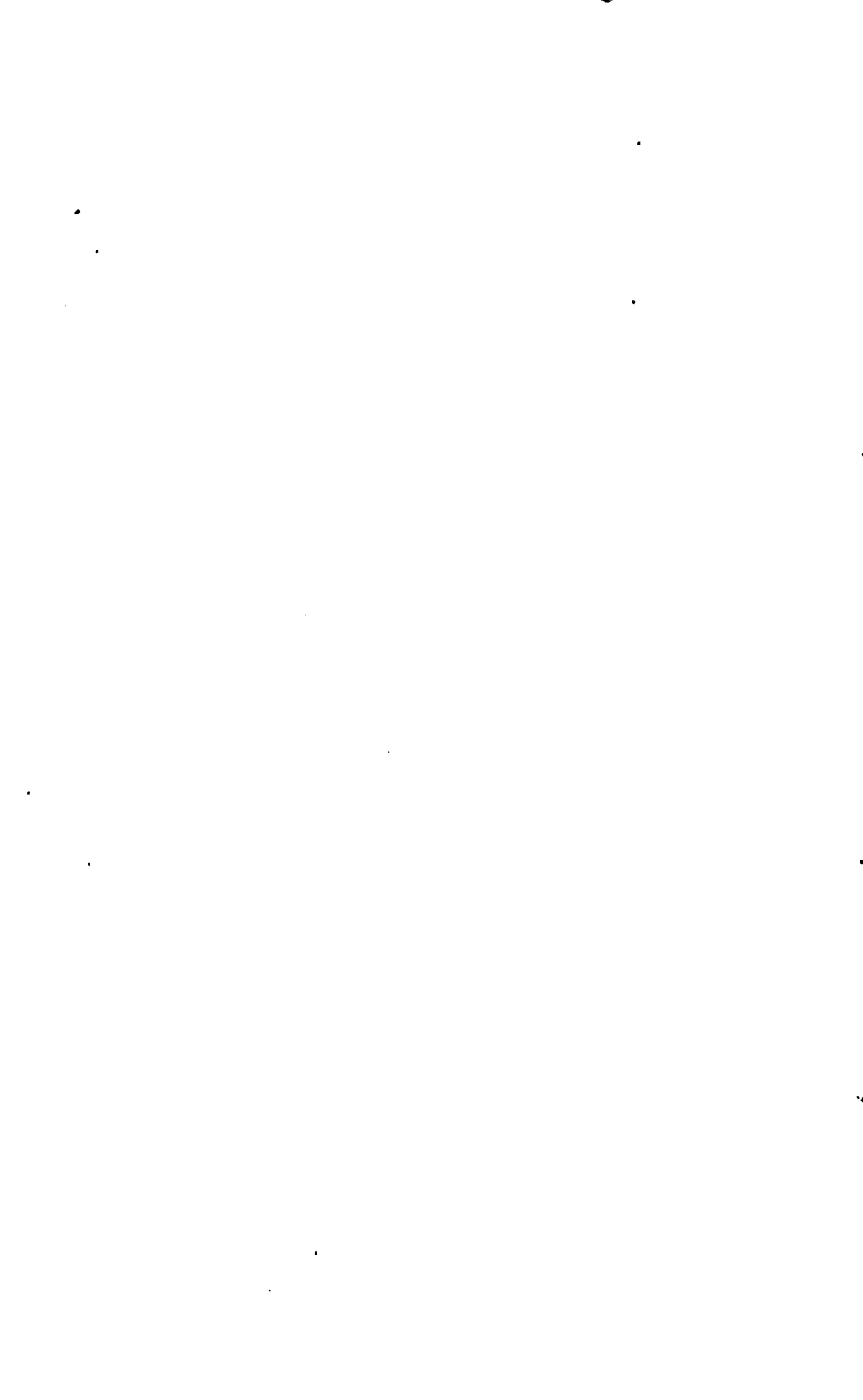


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1856



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STUDIES OF LANGUAGE, NO. III.*

Hebrew.

THOUGH the cultivation of that noble tongue, in which the sublimest works are written, can hardly, from a variety of causes, be expected from men of letters generally, yet we cannot forbear uttering a deep-toned lament over the present inattention to it among theologians. In every state throughout this union we find clergymen of great industry, distinguished powers and controlling influence. In some we find great originality and profound views, and must consider them as among the pioneers in the path of literature and science. Many of them have successfully cultivated a pure English style, and we must say of them what Caxton said of Chaucer, that "he comprehended his matters in short, quick, and high sentences, eschewing perplexity; casting off all the chaff of superfluity, and shewing the picked grain of sentence, uttered by crafty and sugared eloquence." While we step not a foot at present on their debateable ground, we greet them equally of every sect as fellow-laborers with us in this good cause of improvement. But we must say, that the neglect of Hebrew learning by the majority is a source of heartfelt and abiding regret. The love of the modern seems to have superseded that of the great ancient. While they wander with delight through the groves of philosophy, and stray by the streams of our muses, we devoutly wish they would think more of the elder time, and would meditate by the fountains of the holy land, and drink the pure rills that flow from the mount of Zion.

The Hebrew language has preserved, as in an ark, the seminal principles of Jewish life, inspiration and liberty; and we purpose saying something of its *history* and its *value*. It is not worth while to discuss here that interminable question, which language is the

* Having already, in two numbers, illustrated Goethe (and we will resume the subject) under the title of *Horæ Germanicæ*, we intend to give similar critical remarks upon the different languages of the ancient and modern world; and in accordance with this view, instead of the specific "Horæ," have adopted the more comprehensive head of "Studies of Language," which will enable us to embrace a much wider range of topics in this deeply interesting branch of literature, than our original title would seem to allow.—Ed. Knickerbacker.

oldest? for, like a vanishing point, every new proof but fixes another difficulty. The Jews put in their arguments for the Hebrew, and learned lexicographers point to the Chaldee. How far the descendants of Noah, when they settled in Chaldea, used that primitive language, which was said before the dispersion to be the "one lip or speech of all the earth," it will be very difficult to prove. It is very probable that the several stocks of the Shemitic and Japhetic dialects, having one original, retained many words unimpaired in their radical signification; yet the soil, climate, government, arts, trades, and diseases, in any separate community, might introduce so many new trains of thought, as to constitute what would be a new language. This ingrafting is as natural as it is an unavoidable process, and the widest variety is the consequence. Primitive words, such for example, as were used to signify *hand*, יד; *the mouth*, פה; *a tooth*, שן; *fire*, אש; *a tree*, עץ; *a father*, אב; *mother*, אם; we suppose must have been of one syllable.* They have no trilateral roots; and to say they have, would be saying, with Adelung, that the child existed before the parent. The presence of the genuine primitives in any language does not prove that language to be the original one, but being found in Chaldee and Hebrew rather proves both these languages to be recipients from some one anterior. What that one was has not been decided, and never will be, until philology shall determine *à priori*, what an original language must be. The Jews place great reliance on the names in the genealogical tables of Genesis; but whether they are exclusively of Hebrew origin is a question to be first settled. There seems not, to our apprehension, great force in the argument erected on the radical signification of the names of Eve, Cain, Seth, Noah, Reuben, &c. The tracing of cognate dialects discloses more parallelisms than it can establish contrarieties; and therefore the exclusive claim of any one dialect becomes extremely narrowed. But we leave this discussion, and hasten to our work.

The Hebrew language, like most others, derived its name from the people who used it. The nation date from Abram, to whom the cognomen of *the Hebrew* was first applied. This name in the original may be traced from *Heber*, who was great grandson of *Shem*, who is called 'the father of the sons of Heber.' It may also be traced from the same word signifying *to pass over*, in allusion to his coming beyond the Euphrates. It was common in the genealogies of the nomadic tribes to pass from a remote ancestor to a remote descendant, preserving the name of *son* or some traceable appellative; and in like manner they passed from a remote descendant to a remote ancestor, preserving the patriarchal title. Whether the cognomination, *Hebrew*, was assumed by Abraham because he sprang

* V. Michaelis, Rosenmüller, Smith, Gesenius.

from *Heber*, or to commemorate his *passing over* the Euphrates, when he went with his family as a colony to Palestine, cannot be determined. Michælis (*das Mosaische Recht*) adopts the last hypothesis. The surrounding nations called the Israelites *Hebrews*, and they alone are so designated in scripture. At what time the name of the people was first applied to signify their language, is another fact covered by the dim shadows of their antiquity. The earlier records have it not, and no trace exists even as late as the reign of Saul. At the severing of the united kingdom, the dominant tribe, *Judah*, began to give a name to the country; and after the Assyrians under Salmanezer had besieged Samaria and laid prostrate the kingdom of Israel, the Hebrew language gradually assumed the name of *Jehudit*, i. e. Judaic or Jewish. In 2 Kings, xviii. 26, we find this appellation; "talk not with us in the *Jew's* language;" and in Neh. xiii. 24, "and could not speak the *Jew's* language." There was such a mingling of border tribes, that all the precautions to preserve the Israelites a separated people were ineffectual; and we learn the fact of their intercourse with foreigners by the infusion of Arabic and Egyptian terms into their language. We find also some idiomatic phrases among them, which must have come from their northwestern neighbors under Mount Libanus; as well as others which seem to be a mixture of the old Aramæan, and the later Chaldee.*

With the last of the Maccabees the Hebrew ceased to be, in every sense, a living language. But its lovers no sooner saw it expelled from earth than they translated it to heaven. They henceforth devoted it to the homage of God and the service of religion. This with them was its deification; and from this act sprang at last the most crazy theories and the most ridiculous conduct. Because they had baptised it *the holy language*, the people were assured that the angels as well as our first parents used it, and that no prayer was acceptable to God, unless uttered in its sacred syllables; and the people at length did believe, that none but Hebrew accents could penetrate the incumbent clouds and find admittance to the presence-chamber of the Most High. It is a common corruption to leave the spirit and go to the letter; and this was signally illustrated when certain skilful Hebraists supposed the consecrated visual characters contained the power of working miracles. They thought every letter held some wizard agency which could solve, as by a charm, the hardest questions; and that when several of equal potency were united they could countervail the laws of nature. A few of them written on parchment were deemed sufficient not only to cure any seated disease, but to open to the eye of faith the impenetrable future. The nonsense of these philological alchymists did not end here. They

* V. Eichhom, Gesenius.

maintained that Hebrew words held in solution, if we may so speak, the very nature of things; and Caspar Neumann was satisfied only by maintaining, that the most abstract ideas of space, time, motion, &c. may be expressed by single letters: for example, Aleph, he said, is the symbol of "primary motion and origination;" Beth, of space, capacity;" Gimmel, of "flexion;" Kaph, of "concavity," &c. But the rankest vagary of an idle brain is that of Helmont, who maintained that the organs of articulation were exactly fitted to Hebrew letters, and that the internal conformation of the mouth might be determined by their shape. He imagined he could see the exact process by which a properly accented word would issue from the thorax, and we presume it was to illustrate such arbuticulation that induced him to prefix to his work a portrait of himself standing before a looking-glass, with a pair of compasses thrust into his mouth taking the measurement of his throat! What vast results in other languages may hereafter accrue from such guttural mensuration time only can tell. When shall we see the end of human credulity! It is one of the old enigmas in the history of mind, how veneration for effects takes the place of that for causes. Who could have foreseen that the devoting of the Hebrew language to the service of the synagogue should have so invested its letters with divine attributes, that the blood, life and nature of things should be supposed to flow somehow through their mute dead forms?

This veneration for every word and syllable served to preserve the sacred books in their purity; for they supposed there would be almost an audible shriek from every angular mark in the Pentateuch, if the least excision should ever be attempted. Whether such an evidence of former life was ever actually given by any of them, as was given by the bloody shrub which Æneas plucked up, has never been ascertained.

It has been said the poverty of the Hebrew language is proof against its boasted antiquity. In speaking hereafter of the writers of the Old Testament, we hope this objection will appear unfounded. At present we would merely state, that we possess only remnants of this noble language. We know that we have lost the *Book of Jasher*; also a work entitled, *The Words of Solomon*; also his *one thousand and five songs*. We have lost *The words of Nathan, the Prophet*; *the Book of the Wars of the Lord*, and *the words of Gad, the Seer*; and the present Chronicles are deemed only short extracts from the authorized great Chronicles. But these pieces, though fragments, have become the riches of the world, and like the few remaining models of ancient architecture show conclusively the vastness and beauty of the primitive structure.

The affinity of the Hebrew to the Chaldee, Arabic, Phœnician and other Shemitic dialects, sufficiently proves its high antiquity. The punctuation and accents were introductions of a later date, as is shown

most fully from the Septuagint version, from the Chaldee paraphrases, from the Greek of Aquila, Symmachus and Theodotian, and from the Latin of Jerome. The Jews acknowledge that the book of the law, shewn to the people, had not the points and accents; and that the Samaritan was deficient in vowel marks. The external forms of the letters underwent many changes from the time of Solomon to that of Ezra. The square Chaldee characters, adopted during the captivity, superseded the Phœnician, and Ezra used them in transcribing the ancient records.

While we concede, with modern orientalists, that the genuineness of the particular form in which we have the books of the Old Testament is to be "allowed only in a limited sense," we promptly unite with them in maintaining that the "genuineness of the facts and of the spirit which is peculiar to these books, can by no means be rendered doubtful." We have before mentioned the anxious care and devout scrupulosity of the Jews concerning their scriptures. The principal laws were engraven on stone, and Michaelis argues from instances of caution in preserving inscriptions, that the liability to loss or corruption was very small. Every motive which could make them faithful, existed. They felt themselves to be *the chosen* of Jehovah; and they knew that the laws and institutions established by his prophets were their defence, their glory, and their hope. This single thought was enough to produce a wakefulness which nothing could surprise; and we actually find a holy jealousy on this point, pervading the nation. As the words of God had been embalmed in their memories, so had they been secured for the comfort and guidance of succeeding generations. These records, how far soever they are abstracts from fuller ones, or extensions by Ezra of pre-existent documents, bear the impress of the ages from which they purport to come, as distinctly as the orations of Demosthenes belong to the time of Philip, or those of Cicero to the conspiracy of Cataline. It is the spirit and achievements of an age that give to its records their vital form; because these are the great materials of history; and to have them presented in conflicting positions is fatal to the genuineness of any record. Not on the rolls of history stand documents which more vividly and circumstantially fortify themselves in this way than the books of the Old Testament. Men may forge a number of plausible facts to make a history of any given period, but men cannot forge all the attendant circumstances which actual life connects with a nation's progress; much less can they counterfeit the spirit of that period, the living, moving, and peculiar energy of that people, surrounding it with all its fixtures, conflicts, and glories. "It is not so that men invent." No—the assembled scholars of the world cannot write the history of Moses' legislation, or of Solomon's reign, and omitting every thing which would prove them spurious, take in half the number of facts

and circumstances which prove them in their present forms to have come from those ages.

In pursuing the history of the Hebrew language, it will be often seen how the different sacred books bear the spiritual imprint of the ages wherein they originated, and render the inference plain, that it was the *religion* of the Hebrews which gave to them and their annals the anointing of immortality. Did our limits allow, we would here examine in order the several ages in which the Jews divide their history: viz. '1. patriarchal, the first covenant with God; 2. Moses, and the giving of laws; 3. heroic ages under the Judges, the theocratic republic; 4. the reigns of David and Solomon, the theocratic monarchy; 5. the Prophets, the contest of theocracy with monarchy; 6. the Babylonish exile; 7. the age after their return from captivity.' The order of time in which the prophets exercised their commissions, is as follows: Jonah, 802 years before Christ; Joel, 800; Amos, 787; Hosea, 785; Isaiah, 760; Nahum, 758; Micah, 753; Jeremiah, 631; Zephaniah, 630; Habakkuk, 609; Ezekiel, 595; Obadiah, 587; Daniel, 555; Haggai, 520; Zechariah, 520; Malachi, 397. Tracing the varieties of the language through each of these writers would be desirable, but we shall make only a few remarks on some of them.

The history of a language is but the history of those who have used it. Languages generally have their dawn, their meridian, and their decline; but with the Hebrew the first period is undiscoverable. In the announcement of laws, the recording of facts and composition of hymns by Moses, the language appears in its vigorous maturity. It has been supposed that poetry marks the first progress of a polished nation's history; but here we find prose predominating, and the gravity of pure historic narrative in close union with the fervid language of a prophetic ode. This argues an advance in mental culture, which is not seen in the Greeks till a thousand years afterwards in the time of Herodotus. The purity and power of the Hebrew tongue, as seen in Moses, was preserved for seven hundred years; and it flourished in great prosperity even under the idolatrous reign of Ahaz. Not anarchy or oppression could tempt the Israelites to neglect it. The reigns of the idolatrous kings were seasons of fresh and heartfelt sorrow to the pious Jews, yet amid all these discouragements the females of the country were educated, and the great intellectual men were busy in the work of melioration and reform. These statements may be proved from the triumphal ode of Deborah, and the ardent prayer of Hannah; from the establishment of the school of the prophets, the regular instruction of the people and the strict observance of public worship.

While the language was enjoying its golden age, David brought his contributions to its former richness. He improved it by shewing

its power to express the deepest emotions of the human heart. His hymns partake so fully of his private feelings, that they reflect as in a mirror every feature of the man. No writer in the Old Testament seems like him to have a world within his own affections. Thus distinguished as a poet of the heart, we find in his compositions all the alternations of hope, fear, joy, disappointment, penitence, gratitude, and devotion. If he has less excellence in elegiac and historical, he stands unsurpassed in lyric and moral poetry. To feel the full force of his numbers we must read his own words, and then we shall see the great beauty of construction in Hebrew poetry. As this construction is a striking peculiarity, we will subjoin a short explanation.

The Jews, and particularly David, were fond of music; their singers were numerous and trained to utter musical responses. Their choral chants partook of this peculiarity. The chorus, when assorted and stationed, were ready to answer each other in a moment, as in the following distich :

1st choir—"Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good :
2d choir—"For his mercy endureth forever."

This metre-like form in the lines, though without any of the rhythm and emphasis which are found in Pope and Virgil, was observed with all the care that such artificial construction would require. Lowth calls it *parallelism*. "It is," says Noyes, "a certain equality, resemblance, or parallelism between the members of each period; so that in two lines, or members of the same period, things for the most part answer to things, and words to words, as if fitted to each other by a kind of rule or measure." There are three kinds of parallelism; the first called *synonymous*. This requires the sentiment of one line to be expressed by different but equivalent words, in the next, thus :

"The earth is the Lord's, and all that is therein ;
The world, and they who inhabit it.
He hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods."

In the following lines the first answers to the third, and the second to the fourth :

"As high as are the heavens above the earth,
So great is his mercy to them who revere him ;
As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

There are many varieties of this kind, all shewing the richness of the Hebrew language. The same copiousness of phrase existed very early; for, in Gen. iv. 23, Moses puts into the mouth of an antediluvian poet several lines, beginning—

"Adah and Zillah, hear my voice,
Wives of Lamech, give ear unto my speech."

Second *antithetic*. This is where a sentiment in one line is illustrated by the opposite sentiment in another, thus—

"A wise son maketh glad his father ;
But a foolish son is the grief of his mother."

"The memory of the just is a blessing,
But the name of the wicked shall rot."

This form of construction was fitted to the pithy, epigrammatic sentences of Solomon's proverbs, and there it abounds in some of the sweetest touches of didactic poetry.

Third *synthetic* or *constructive*. In this parallelism the "members of the period answer to each other, not by the repetition of the same image or sentiment, or the opposition of their contraries, but merely by the form of construction, in which word does not answer to word, and sentence to sentence, as equivalent or opposite; but there is a correspondence and equality between different propositions, in respect to the shape and turn of the whole sentence, and of the constructive parts; such as noun answering to noun, verb, to verb, member to member, negative to negative, interrogative to interrogative," thus—

"The law of the Lord is perfect, reviving the soul;
The precepts of the Lord are sure, giving wisdom to the simple.
The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart;
The commandments of the Lord are pure, enlightening the eyes.
The word of the Lord is clean, enduring forever;
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

The varieties under these several heads are almost infinite, and shew conclusively both the capabilities of the language, and the genius of the poet. Connected with this we must mention the fact, that in none of the Hebrew verse can be found the musical rythm, made so conspicuous in the Greek and Latin poets, by the beautiful succession of dactyles and spondees. No settled rules of prosody have yet been discovered, and abandoning all ideas of scanning, the critic must be content with the "the rythm of sentiment." It may be that they had music fitted to every line, in which case the ear would consult the sense, and make the poetic and musical emphases always fall together. Where this is skilfully done the whole force of musical sounds is brought to the aid of religious¹ sentiment. The Hebrew parallelisms have advantages peculiarly their own. They admit of translation. In fact, no prose translation, however careless, can wholly conceal them; while Homer and Virgil translated appear like any other prose. It must have been, we think, a more arduous task to construct the beautiful sacred stanzas according to the antithetic parallelism, than the lines of Homer by his metrical rules.

But what we have here to do is rather with the moral than with the frame of the song; with the matter rather than the manner: and though compelled by the narrowness of our limits to break off just when fairly embarked in our subject, we shall endeavor to do it more justice when bringing this paper to a conclusion in our next number.

LES VÉTÉRANS.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.]

Naguère en des tems de douleur,
 On méconnt nos vieux services,
 Et nous cachions nos cicatrices,
 Fiers témoins de notre valeur.
 On poursuivait par des injures
 Les vainqueurs d'Ulm et de Jéna,
 On disait comme a des parjures
 Ils étaient là.

Ah! they have now almost forgot
 Our service in the bannered wars,
 And we are fain to hide the scars,
 Proud proofs of hearts which wavered not.
 Jena and Ulm can witness how
 Hands nerved to do, hearts throbb'd to dare.
 And yet they say, with scornful brow,
 Oh they were there.

Yes! we were there, for honor there:
 Not for a chief, but France—that name
 Wakes in each heart a filial flame,
 Alike in glory and despair.
 Our mother calls—we fly to shield.
 She bids our blood flow free as air.
 In dark defeat or well won field,
 Still we were there.

Yet all the valiant could not fall,
 And sheltered now will they remain,
 Till France shall summon them again,
 And find them few but fearless all.
 Proud remnant of that host who came
 To shake the nations with despair,
 To renovate thine olden fame,
 We still are there.

To shield our king, to gild his crown,
 In peril's path we boldly move,
 To save a people whom we love.
 To crush a foe who fears our frown.
 And, oh! when honor's voice shall sound,
 That voice shall not be lost in air.
 Our country's living ramparts round,
 We shall be there.

Now we resign those blades that blazed
 Such lightning on the vaunting foe,
 We lay our eagle ensigns low,
 Those meteors on which nations gazed.
 But if our France, if glory high,
 Should summon us, the world shall hear
 Louder than triumph's note our cry,
 Behold us here!

THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

How the subject-theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine—
 Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
 Perhaps turn out a sermon.—BURRA.

THE ancients, though they never flew on a railroad, swam in a steamboat, or soared in a balloon, were, it must be confessed, an amazing clever and ingenious people after all. Indeed, it is among the most provoking things in the world to be reminded every now and then, as we are, how impertinently they have anticipated us, not only, as has been often observed, in saying all our good things before us, but in broaching all kinds of theories and systems to such a degree, that it is almost impossible for modern gleaners in the fields of intellectual invention to find any thing sufficiently new or striking to reward their search. Who would have thought now that "*The Art of Being Happy*," notwithstanding the little advance it has made to perfection, was studied in Greece under the same identical name two thousand years ago! yet such is the case. And, while, like the art of painting on glass which has been recently re-discovered, or the composition of the Greek Fire, which is believed to be lost forever, it laid dormant for centuries, none of us can tell but that the Art of being Happy was as well understood and practised by our progenitors as is lithography, novel-making, or the manufacture of catouchouc bedsteads by our contemporaries. And, assuming that it was so understood and practised, why may not our knowledge of the prevalence of the art in ancient times help to clear up and reconcile a thousand doubtful and incongruous statements which have been huddled down to us as facts. Who can tell for instance, but that skill in the Art of being Happy, may, figuratively speaking, have been the invaluable cosmetic which kept Helen's complexion fresh at sixty, when that famous belle used to flirt with the grand-children of those who waltzed with her before the Argonautic expedition. Or whether old Anacreon, who, by the by, more than one commentator insists, in spite of his capital drinking songs, was at heart a stickler for temperance societies; whether, we say, that long-lived ballad-singer jollifier did not owe his mirth and buoyancy of spirits when a youngster of eighty, to some secret that was never drowned in a bumper—some art more valuable than that of telling the via-

tage of a bottle of Lesbian with the same precision, that the reader would decide between a glass of Chateau of twenty-four and one of twenty-seven.

It is a saddening thing to reflect how much we may have missed by the art of being happy having been so long lost; and the incompetency or carelessness of those to whom its preservation was entrusted can hardly be too severely stigmatized. How many hours of gloom might have been cheered—how many of ennui enlivened: how many a toilsome search after pleasure, and how many repinings at the failure, might have been avoided. How many lovers might have poured the ardor of their natures into channels that would have increased instead of wasting their mental energies; and how many conquerors would have sought some less hurtful path to happiness than over desolated towns, and fields laid bare of vegetation, and heaped with slaughtered bodies and with smoking ruins. How, had not this art been lost—But the casualty is too lamentable and provoking for us to dwell upon it with patience! and so jumping over at once those dark ages in which the learned, like children at blind-man's buff, delight so much to grope about for the fitting vestiges of civilization, we come down to our own enlightened era, when every object worth viewing is as plain as print and gas can make it.

And first we have before us a series of Letters from a Father to his Children,* simply and beautifully written, in which our eloquent countryman, Mr. Flint, has given the pith and substance of the celebrated treatise of Droz on the Art of being Happy, in a form so attractive that we care not to look farther for a text-book upon the subject; and, if the reader will not be deterred from following us by our putting on a long face occasionally, we will read him before he is aware of it the wholesomest homily he has heard in a month—that is, since he read the last number of the Knicker-backer.

We must premise, however, that we neither mean to be very learned nor very original; and adhering entirely to the book before us, as the basis of our observations, we shall not enter into a discussion as to whether the seat of happiness is situated in the heart, according to the vulgar belief, or in a kind of fine net-work lining the region of the præcordia, as some philosophers have thought: or, whether like unhappiness, (or melancholy,) it exists in the head as Salvianus would have us believe when he recommends, (*de re Medic. Lib. 2, Cap. 1,*) “ boring the skull with an instrument to let out the fuliginous vapors,” or in the diaphragm, as Buffon thought, or in the upper orifice of the stomach according to Van Helmont's opinion. This, though we may say in passing, that while Van Helmont, backed by the diners-out' and dyspeptics, two large and powerful classes,—would have it hollow, against his brother philosophers,—the weight of learned authority, at least, is strongest on the side of Salvianus. That is, if the seat of joy and pain, of happiness and unhappiness, be situated in the same part of the human frame. For so religiously did the leeches of former

*The Art of being Happy, from the French of Droz, *sur l'art d'être heureux*, in a series of letters from a father to his children, with observations and comments by Timothy Flint. 1 Vol. Boston.

times believe that the abode of melancholy was in the head, that "searing the crown," (*in vertice cauterium,*) was a remedy continually exhibited by the old practitioners. Among the many instances that might be adduced of the success of such or similar treatment, Gordonius makes mention of a man who was cured of melancholy by having his head cut open with a sword; (*Vidi Romæ—melancholicum qui adhibitis multis remediis sanari non poterat sed cum cranium gladio fractum esset optime sanatus est:*) and Guanerius asserts that he cured a patient of a confirmed melancholy by boring a hole in his skull and leaving it open a month together—(*usque ad duram matrem trepanari fecit et per mensam aperta stetit.*) This, by the way, must be an excessively awkward and unpleasant mode of getting rid of the hypo, and the reader will not hesitate to turn with us from the contemplation of such a process, and cast about for less violent and more agreeable means of escaping from these gloomy influences.

Let us look abroad upon this fair earth and see what sources of delight quicken upon its bounteous bosom. There is good every where, and to him who seeks it in the right spirit each moment does it present itself. It is good to go with the breeze that first travels forth with the morning where the glassy waters are crisped before its coming, and the fresh leaves quiver to its wakening breath—where birds are piping merrily on each bough, and the woodman's axe rings echoing through the forest. It is good to go into the crowded streets of the city, where even the rude jostling of busy men tells of the energy, the enterprise and concerted efforts of civilization—where the light step of many a fair figure speaks a heart whose griefs can fade or be forgotten before the incense of admiring eyes, and where the beggar's blithe whistle tells that he is not always miserable. It is good to go where men are met in public council, and where amid the stormiest discussions of contending factions, the gentle sympathies, the soaring views of our original nature will still steal out. It is good to go into the lonely chamber of the student, and trace his dreams of universal intelligence till they lose themselves in a thousand wild systems of philanthropy, and plans for bettering the condition of mankind. It is good to go by the bed of sickness and mark the kind assiduity that ministers there. Yes, there is good every where—in the haughty mansions of the rich, or the humble dwelling of the poor. Good is the light of morn, that smiles alike in both—and good the tranquil night which makes their lot in dreams the same. Good after storms is the sunny calm that o'er the sea will reign—good, after the opera is an oyster supper—a tumbler of new mulled sherry on a sleigh-ride, or a bottle of forty-year-old Farquhar after dinner. Good for the soldier is the blast of war that heralds fame and glory—good for the merchant the returning peace that brings new life to traffic—good for the husbandman are the kindly rains of heaven—and good for nothing is Manhattan water.

And now, reader, having made it as "plain as a pikestaff," (an ingenious simile by the way, which we could never perfectly understand,) to your senses, that there really is much good—abundant store of happiness in this

calumniated little planet of ours, let us turn to in sober earnest and see how the thing is to be got at.

The systematic pursuit of happiness, like that of any other art, allowing it to be such, involves a thousand inquiries at the outset, all of which at first seem to be essentially connected with its study. But it also, like almost every other object of investigation, may be reached at once through each encumbering obstacle, by minds that would grapple with it in earnest. For we all know that "the thread of our life is of a mingled yarn," where good and ill are closely interwoven: we know, too, that much of that ill is remediless; but in spite of the fearful amount of evil, when we sum up the quantity of vice, disease, misery, and death, which always exist, we can still devise means for so spending life that a large balance of enjoyment may be set ever against it. And thus an inquiry into the pursuit of happiness resolves itself into the simple examination of what portion of the ills of life may be cured—what portion philosophically and piously endured, and what pleasures may be indulged in, heightened and preserved. For it is not true that care, and pain, and sorrow were ever meant to hold alone

This breathing, beautiful world of ours.

It is not true that "this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof," was meant to harbor in but beings bowed with toils oppressive and overwhelming griefs. It is not true that life, short, frail, and uncertain as it is, was only given to cheat us with illusion and to mock with hope. It is only our perverted imaginations, our misapplied faculties, our ill-regulated passions, our cold and sterile hearts, that invest life with gloom, waste our opportunities of enjoyment, and teach us to undervalue the fugitive pleasures of existence. The beneficence of heaven is as apparent in the susceptibilities it has given us for delight, as in the materials for enjoyment by which it has surrounded us; and though the preacher too often not content with wrapping the tomb with horror, would shade the pathway to it with gloom, there is nothing in the religion his zeal perverts to chill the flow of gladness, or dim the brightness of one happy hour. But man, weak man, erring in himself, and deformed in soul by the gathered errors of centuries, charges to his Maker the misery he brings upon himself, and torments his brother to join with him in depreciating the goodness of Providence.

Such is the view of life taken by the philosophical Droz and his able commentator, and such must it present itself to every candid mind that reflects upon this much abused world and its conditions, and sees how men tamper with the rich gifts of heaven, and turn its mercies into chastisements.

If there be any feature in the human mind more vividly and indelibly stamped there than others, it is that of waywardness, of inveterate perversity of disposition. But mischievous as is the effect of this mental obliquity in each individual mind, it bears no proportion to the ill caused by its collective and propagative power. It is from this cause that more than half the suffering and sorrow that each individual endures is of his own procuring; and, as the able commentator on the work before us

observes, there is hardly a doubt, not only that it might have been avoided, but that positive good might have been substituted in its place. 'An inconceivable mass of evil,' he justly urges, would be at once struck from the sum, if uniform and consistent education would free us from the innumerable errors of opinion, the injurious habits and servile conformity to established and prescribed prejudices, which now cloud our perceptions of real good, destroy the force of character necessary to resist evil, and deprive us of that resignation which would enable us to endure it. "Consider," says the eloquent writer whose work is the basis of this paper, "consider, one single evil—fear, unnecessary fear, an entirely gratuitous infusion of bitterness in the cup of life. I ask the man who has seen fourscore winters to tell me, were all that he has suffered in his pilgrimage cast into one account, what would be the greatest item in the sum? I believe that almost every one might answer, that more than one half might be charged to one single source of suffering, fear:—fear of opinion, reproach, shame, poverty, pain, danger, disease, and death." It is true that philosophers tell us that fear is an instinct, and as such is given to put us on our guard to avoid evil. But, as our author asks, of all that we have suffered from fear, "what portion has been of any service in shielding us from that which we apprehended? Not only have we avoided no evil in consequence, but the enervating indulgence of this passion has taken from us our quickness of foresight, our coolness of deliberation, our firmness of action and resolve—by the exercise of which we might have escaped all that we dreaded." While we may calculate, then, that "every pang we have suffered from this one source has been just so much gratuitous agony," we can readily conceive what a quantity of pain has accrued to us from other sources of artificial ill, developed and kept alive by precept, education, and example. It will not be wondered at, therefore, if one of the first principles laid down in the art of which we treat, is—that 'implicitly to copy the expressions and habits of the multitude, precludes all pursuit of happiness by system.'

Every sensible person will of course desire to avoid incurring the imputation of eccentricity. But he who allows his life to be wholly fashioned and directed by the amusements, the whims and prejudices of general society, only swells the sluggish sea of ennui, by adding his own tributary of discontent to the thousand streams of unhappiness that are flowing into it from around him. "If," says the intelligent editor of Droz, "if certain modes appear to me, after the most deliberate examination, conducive to my happiness, why should I be deterred from adopting them, because I am not countenanced by the general opinion and example of a crowd, each individual of which I should altogether reject as a teacher and an example? If I avow that the ten thousand in all time have formed the most erroneous judgments, touching the wisdom of human pursuits, why should I continue blindly to copy their errors? He is certainly the most fortunate man who, if an exact account of his sensations and thoughts could be cast into a sum at his last hour, would be found to have enjoyed the greatest number of agreeable moments, pleasurable sensations, and happy reflections. If to court retirement, repose, the regulation of the desires and

passions, and the cultivation of those affections which are best nurtured in the shade, be the most certain route to happiness, why should I be swayed from choosing that path by the suggestions of ambition, avarice, and the spirit of the world which enjoin the common course?" Yet every one in some degree gives in to the abject thralldom, and instead of examining into the actual condition of our being and conforming our thoughts and habits by the immutable laws of nature, and shaping our course by the unerring dictates of religion, we are slaves, not only to the world, to the ignorance, prejudices, and passions of our own generation, but in some degree to those of all that have gone before. "How much vile hypocrisy," exclaims our author, "does this slavery which covers society with a vast mask of semblance engender? Contemplate the routine of all the professions which we make and infringe in a single day, in the manifest violation of our inward thought and belief, and we must admit that the world agrees to enact a general lie, alike deceiving and deceived, through terror of being first to revolt against the thralldom of opinion. The very persons too, who cherish the profoundest secret contempt for the judgment of the multitude, are generally the loudest and the first in decrying any departure from the standard of public opinion, almost as an immorality." And thus do we grow old in unhappiness, without ever dreaming of revolting against a tyranny that is not the less grievous that, like the atmosphere, it surrounds us on every side and presses alike upon all.

The first, the all-important step, then, in the art of being happy, is to emancipate ourselves from this servitude; and while on the one side we must shun setting at defiance those received ideas and usages which Droz is among the first to admit, exercise a salutary sway in repressing the influence of the impudent and the abandoned, we must cultivate on the other that calm and reflecting independence, that unshaken firmness in encountering vulgar prejudice which his clear-minded commentator, with all who have written upon kindred subjects, set forth as the evidence of strong character, fearless thinking, and capability of self-direction. We may then, without severing one healthful link that binds us to our fellows, examine successfully our individual capabilities of enjoyment, and keeping continually in view those consequences which from age to age have proclaimed that the moral and physical laws of our nature can never be violated with impunity; cultivate to the utmost each susceptibility of innocent enjoyment with which Providence may have blessed us.

Upon the variety of good to be met with every where in the external world, by him who seeks it in the right spirit, we have already expatiated; but plenteous as are these sources of delight, neither they nor the thousand objects of pleasure that we successively seek and abandon, can compare with that internal alchemy of the soul which enables us to convert the most indifferent things into objects of gratification. Who has not often remarked the totally different light in which life has presented itself to him when he closed his eyes at night, with not a sigh for the past nor a murmur for the present, and many a bright hope for the future, and when he awoke in the morning, discontented with the world around him, and finding

no refuge for his thoughts in either memory or anticipation—yet all the change occurring without one incident having in the meantime transpired to affect his condition ; who can reflect for a moment upon this familiar phenomenon of our minds and then doubt that happiness is seated in the soul, and by no means essentially dependent upon external circumstances ? or that if just and permanent views of life be once so planted in our breasts as not to totter beneath the gusts of wayward imagination, or the operation of every trivial incident, these clouds will cease to gather over existence and life—barring its inevitable ills, will always appear bright as it now shows only at intervals ?

The art of being happy then would seem to lie at last but in the vigorous exercise of our reason, and implicit obedience to its dictates : and without bewildering our minds with bootless discussions why or whence we were sent here, we should first examine, with all our faculties, what is best to be done while we remain ; what evils threaten, and what good may be enjoyed, and to what extent an avoidance of the one and an indulgence in the other is compatible with our duties to Heaven. The result once arrived at,—and so plainly is the will of Providence written abroad upon the earth, that it may be attained by the most ordinary mind—it should be buried deep in the breast as a vital principle of action—a beacon to regulate our course amid the shoals and quicksands of the world, and a harbor to shelter us from its storms ; a fortress from which we can wage war upon our own passions, and a fastness to which we can retire when assailed by those of others.

What are the lures of vanity or the baubles of ambition to him whose mind is thus enriched with a jewel whose value the fluctuating fashions of the world cannot affect—whose heart is thus freshened with an ever salient spring of pleasure, which, unlike the ordinary fountains of delight, will never pour its waters in an ungrateful channel, nor expose them to flow back turbid and embittered into the source whence they sprung ? The empire of the soul is his—those realms of reflection which, though peopled with the minds of many, may still be swayed by one—and enthroned upon his own free thoughts, he looks abroad unblenchingly upon the world, with an eye undazzled by its pomp, and a heart that never quails beneath its powers. Pleasure—the pleasures of the multitude he knows is but another name for slavery ; and Fame—that false divinity, who so often hangs out her mocking wreaths for the new in life, and binds her real fillets around the brow of the dying, as victims are crowned with flowers at the moment of their immolation—Fame has no garlands that can make him pine for their possession ; for he finds an endless source of enjoyment in exploring those stores of good around him, which, insignificant as they are in comparison with the treasures of a Great Benificence that abound through the universe, are more than sufficient to employ our noblest faculties in their contemplation ; and he knows that in appropriating the means of happiness, which the many permit to remain sealed, or allow others to pervert when discovered, lies the true *Art of being Happy*.

RUNNING AGAINST TIME.

A TALE.

[BY J. K. PAULDING.]

I once knew a young fellow of the name of Jack Hastie, who for a long time puzzled me more than any person I ever met with. He seemed the most busy, indefatigable man in the world; he was always in motion, and walked as if for a wager. In short, every body considered him in a fair way of making his fortune and arriving at great distinction in this world.

But every body was disappointed in Jack Hastie. Though apparently forever in haste, he was always a day after the fair. An old and well established merchant, uncle to Jack, being desirous at the age of threescore and ten to retire into the country for the purpose of spending the rest of his days in the enjoyment of rural felicity, determined to resign his business to his son and nephew. Accordingly he sent to the latter, desiring him to call at his house at eight o'clock precisely the next morning. Jack rose betimes, but found, to his great mortification, that he was almost a full hour too late; so he made such haste to fulfil his appointment, that he walked against an old woman's basket of eggs and broke six dozen at least. But notwithstanding his haste, he arrived too late; the old uncle, who for more than forty years had regulated his clock by his motions, instead of his motions by his clock, saluted him as follows:

"So, young man, you are come at last, and you may go back again as soon as you please. A fellow that is always behind Time, will never overtake Fortune. I shall seek another partner for my son."

Jack lost his chance of settling in business, and besides this, was prosecuted—not unto death—but what was nearly as bad, in the Mayor's court, by the old woman, and besides paying for the eggs, paid the costs of suit, which amounted to more than the price of as many beautiful chickens as ever flew into glory. He went home in such haste from his uncle's, that every body said, "What a driving, industrious young fellow is Jack Hastie!"

The old uncle having denounced Jack as utterly unfit for a merchant, it was necessary for him to look out for some other mode of attaining to fortune and distinction. He determined to study the Law, which being the slowest of all possible things except a snail, he thought he could keep up with without difficulty. He accordingly entered the office of an eminent counsellor, who, although a very good natured man, would admit of delays in nothing but the law. Jack came fuming into the office every morning in the greatest possible hurry, puffing and blowing, like one of the young gentlemen of the boat club after a hard row; but though he came in such haste, it

was remarkable that he was always after his time. The counsellor at last got out of all patience, a thing very remarkable in a man who had patiently followed the law so long.

"Mr. Hastie," said he, "it is very extraordinary that though you appear to be in such a great hurry to come to the office, you never get here in time. I wish you would use a little less haste, and perhaps you may get here a little sooner. *Festina lente*, as Cicero says."

"Augustus Cæsar," replied Jack,

"Well, well—I believe—now I recollect it was Augustus Cæsar—but I wish you would adopt the method I recommend to get here sooner."

"I'll try," said Jack—but the next day he was two hours behind instead of one, and the counsellor recommended him to return to his old system of puffing and blowing.

At length Jack's time was out, and he was prepared for examination. It took him however a year longer than the usual term. Having a day or two to spare, he thought he would recreate himself with a little trip to West Point, to enjoy its pure air, charming prospects, and taste a bottle of Mr. Cozzen's excellent sherry. The day it was necessary to return to town for examination, he sat very cosily tossing his glass, when the alarm bell rung the approach of the steam-boat, and they all but Jack left the table to get ready. He was certain there was plenty of time, and acted on this maxim so long, that a servant told him if he did not make haste he would lose his passage. Then he bestirred himself with his usual alacrity, and never man "made tracks," as they say in the west, down that winding and labyrinthian path leading from the hotel to the wharf, as did Jack Hastie. He ran against three projecting rocks, half a dozen young saplings, slid ten yards at a time, and finally wound up by pitching head foremost against one of the Cold Spring boatmen, who pitched into the river, and drank such a draught of pure water as he never swallowed in his life before. But all would not do; he was just thirty-six seconds too late, and an old lady who had witnessed his descent down the hill could not help saying to her husband—"I pity that poor young man for being left; for I dare say he has some particular business, and he made such haste as I never saw before."

"Hum," replied he; "it is not always those who make the greatest haste make the most of their time."

Jack stood on the wharf almost wishing the steam-boat might blow up or break down, in order to reconcile him to his disappointment, though every candid person will acquit the steam-boat of all blame in the business. However this may be, he was obliged to atone to the boatman for making him drink so much water, by treating him to an equal quantity of the creature, which in sweet Ireland is called "Mountain Dew," and is qualified by mixing one

glass with another of the same. But this was not the worst; there was no other opportunity that day, and Jack did not arrive in town time enough for the examination. This put him back a whole term and it has been surmised, lost him at least the distant prospect of a suit at law, which his cousin, the merchant, had kept waiting for him. But his old uncle, who had become disgusted with rural felicity, and returned to business again, insisted on his giving it to some one who never lost his passage in a steam-boat.

"The fellow will never be able to keep up with the law, slow as it is," said he, "and will lose a term oftener than he will gain a suit, I'll answer for it."

Jack however got his license at last, and it was observed that though he came to his office in a fume of impatience, it was always after every body else in the house; for it is to be noted, that there were six lawyers, three brokers, a printer, and a lottery office keeper all in the same building, besides a boot black in the cellar.

It was a refreshing sight to see the exemplary patience with which Jack sat in his office, with his feet against the jamb, and a segar in his mouth, studying the institutes of the Waverley novels, and waiting for a suit, with ten times the patience of a young lady waiting to be suited. At last a friend came with a suit, that, if properly conducted, would have eventually led him on to distinction and fortune; for it was one of great consequence, and nothing but the friendship of the gentleman would have induced him to employ Jack on the occasion. He came to Jack's office in the morning, before his office was open, and being under circumstances that forbade his waiting, departed in search of Jack's old master who misquoted Cicero, to whom he committed the management of his business. Fifteen minutes after, Jack came as usual in a great hurry, and opened his shop; but he might as well have come fifteen years after, for that matter.

At last, Providence in its wrath actually sent him a suit, which Jack managed eminently well. He carried all the papers about sticking out of his pocket—fidgetted about the courts and the offices like a hen with one chicken, and managed so admirably, that after losing three terms by not being ready, he at length lost his suit by coming into court all in a perspiration and out of breath, just one hour after it had been called.

"You have been non-suited, Mr. Hastie," said the judge, and the consequence was, Jack lost his suit, his fees, and the confidence of every client on the face of the earth.

Thus he went on, always in a hurry, yet every day losing opportunities of bettering his fortune, until by degrees he became a pattern of a gentleman running to seed. In short, he went down hill almost as fast as when he lost his passage in the steam-boat. To make an end of my story, and come to the cream of it as quick as possible,—

I lately saw him, in a great hurry, as usual, with all the marks of one that had seen better days, enter the shop of a bookseller, to tell him he had decided to accept of the job he had spoken of yesterday.

"You are too late, Mr. Hastie," said the bookseller; "you were to give me an answer at nine—it is now ten o'clock, and I have just employed another person."

Poor Jack! my heart smote me to see him, and I followed, with the offer of my services so far as money was concerned. He accepted a trifle, and I returned to the bookseller, an old shrewd tradesman, such as used to be common fifty years ago, but are rather scarce at present.

"That poor fellow," said I, "is one of the greatest riddles I ever met with. He is the most active, industrious man in the world; he seems always busy driving about and doing something, yet see what he has come to. I cannot account for his misfortunes."

"I can," said the bookseller; "he loses an hour every morning, and all the rest of the day is spent in trying to overtake it."

VAGARIES OF A HUMORIST.—No. I.

—I may stand alone,
But would not change my free thoughts for a throne."—BYRON.

Had the glorious fellow never written but those two lines, I should have worshipped him. For Heaven that hath denied me the sober judgment which attempts other men's minds, hath made it a delight for me to revel in the wild fancies that career through mine; and sombre or gay, bitter or joyous, there is not a thought ever rises in my bosom, but owes half its piquancy, if pleasurable, and loses half its poignancy, if painful, from the license with which it ranges through the free domains where it is born. What to me are the musty dogmas of pedants? what to me the fantastic dicta of fashion. Free—free as the steed of the desert that knows no burthen—free as the breeze of the prairie, that is loaded only with the scent of flowers, my thoughts go forth when they will, linger where they list, and return only to the chamber of my brain, to travel out again unfettered as before.

I divide mankind into four classes. The first, and smallest, is that of original thinkers; the second is composed of those who think in masses; the third, of those who have their thinking, like their washing, *done out*; and the fourth embraces all those who take no heed of thought at all. Those who come under the first head are generally an erratic, intractable set; but like male fish they are indispensable in vivifying and impregnating the inert ideas spawned by others: they are too the growers of the very small quantity of raw material required by the second class to keep up an abundant supply of the manufactured article for their consumers, the third. The first class may be likened to those who discover quarries of

marble which they have not the art to open; the second, to those who get out the stone and hew it into shape; and the third to those who apply the prepared material to the immediate purposes of life. The fourth I do not take into account, as it would be bad economy to waste a word upon those who have not a thought for themselves.

I have not exactly made up my mind as to which of these classes I belong myself. Sometimes I have conceived that I could detect a degree of *idiosyncrasy*—I like a big word—in my mind, a peculiarity of disposition which makes me see familiar matters in a different light from other people, and lay hold of strange things as if they were familiar matters; and then I have with becoming modesty numbered myself with the first. With a little reflection, however, I discovered that half the time when I thought I was “keeping up a devil of a thinking,” I had, as Locke says most men do, “mistaken the pleasure of musing for the labor of thought;” and that an original turn of mind, if I possessed it at all, was with me rather a matter of habit than a gift of nature: and, as a spoilt child, of ordinary capacity, will frequently stumble upon a smart saying, from being allowed to utter every thing that comes into its head, so my mind, if it ever gives birth to original ideas, owes the faculty to a habit of entertaining all kinds of thoughts that find entrance there, and allowing the solemn and the trifling, the worldly and the romantic, the painful and the pleasurable, to sit down together cheek by jowl, at the table of my judgment—just as city dignitaries, ‘strangers of distinction,’ cobblers and militia majors, are jumbled together at a fourth of July corporation dinner. The collision of incongruous thoughts being as favorable to the production of original ideas in the one case as the collection of incongruous company to the exposure of peculiarities of character in the other. Be this as it may, however, I am pretty certain of one result of my mental habits—there is no mannerism in my mind; my opinions are not set in any Procrustean frame-work of my own, nor do they move with those of the mass; and if, in approaching a subject, I do not often make a new trail of thought of my own, yet when I think upon the tracks of other people, it is not on the dusty highroad, which all travel, but in the green lanes where fancy loves to linger, or the by-paths that offer a shorter cut across the country which I would examine.

This seems the height of egotism. So it is; but I have an object in indulging my conceit so broadly. I wish to establish a character for eccentricity in the mind of my reader—if I have one—at once, and then I can go on talking as much at random as I choose, without again startling his propriety by infringing the rules to which, if a regular essayist, he would subject me. My introduction is somewhat blunt at our first meeting; but if he does not like me there need not be a second. I write here for my own amusement, and am not disposed to keep terms with the whims and prejudices of any one else.

I write, I say, for my own amusement; but—the reader, if he choose, may take my word for it—I am not any the less likely on that account to be instructive. The doctrine has become antiquated, that wisdom never pre-

sents herself in company but as a sour looking grandame whose freezing aspect must awe the children of folly into her ways. Rochefoucault's saying, that "gravity is but a mystery of the body to conceal the defects of the mind," was never more generally admitted than in our day; and solemnity of manner is as much out of vogue as the formal wigs with which our forefathers induced their heads to sustain its appearance: nor, while men of letters are no longer arrayed in either the paraphernalia of an English judge or the rags of an Italian beggar, is there any other masquerading dress substituted in their stead. But, while not unfrequently, the same individual can criticise La Place and Pelham with equal point, and read the *Mechanique Céleste*, and determine the proper angle of a shirt collar, with the same accuracy, not all the learning of Leontius Pilatus, backed by the genius of his pupil Boccaccio, could make manners or appearance like his* tolerated in good company. He would be handed over to the Board of Health for lustration, and sent to Communipaw to learn refinement. Society is now perfectly republican in its character, and though sufficiently aristocratic not to tolerate a learned boor, it has also enough democracy in its system to level learned assumption as well as purse proud pomposity, so that it is doubtful whether a literary or a moneyed autocrat—Dr. Johnson or Stephen Girard—would be least obsequiously listened to when usurping a tone of dictation in company. Whether the cause of learning has gained by this supplying of its votaries, and making them conform to the usual courtesies of society may be questioned; but of its effect upon their writings in making them relish more of the realities of life there cannot be a doubt. In this last respect, whatever has been lost in strength is fully made up in grace and adaptability, and the consequent increased dissemination of intelligence. True, we may have gone too far in substituting superficies for depth; but the expansion of surface has been much greater than the diminution of solidity. There are now a thousand readers where there was formerly one well-read man. Do not the active particles of intelligence collected by such a body, and kept in continual circulation, excel in value the inert mass of learning hoarded in the sage's coffers? Granting even that the works with which the generality are most familiar are of a frivolous character, still, while the great English critic and moralist has asserted that there is no book from which some good may not be gathered, and when we consider that untutored intellects are chiefly taken by the frothy and the florid—just as young trout rise the readiest to flies of a gaudy color—it is only left for us to decide whether society is most benefited by the capture of shoals of mental small fry, or of a few leviathan understandings: whether we would enlighten myriads of ordinary minds through some gay medium or elevate a few aspiring intellects through a grave one: whether, in fine.

* This learned Thessalonican, who, by his public letters on Homer, at Florence about the year 1350, did so much to revive a taste for Greek letters, is thus described by the immortal author of the Decameron.

"Aspectu horridus, homo est turpi facie barba proluxa,
Et moribus incultus nec satis urbanus homo."

learning, like the Nile, should flow in one solemn and majestic tide through a barren waste, or like the dancing streams of our own land, sparkling in a thousand rills over a fresh and fertile region? Who would not prefer the last. Henri Quatre would rather see a pullet in the pot of every peasant in his kingdom than feast with princes; and so would I rather that some simple mental aliment should cheer the fireside of every cottager in the country than banquet upon a new Iliad with the learned of the land.

I regard even what is called "light reading"—strongly as many judicious minds condemn it—in the light of a comfort to the poor as well as a luxury to the rich; and it has more than once occurred to me when meeting with a magazine or novel, a tattered Blackwood or soiled Waverly, in some miserable hovel—for even in such abodes are books found in our country—that however prized such resources might be in the luxurious homes of the wealthy, it was in the humble cabin, among the cheerless walls of those in straightened circumstances, that they were a refuge amid the immediate discomforts of such a situation, and a solace under the bitter struggles of impending poverty. "But," exclaims some outraged utilitarian, "there are better books to put into their hands." I deny it not. Then place them there. But, for God's sake, do not take away a cordial because you ought to send a dinner. I should think that to the most richly gifted and aspiring mind that moment in which it discovered some ray of its brightness struggling through the chinks of a hovel and cheering its simple-minded inmates, would be prouder than when in concentrated effulgence it dazzled an admiring world. And could I believe that the random thoughts which are here flung so ungraciously to the cultivated reader, might enliven the fancy or kindle the intellect of one humble and untutored heart, it would determine at once, what is at this moment doubtful with me, whether I shall give another number of *the Vagaries of a Humorist*.

THE RUINS OF IPSARA.

Leaving the rich prospect of the shores of the Hellespont, teeming with proud monuments of the past, whilst their sad associations are mellowed, and relieved by the prodigal gifts of nature in the present, we arrived at the island of Ipsara.—Psyria, as it was called by the ancients, is situated about west from the northwest end of Chios.—It was then, as now, a place of very inconsiderable importance, and agricultural resource, and subsisted for the most part by its fisheries. Its little city, however, had been built with a more than ordinary care, over a sloping and undulating surface, and supplied with many architectural ornaments from the numerous relics of by-gone days, with which the neighboring islands were so abounding. Indeed, its situation, with the characteristic order and cleanliness of the inhabitants—ere yet want and political persecution had sapped their morals and civil health—made it one of the brightest gems of the island-crowned *Ægean*.

For a long time after the commencement of the war of the Revolution, except the constant drain of impoverishing exactions, to which from their helplessness they were exposed, they had escaped entirely the vindictive cruelty of the Moslem. It was, nevertheless, a short reprieve—for the destroyer came;—and the ruins of Ipsara will tell how well he wrought his work.

Living in the fancied security of insignificance, the Greeks of the island had made no demonstrations of resistance, but ignobly yielded to a life of tolerance and painful suspense. At length their exhausted coffers could no longer purchase even this—and what in fact was pinching want, was ascribed to an avarice which proved the seal of their fate. Under cover of the night, the Turks occupied a little island in the bay situated at about one hundred and fifty yards from the shores of a sandy plain. Opposite to this, and forming the shelter of the harbor, lay the island of Anti-Ipsara, at about four miles distant from its main. The scenery in every direction is bleak, cheerless, and solitary. Vegetation lives but tardily, showing as it were an almost total exhaustion of the nutritive juices of the earth. High, but uncultivated, hills obstruct the view on every side, save where the waves lash the shores of the adjacent islands, with more or less of anger, as they encounter a rugged cliff or break upon the shelving shingles. The little valleys and ravines, however, produced, the occasional relief of an acacia or orange tree, whilst the frequent occurrence of long lines of low stone walls would give evidence of the right of property, and relief from the pain of utter loneliness. Yet to those to whom this scene was associated as the home of their love and nativity, many a bright and verdant spot was found to strengthen the endearment. The little city among these was the idol—their Athens; and a circular tower with bastions on the summit of the slope, its Acropolis. Here alone, where it was useless, was their only defence.

The situation of the besiegers, so well adapted for an offensive warfare, struck terror and dismay to the unfortunate Greeks. Rallying, however, once more, upon the remembrance of the deeds of empire won by their fathers, the little courage that remained to them, the whole force of the town and garrison were placed in immediate opposition to the infidels. Ignorant entirely of the art of war and defence, instead of planting batteries on some commanding eminence to dislodge the enemy, they chose this exposed situation, and were sacrificed to a man. Their bones now whiten the spot.

A thousand incidents of generous fidelity and devoted heroisms have hallowed the memory of this unequal conflict; and among others, it is told that a mother who saw son and husband fall, and the defiling Moslem with unsparing hand sweeping the land of her birth, with a courage that would have done honor to a Spartan

mother, she leaped into the wild sea beneath, and with her infant reached the island of Anti-Ipsara in safety, to witness in comparative security the funereal pyre of her city-home.

I cannot conceive a more impressive scene, or a greater check on the animal spirits than this view of desolation. In the bleak wilds of unexplored countries, man can gaze from the mountain top on sterility, gloomy grandeur, and the awfulness of solitude, without regret. Then nature's barrenness is nature itself: we seek no change and want none. But when lonely we bend o'er the relicts which time, war, and persecution have wrought on works of art—when we see the noisy and busy scenes of men yield to the reign of silence, and its death-like repose, we feel its cold shroud involuntarily closing round our hearts. There is something painfully appalling in this contemplation of the mortality of nations. Death to man is an inheritance entailed upon his birth—a result familiar to him, leaving only a passing train of serious thought. But when we find reduced to the primitive means of their production that which millions have aided to give being to,

“Ages of mem'ry o'er us roll,”

blighting every fair blossom of fancied security, which joyous thought may have conjured up. Thebes, with her hundred gates, could find no defence against the unsparing hand of war and time. Like the scriptural leviathan, or the mammoth of our own broad continent, it has passed away, leaving only the record of its glory and the gigantic remains of its grandeur to bewilder the philosopher and to awe the moralist. Troy, too, where once loud war blew his shrill clarion with an echo which resounded for ages—Troy! made immortal by the “Father of Song,” like the lute which sung its greatness and its glory, is now hushed for ever. Its Simois and Scamander, whose broad bosoms were wont to roll swelling to the ocean, proud of their tribute to the court of Neptune, now wend their way silently, and disregarded, modestly pouring forth their little offering, like the widow's mite, accepted because they have done their all.

Our footsteps through the town were unanswered but by echoes. Streets overgrown with grass and rankness—here and there a half-famished dog, his courage broken, and startled even at the presence of his former protector, gives a hideous howl, and fain would escape by flight, if his worn limbs would let him. The wind moaned piteously through the unlatticed windows, as if in chorus to our sad thoughts. Whilst gently forcing my way through the obstructions of fallen greatness which encumbered my path, my eye encountered the form of a young female, just relieving herself of a heavy burden, which she had been carrying. She reclined against a smoked and dirty column, panting for breath to continue her solitary pilgrimage.

Her dress was of the national costume, a little varied by local peculiarities. Her hair, rich in color, and of luxurious growth, hung carelessly over her neck and shoulders, in numerous plaits, whilst in front it was encircled with a zone formed of golden coins, and exhibited there by custom of her country as her marriage portion. A little jacket of tarnished embroidery, over a Brusa silk, evidently distinguished a garb heretofore unused to its present menial occupation. There was a shade of resignation playing over her delicate and classic features, but like the capricious changes of a vernal day, ever and anon a cloud would settle there, and bedew her cheeks with its moisture. On her brow might be traced the dignity of suppressed wo—the heart shrinking with in itself as if to find some deeper tomb for its concealment, whilst the heavy sigh that had escaped its prison there, told but too plainly the tale of unhappy love—of desertion, perhaps, amid this solitude; or of death in the conflict which had created it; of a lover, perchance, hurried off in the ranks of his country, to strike again in her cause upon some less hopeless occasion, or of one already slain in the bootless struggle here. The time, the attending circumstances, the whole scene, so solemn and impressive, with the nymph-like beauty of the being before me, as she stood thus lonely as the pillar against which she leaned, wrought up my feelings to a pitch of interest that was irresistible, and hurried me insensibly toward her. I had already stepped over the interposing ruins, and in another moment would have reached the spot where she stood, but before I was discovered my ear caught the murmur of sorrow in the subdued tones of a voice exquisitely plaintive. Checking my footsteps on the instant, I could distinguish the following words:—“And art thou too gone, Kalerji?”

I had heard enough. Hers was a grief that no stranger hand could minister to.—Pensive I retraced my steps, and an hour of favoring wind saw this little Tyre sinking quietly into the obscurity of night and distance.

B.

A CHAPTER ON OFFERS.

[BY A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.]

“When should lovers breathe their vows?
When should ladies hear them?”—*Answer.*

COULD there be a better subject for a treatise? You, marrying reader, and the wife-ish looking creature, who is peeping over your shoulder, while you turn these leaves, are of course particularly interested in it. But not you two alone, but half your acquaintance; and,

indeed, society at large are in the same predicament. Means must be taken at once for the abatement of celibacy, and the town have some new and active marrying principles instilled into it without delay. Matrimony, which, in Pearl-street phrase, was decidedly looking in the autumn, has again become languid—but little is done in the way of declarations, and as to actual offers they are not quoted at all. Greenwich-street, where engaged couples always walk, is to be sure at present pretty well provided for. But all the old engagements are running out, and unless some new ones can be found this spring, Perry and Stewart will find their office a sinecure next season, so far as catering for bridal parties and wedding suppers is concerned. The result is alarming in the highest degree. The consequences will be felt by every portion of the community—every link of the chain will vibrate. Gardiner's magnificent furnishing establishment already totters on its base; Cox's lamps rust upon his shelves—there is no one to hire or to buy: Lace veils are a drug in the market—Vandervoort has closed his store, and several importers of white kids are said to be on the verge of failing, while the ware-rooms of Phyfe's and McKinnan's are lumbered up with unsaleable cradles. Matters, indeed, have come to such a strait that they must be instantly attended to, and as the town very properly looks to the Knickerbacker for relief in all such cases, we must some how meet the emergency, and set to work at once to see what can be done to give new life to Hymen, and call back her smiles into the face of Lucina. In what way this is to be effected, however, must be an affair of sober and mature consideration; and, in the mean time, it may be well to assist the well-disposed, who do not require to wait for the result of such an investigation, with some forms and precedents for bringing any little arrangements which may be already meditated to a speedy determination.

Making an Offer, or, as it is vulgarly called, "popping the question," is, next to waltzing in skates, (which was very fashionable up the North River this winter,) the most embarrassing affair in the world to a novice: like almost every thing else, however, it may be reduced to the rules of an art, and by those who once master the theory, practised with perfect facility. Our grand-fathers, to be sure, made a great bugbear of the matter; and so they did, too, of fighting a duel or paying a debt,—things which in our day are arranged in perfect quiet, and give but little molestation to the parties concerned. It often puzzles one to think how the Sir Charles Grandisons and Lord Mortimers managed to get up such tremendous scenes with their lady loves. Just imagine a young fellow in the present year, '33, pouring out his heart on one knee during a morning call, when a ring at the door with music from Bourne's—a message from a Dorcas society—or John entering with the coal-scuttle, brings him up all standing, and petrifies his half-uttered

heroics in the midst, like the notes that were frozen suddenly in Munchausen's bugle. The catastrophe is dreadful to think of; and yet it is just as bad in the evening, whether at home or in the ball-room. In the first locality what in the world can one do in the way of getting up a scene, while the whole family are collected around the centre table? and as to the second, one is now so crowded, squeezed and pushed about in a ball-room, that a sentimental conversation, or, indeed, any conversation at all, is out of the question. You might, to be sure, have a chance for a tête-à-tête now and then in a corner, but the women are so much afraid of being convicted of wall-flowerism, that the thing is hardly to be had, and if you do occasionally snatch a moment's 'sweet converse' by laying in wait between the folding-doors and catching those who sometimes linger there, why the whole matter is marred by the music being stationed in the same place. If you whisper to Laura in love's own tone, Benoit and his coadjutors will drown your words, and if you pitch your voice a key or two higher, you pitch it right into the ear of Miss Smith, or some other spinster, who has stationed herself exactly against that pillar to catch every syllable you don't mean her to hear. It is manifestly absurd, therefore, to attempt giving either the flourish and éclat to an offer, with which our grand-fathers ushered it into the world, or even the air of demi-romance and drawing-room sentiment that our papas preserved in their affaires de cœur. The thing must be managed in a careless matter-of-course way—with a little adroitness to be sure, but still with the coolness and unconcern of other business operations.

The golden rule of elegant life in our day is *not to bore*—it is as decided *mauvais ton* to bore an individual with compliments and good wishes, and invitations, as it is to vent enthusiasm upon any question in company, or void a critique in a party. But to bore a woman with attentions, and above all to bore her with an offer—to throw your offer into such a shape as to excite her concern for you, or give her one moment's serious annoyance is an outrage, which, if exposed, would make you lose caste forever. There are no instances, on record, however, of such things having occurred, whether from the sang-froid of lovers, or the cœur-froid of lovees, we are unable to say; but as there may be a few of the former in society whom passion might hurry into extravagance, and one or two of the latter, whose hearts would for five minutes be ruffled thereby, it is well that in all cases the most guarded conduct should be observed, and the question should therefore be administered with the same consideration for the possible existence of feeling, as you allow for the ascertained existence of a palate when drenching children with physic. To this end, as you conceal the dose in sweetmeats, so you should wrap your offer in some expression that may be swallowed at a mouthful: one gulp then and all is over, there

may be a wry face or two, on your own side, possibly, after the draught, as if you had swallowed it yourself, but neither party must coquet with the cup before it is placed to the lips. The simplest syrup makes the best vehicle for the unpalatable drug in the one case, and the most trivial incident most aptly introduces, and hurries over the awful moment in the other—and to sum up the matter in one word, *the offer direct* must never be attempted, if there be any way of making *the offer by implication*.

With these general precepts we might close this paper, but in this, as in other branches of philosophy, there is no teaching like experimental teaching. We must accompany our lecture with illustrations. You, for instance, fair reader, are in love with us—we beg pardon—we, we mean, are in love with you—or, at all events, we wish and intend to make you an offer. Well, now comes the difficulty: but first, as to the place—where shall we lay the *venue*, as the lawyers say? we never walk Broadway, and you never ride on horseback, so that to do the thing in the open air is out of the question; to attempt it at a ball, we have already said, is not to be thought of. Your mother's parlor only remains, and there the scene shall be laid. But whether during a morning call, or an evening visit, must yet give us pause—the choice depends upon a very curious consideration. How is your father's house heated?

How is your father's house heated?—by a furnace or with fire-places? If by the former, of course the folding-doors are open as in summer, and it will be the most natural thing in the world, while your sisters are gathered around the lamp in one room, to ask to hear your last new song at the piano in the other; and then—then—do you not feel a little tremulous, lovely reader, as the moment approaches?

“My voice is not sufficiently firm to try that new piece to-night, Mr. Blank, but here is your favorite song—I mean a favorite song of yours.”

“Sing me rather one of your own. Do you know, Miss Reader, that I think the homely adage of ‘Love me, love my dog,’ which holds so true in our dwelling with pleasure upon each spot where those we love have ever been—each scene of which they ever formed a part, is still more strikingly, more tenderly exemplified in the feelings with which we listen to each note of music we have once heard together, and the emotions which arise at hearing even the most ordinary air which association has made theirs—we love, indeed, every thing that belongs to those to whom we are attached. But—allow me to adjust the music-book—down, Beppo—down, sir—you are not fond of dogs, I believe?”

“Not particularly.”

“Would that mine were an exception!”

The question thus put, the blushing reader has only to pat Beppo, or strike one note of our favorite air by way of answer, and we shall

look in at Gelston's for a set of pearl on our way home, and tell Jennings when we will see company.

In case, however, but one room is open at the lady's house of an evening, the chances are ten to one that such a favorable moment is not to be had; and it is an awkward thing, unless you mean to marry all the family—uncles, aunts, and cousins, to the third degree twice removed, to make an offer to an individual member before the whole hive. You must, therefore, go of a morning; sit awhile, chat about indifferent subjects, criticise the last new engraving of Fanny Kemble, and find some similitude between the best features in the ever-varying countenance of the fascinating actress, and the resistless being before you. She drops her glove, partly from embarrassment, and partly to call your attention to her foot. Ask for the *gage*. "How can she refuse you so *small* a thing as that?" If she do refuse, your game is up—it is all over with you. But if she grant the fairy gauntlet—then ask her—what? *To leave her hand in it*, certainly.

We are aware that this way of making an offer by implication is not much in favor, since young Prosenberg, and Fitz-Frost Von Wheeler, were both rejected the same morning; but offers were then plenty, and it is not likely that such a catastrophe would occur now. Poor Prosenberg deserved a better fate of that wicked beauty, Kate Atherton, when, after she had said some of her most severe things to him, he so gallantly replied, at last, "you *cut up* so well, Miss Atherton, that I should like you to carve *always* at the head of my table."

The offer of Fitz-Frost (or Bob Logic, as he is sometimes called from always carrying an umbrella,) was made, as the reader probably recollects, to that notorious heart-breaker, Ellen Wycherley, when, upon her observing to him one morning in Broadway, "Really, Mr. Von Wheeler, you and your umbrella seem to be perfectly inseparable. He rejoined, "we are,—will Miss Wycherley allow me to present her with my umbrella?"

The result of "offer by implication" was, indeed, as every body knows, unfavorable in these two instances; but, not to mention the well-known offer *scratched* by young Frederick Pool, the crack billiard player of the ——— street club, is there not the striking case of Barent Snaffleton, who, when the present Mrs. S. admired his three minute roan, stepped into five thousand a year by simply observing that both horse and rider were at the lady's service—a fair *set off* against these failures? And though few of us enjoy the proper facilities to give a *déjeuner à la fourchette* at our country seats, like young Lorimer of Columbia County, and "pop the question" simply by asking the only single lady present to take the head of his table—yet any one, when a lady calling upon his sister is shown by mistake into his study, and exclaims "what a love of a room! I do wish

it were mine for a boudoir," as was the case at Tom Scribbleton's the other day, may like him reply, "it shall be, at once, if you will but take the rubbish with the room."

But the reader is by this time sated with these common-place illustrations of our subject, and, forgetting that all matters of business must be dealt with in a plain way, thinks that unless we can infuse a dash of the romantic into any specimens we may have in reserve, we had better furnish no more. In this extreme case being utterly incapable of conceiving a sentimental idea ourselves, and having vainly endeavored to make something of Washington Wilding's poetic offer to one of the Misses Courtney, when, upon the youngest of the six dropping her belt, he caught it up, exclaiming, in the words of Waller,

"Give me but what this ribband bound,
"Take all the rest the sun goes round,"

we are driven to the necessity of calling in the aid of others to help us out of the difficulty. And having at this moment before us a young lady's journal, which, to tell the truth, we purloined the other evening from her mother's drawing-room, with the premeditated design of making its contents available occasionally, in more ways than one, we conclude this chapter on Offers with the following very appropriate extract :

Saturday, June 14th, 183—.

"And that awful but delightful moment did come at last, and that when I least expected it—last evening! When shall I ever forget one incident that then occurred, one word that was then uttered, one look that he bent upon me: but yet, like misers who joy in writing down each sum that is added to their treasures, I cannot refrain from recording here every hoarded word which passed our lips, from the moment he first asked me to join him on the piazza, to the last sweet 'good night,' which made my slumbers those of paradise, and my dreams, of heaven.

"Come hither, Constance! do you see yon bright and beautiful star? suppose you were told that the possession of that planet would chase away every sorrow that has ever agitated your heart—that it would make you happy, happy as it is possible for mortal to be, would you not try to win it?" "What a wild question! surely not; for do I not know that no power on earth could give it me? and why, Clarence, should we waste a wish upon that which is unattainable?" "Lovely philosopher! would that I could reason thus." "You are ambitious, then, cousin? Surely, with talents and energy of character like yours, there is no station to which you may not aspire." "Ambitious! yes, dearest, I am ambitious! but why, why will you misunderstand me? I know that it is madness in me to love you, and more than madness in me tell you of it—but—but—

Oh Constance—"

I WILL LOVE THEE NO MORE.

I will love thee no more, I have loved thee too long,
 Thou hast wasted a heart that was thine to its core,
 The ties I have striven to break were too strong,
 They are broken at last,—I will love thee no more.

Yet I pause for a moment,—yes, ere I erase
 That picture whose colors are laid in my heart,
 Let me call back its beauties of soul, form, and face,
 And then fix the stern purpose that tears us apart.

Ah! they need not the summons, already they seem
 To start from the canvass,—that form, and that brow,
 The same I have worshipped in many a dream,
 The same I must blot from my memory now.

That dark hazel eye, in whose sweet circle dwells
 A witchery far beyond poetry's dream,
 Which, though keen as the eagle's, yet like the gazelle's,
 Loves to melt into softness its brightness of beam.

Those lips, whence sweet words come more liquidly sweet,
 And so slowly, they seem as if wishing to smother
 In that prison of rubies whose ripe portals meet,
 As if pouting and reddening to part from each other.

That brow like a book, on whose white page is seen
 Pure thoughts and affections high purpose and soul;
 No dark lines where passions unholy have been,
 No waste where the lava hath but ceased to roll.

A mind full of fancies as gentle as bright,
 Whence, not bitter with sarcasm, but dazzling with wit,
 Even satire's sharp arrow, when quivering for flight,
 I feel sure cannot wound, though 't is certain to hit.

A heart, whose full chords are so tremblingly true
 To each finer emotion, that did I but try
 To grieve thee in jest, it would change thy cheeks' hue,
 Send a sigh to thy lip, and a tear to thine eye.

And a form in whose fulness and beauty of mould,
 The eye of the sculptor would brighten to see
 The charms which were gathered from hundreds of old
 All blended in one and all breathing in thee.

The picture is finish'd,—one kiss on that brow,
 One glance from those eyes could I aught but adore—
 One smile, one sweet word, one soft pressure, and now
 The picture is broken,—I love thee no more.

Thou hast spurn'd my affection,—'t was all I could give,
 Thou hast blasted hope's tree,—the sweet blossoms it bore
 Are strewn at thy feet,—thou couldst yet bid it live,
 But I scatter their promise,—I love thee no more.

I will worship no longer,—my heart I redeem,
 The years thou hast wasted thou canst not restore,
 The past I gave thee, thou hast left it a dream,
 But the future is mine.—I will love thee no more.

Stock-am-eisen—or, THE IRON TRUNK.

Of the many youths who frequented the University of Erfurth, there were few more distinguished, either for beauty of personal appearance, or devoted assiduity to study, than the young Frederick Stapps. Nor was the admiration he excited unmerited. In none of the athletic exercises—in none of the daring projects—the “renowning,”* duelling, or wild revelry, which distinguished the *Landmannschaften*, or initiated body of German students, was he deficient. And yet among the sage heads of the University—the veteran professors of Law and Philosophy, there was not any of the *Burschen*† in higher estimation. But it was with the fair daughters of the learned doctors, and the graceful young nymphs, who loved in the clear sunny evenings of summer to promenade beneath the shade of the lofty elms, which form such a fine walk before the old gothic University, that the handsome and daring young student was most essentially in favor. And more than one staid and matronly wife of the substantial burgomasters, had always ready for the admired young man a smile of kindness, and a good dinner of game-stew and Rhenish, when he chose to visit their house. In fact, Frederick was accounted by all the professors the most diligent and attentive of students; by the students themselves, the most happy and favored of the body—by all the worthy citizens of Erfurth, the most promising of youths, and by all the young ladies who saw or knew him, the handsomest and most engaging of bachelors. Yet, the student himself seemed to know or care little about this universal admiration, and, except in his moments of relaxation, when in some *commerz* house‡ of the city he joined the uproarious revelling of his companions, he was a melancholy and secluded youth. Time after time when all the city indulged in merriment and hilarity, the delicious evenings of the German summer found Frederick wandering far from society in the deep recesses of the Thuringian forest; and at the numerous balls

* “Renowning” in the universities of Germany is similar to the conduct known as “*sparring*” among the students of our own colleges, with the difference that it is done not merely to give them eclat with the body corporate of their fellows, but to make themselves remarkable among the whole community where they may reside. “Duels” or “Scandals” is another ferocious characteristic of the body; and he who fights the greatest number of them for the least possible cause “Renowns superbly.”

† The word *Bursche*, though it means a *young fellow*, has been appropriated by the students all over Germany to designate themselves. They have agreed to consider themselves, *par excellence*, the young fellows of Germany. *Das Burschenleben*, for example, means not the mode of life of young men in general, but only of young men at college.—See Russell’s *ur*, p. 90—vol. 1.

‡ The taverns which the students frequent are so called.

which enlivened the city, instead of the joviality and high spirits which most young men with his reputation would have assumed, he appeared among the admiring and neglected fair a lonely and abstracted being. This apathy was attributed by his companions to some deep and silent scheme which political enthusiasm was working in his mind, and which the very general confederation of German students, to effect the liberation of their country from the ascendancy of French principles prevalent at the time, rendered no wise improbable; while the opposite and grieving sex as naturally attributed the unusual demeanor to an unforgetten and unreturned attachment still preying on his mind. Both these conjectures were wrong. It is true that Frederick was in love, but it was the hopeless flame of a forbidden passion, entertained and cherished by the unfortunate young man, for a lady lovely enough in her person to secure the throne of the world, were beauty the qualification, and sufficiently high born to rank with the noblest in a land where sixteen quarterings are required to constitute gentility.*

To account for this strange infatuation in a youth otherwise so promising, it will be necessary to introduce the reader to the earliest days of the Erfurth student. He was the only child of the curate of Naumburgh. The father, simple, worthy man, had all his affections centred in his son, nor had he any higher ambition than to see the high old-fashioned pews of his neat little church well filled with the worthy inhabitants of the village, and to hope that the massive and thickly carved oak pulpit which he had so long himself declaimed from, should at a future day be occupied by Frederick. For this purpose he stored his mind early with all the intricate dogmas of polemical divinity, and spent all his leisure time in directing the child's hopes to the dignity of a station so honorable. But Frederick had other objects in his mind. About a league from the beautiful village where he lived, there was a baronial castle of the Dukes of Rodoldstadt. This feudal residence was long neglected by the family for the more magnificent palace of the capital of the Duchy, and was only occupied by the instructors and attendants of the princess Louisa, the only daughter of the illustrious house. This child from infancy was distinguished for the matchless beauty of her person, while the absence of that formal etiquette so rigidly observed in German families of rank, occasioned by the non-residence of her father, had perhaps created an affability unknown in ladies of her station, by allowing the natural kindness and hilarity of youth to flourish in all its artless luxu-

* In the old chivalric orders, the knights of St. John and of the Temple, none of the "languages," as the nations of Europe were designated in the institute of the order, guarded the entrance to knightly honor with such jealous care as that of Germany. Thore the candidates were obliged to shew eight points of gentility on their escutcheon on either side of the house previous to admission.

riance unchecked by formality or restraint. One branch of the education of this interesting child was entrusted to Frederick's father, and this connection had caused between his enthusiastic son and his lovely and engaging ward a degree of acquaintance, and even intimacy, seldom enjoyed in Germany by an individual of his station. And Frederick soon found all his happiness consisted in gathering wreaths for the princess of the rarest flowers which grew in the wilds near the district, or in planting her favorite arbors with the fragrant and umbrageous willow from the banks of the Saale. Even in church, where the formality with which the lady's station was preserved prevented her from recognizing him, he often had the pleasure of seeing in her large and soft blue eye when directed towards him a look of satisfaction and delight—to him worth all the world beside. But this intimacy was not fated to be lasting. The haughty duke had either observed or was informed of this daring attachment, and incensed beyond measure at such a possibility, the old Curé was instantly restricted to his manse, and the son sternly forbidden to approach the grounds of the castle. Frederick, though he warmly admired, never suspected that he had dared to love, till the speedy death of every former enjoyment deeply convinced him of the fatal truth. At the University, to which he was soon after removed, he strove manfully to recal his entrapped affections: in the recklessness of his spirit he plunged foremost into all the wild excesses of his dissipated companions; and he strove to quench the fever of his mind by the intensest study of the varied learning of the schools. He almost succeeded in wearing the rooted feeling from his soul; and though the altered color of his cheek told how deep it had been seated, he believed and rejoiced that it was overcome, when a simple and unexpected incident revived the slumbering passion in all its force, and consigned the unfortunate youth to the varied tortures of uncontrollable and of hopeless love.

It was one of those splendid evenings of the German autumn, when sunset turns the atmosphere into purest azure and the sky to burnished gold, that young Frederick stood upon the rampart of Erfurth admiring the glories of a landscape unsurpassed for beauty—where vast forests, and dim mountains, and noble rivers stretching beyond him in boundless continuity, were all bathed in one rich dye of expiring light, and seemed hushed into the calmness of reposing life. He had just risen from the perplexing study of the old philosophy, and his mind was confused with a thousand distracting influences: the unrivalled scene before him had a composing effect upon his feelings, and he had almost forgot he was in being in the deep reverry which fell upon his spirit, when his attention was attracted by a splendid equipage, proceeding at a rapid rate toward the city from the direction of Rodoldstadt. In the listless state of mind which often

succeeds wearied spirits, with what anxiety will we watch the smallest incident that tends to mar the monotony. And thus Frederick continued to trace the glittering vehicle and its numerous attendants, as it wound its way, now hid in valleys, now glancing through scattered trees, and now driving furiously over the level champaign toward the city. When it came up, it stopped directly under the rampart, and two ladies were assisted to alight by the officious servants. The student from his elevated position could observe all their motions. The eldest seemed to be about forty, of a noble and dignified demeanor; and her companion, hardly yet a woman, was gifted with a beauty so surpassing, that Frederick, in his warmest dreams of perfection, had never supposed such reality could exist. So absolutely had the idea of the lovely stranger possessed him, that he almost felt his existence a blank, as she disappeared under the arch; but his whole soul thrilled with an emotion he had never felt before, when as again he saw her and her companion mount the rampart and approach, he recognized in that modelled loveliness only the matured and expanded charms of the girlish heiress of Naumburgh. Her form was as faultless as her countenance; and there was a sylph-like lightness in her step that, to the impassioned student, seemed the very harmony of grace. As they passed along, Frederick felt regret steal upon his mind, that that beautiful vision would soon be gone for ever, when he saw the younger lady drop something from her person, which she did not notice. With the rapidity of lightning he flew from the spot where he was standing, and snatched the precious relic from the ground. It was a bracelet; and in the warmth of his feelings the excited Stapps could not avoid pressing an impassioned kiss on the costly gems which it encased. Whether it was that the lady had missed the article, or had been struck by the sudden precipitancy of the before motionless figure, she and her companion turned, and before the unconscious Frederick was aware, his glance met the soft blue eyes of the lovely owner. He instantly blushed the deepest crimson, and in unutterable confusion hastened to present the bracelet—though he had never wished for grace in his movements so much, yet he never felt so awkward. Perhaps, from sympathy with the extraordinary agitation displayed by the young man—the exquisite features of the lady colored slightly as she received it—and that transient blush touched his heart with rapture. And though she gave him no other sign of recognition than the tones of winning sweetness in which she thanked him, she left Frederick Stapps from that absorbing moment an altered and a ruined man.

On events how slender hang the destinies of individuals as well as nations. That simple incident of the bracelet altered every taste, and habit, and predilection of the Erfurth student. Every succes-

sive evening saw him standing on the same spot, admiring the same glorious sunset, and the same magnificent expanse of landscape, not however with the feelings of ardent admiration as at first, but with the single hope of seeing that equipage return, which contained the lovely creature who had laid a spell upon his soul. He attended the lectures of the different professors assiduously as ever—but science had lost its charms. He still mingled, but without enjoyment, in the wild revelry of his companions, and to the little fêtes of the friendly citizens—he went as ever a welcome but an unconscious guest—he met there many a fair and even beautiful maiden—but only felt that there was not present the soft violet eyes and the sunny curls, which shaded the tinted beauty of that countenance which had left its impression for ever on his heart.

A passion so lone, so cherished, so consuming, could not exist long without producing serious inroads upon his constitution; and young Stappe, once the admired of all, soon became pale and emaciated.

Frederick had a friend. Theodore Guzman was the son of an *Amts-rath*,* who lived in the neighborhood of the village of which his own father was the curate: and from infancy their predilections and tastes had been the same. Circumstances had, however, given a different complexion to their character. Frederick, tutored by his father in the bold doctrines of Luther, felt an admiration only for those illustrious personages, whose enthusiasm in former ages had sprinkled history with the coloring of romance. The indignant virtue of Lucretia—the heroic self-devotion of Mutius—the daring intrepidity of Philipæmen, and the tireless patriotism of Tell were subjects on which he loved to ponder—and he conceived nothing could be more glorious than self-devotion in a cause of public good. Theodore, on the contrary, viewed distinction only with admiration. Patriotism was with him an instrument, and not a passion: and the Cæsars, and Sforzas, and Cromwells of history, were the only idols of his fancy—panting for eminence in any form—he found full scope for his ambition, in taking advantage of the reaction in public opinion, which the over-stretched power of Napoleon after the battle of Jena had produced upon the continent, and in bending all the energies of his compeers to the new-formed project of liberating their favorite Teutonia, as they designated Germany in the mystic language which they loved to assume. He was therefore deeply connected with the secret societies then in active operation throughout all the states of the Rhine and Danube, and was mainly instrumental in abolishing the odious rivalry of the old *Landmannschaften*, and cementing that most in-

* The *Amts-rath* of Germany is an individual very nearly resembling our *esquire* in habits and influence.

fluent of all classes of society in Germany, the students, under the more extended and generous title of Burschenschaft.

It was to this friend that Frederick at length confided the hopeless secret, which was wasting him in his prime. That evening they were seen to wander far, far from the ramparts; and late at night they returned, linked arm in arm, and still engaged in earnest conversation, to the little apartment of Frederick on the Schneider Platz.

"It were foolish, my dear Stapps," said his friend, removing a number of dusty books, and sitting down in the old carved oak chair, "to let the prediction of this foolish woman sink upon your mind. I never give any credit to such visionaries."—"You cannot ridicule me out of this impression, Theodore," returned the other, sinking back in his chair, and withdrawing the poker from the half extinguished fire he had been raking, "as sure as this metal is in my hand, the incident of that day will exercise an influence on my fate." Theodore only answered by applying himself assiduously to renovate the dying embers, and soon succeeded in kindling a blaze. Frederick sat still watching his operations without speaking. He was recalled to himself by Theodore looking up—and repeated with solemn emphasis—"In one month you will see in the ducal ball-room of Erfurth the person who will determine your fate." "Yes," said Theodore, "those were the words of the soothsayer; and I think it will be unfortunate for her that she has ventured, contrary to the custom of her tribe, to affix a day. "This is September," said Frederick. "Yes," said the other with emphasis—"and the sixth of September, too—the very night of the general meeting of our body, do, Stapps, forget this foolish adventure and still more foolish prediction, and you will find nobler objects to engross your attention than a ridiculous love for a lady you know nothing about; and who would most probably, were she aware of your attachment, ridicule you most heartily for your pains." He winced under the bitter truth of the remark, and replied with a sigh, "it is indeed foolish, but that high-born girl has occupied all my thoughts from infancy. In my father's church, when she was as yet a child, my earliest exercise of thought was remarking how transcendantly her flaxen curls and radiant countenance surpassed the sculptured cherubs upon the princely pew of her family. I never heard her mentioned but with lavish praise, I never saw her but she evinced a condescension so different from the hauteur of elevated rank, that I loved her before I knew it: and when all these unconscious but organized impressions were revived at once by that unexpected sight—when in the frame of mind in which I was, her appearance seemed like a descended seraph—and then the still more unexpected interview. Oh! Theodore, can you wonder that I should resign every faculty of my soul

to the delicious fascination of that presumptuous but intoxicating love." "Yes," said Theodore, touched by the enthusiasm with which he spoke, and convinced that since the cure of Stapps was hopeless, he could best serve his friend by affording passion a ray of hope to live on—"Yes, Frederick, the lady is worthy of supreme idolatry. By yourself and unassisted, no probability holds out the slightest chance of your being able to succeed. Come and join our body, and the united and directed efforts of the whole Burschenschaft shall be directed to your success, and to you I need not expatiate upon their power." Frederick was struck with the proposal, and after remaining silent a few moments, he held out his hand. "Theodore," said he, "I embrace your proposal; but to you alone have I communicated this perilous secret; with you alone must it remain."—"To death," said the other, warmly returning the grasp and seizing his hat—"so come away, it is full time we should set out." Frederick muffled himself after the other's example in his cloak, and they proceeded on their way. They hurried through that deserted portion of the city which remains, in silent and lonely grandeur, a memorial of the flourishing opulence which in the fifteenth century attracted to this insignificant place all the commerce of the empire—and passed by the Augustine monastery, now converted into an orphan hospital, whose time-worn walls first harbored that man, the greatest ever Germany produced—whose tongue of thunder upset the settled superstition of a thousand years, and effected the greatest moral revolution ever history recorded.* They then entered a spacious but seemingly deserted building, which had formerly accommodated one of the Palatines of the empire. They were received by a very suspicious looking *Hausmeister*, who immediately passed them on, interchanging a word with Theodore. Then winding through a narrow passage they descended a long flight of stairs, into what Frederick thought must have been the wine-cellars of the house. Through many of these apartments they groped their way in the profoundest darkness, guided only by jutting stones, placed so as to render it utterly futile for any but the initiated ever to have discovered the haunt to which they were the guides. At last, when Frederick was almost weary, his uncertainty was removed by his friend's touching a spring which opened a door, and disclosed to the wondering Stapps a scene that might well have filled with astonishment and even awe any one less firm than himself, whose undaunted hardihood had obtained among his companions the appellation of *Stock-am-eisen*, or the "Iron Trunk."

It was a long and low arched room, supported by massive columns, and lit by numberless smoky torches. A long table in the centre was

* It was in this monastery that Luther formed one of the brotherhood. His cell is still shown.

covered with all the implements of drinking, and many of its crowded inmates lay around apparently overcome by intoxication. Could it be blood which lay upon the floor thought Frederick, as they passed a red pool of gory fluid. But there was plenty of frightful reality besides, and coffins, skulls, every variety of weapon and hideous representation of *Hartz* demons; and other supernatural creations of the old German superstition were scattered about in horrid confusion. The inmates were ferocious looking and haggard, though the young novice could discern from the crested hilt, that many a person was present of nobler rank than they seemed. To one not aware of the wild habits of his countrymen, all this accumulation of horrors might have proved terrible in the extreme. But Frederick knew too well the uncompromising hostility with which the German governments proscribed the slightest expression of political liberty, to wonder at the jealous and even fearful secrecy in which these enthusiasts had entrenched themselves against the pervading vigilance of the emissaries of the State. At the time of which we write, these societies had attained a perfection of organization unexampled for potency and extent. It was then that the gigantic power of Napoleon, consolidated by the ruin of the Prussian Monarchy and the dictated treaty of Tilsit, had obtained that commanding influence under which every power on the continent bowed. And though the vassal potentates of Germany seemed to forget their degradation in the brilliant title of "Confederates of the Rhine," yet the great body of the people viewed matters in a far different light, and were universally dissatisfied at the altered allegiance of their native princes, and the heavy imposts with which they were loaded for the aggrandizement of a foreign and generally hostile power.

To increase this feeling, and to work upon the prevailing fears of popular discontent by a secret but universal agency, was the object of these clandestine associations; and their history remains an unexampled proof, not only of their perfect adaptation to the end proposed, but of the unflinching fidelity with which their invisible character was preserved. Into these hidden conclaves all the young intelligence of the vast regions of Germany were enrolled; and their nights were spent either in appalling orgies, that might render them familiar with every possible manifestation of hazard, or in exciting their enthusiasm by mystical songs and representations of a deified but imaginary liberty.* Napoleon, in the very zenith of his power,

* The sketch of the influence of the various secret societies in Germany is not overdrawn: and a few years previous to the time of which we write, their practices were much more terrific, and their organization more ingeniously complex, gradually advancing from the simplest form of social intercourse to the most fearful rites with which jealous secrecy was ever screened by terror. If we are to believe the account of Robinson and other historians, the slightest appearance or suspicion or faltering in their

felt his darling supremacy totter beneath the undermining influence of the public opinion which these viewless enemies had arrayed against him. He recollected with instinctive dread the share which the Illuminati and Rosicrusians of a few years previous had in the frightful anarchies of Jacobinism ; and he left no energy of his master mind untried, which could lay the imposing spectre that disturbed him in his dreams of glory ; and it was generally rumored at the time that the French Emperor meditated some new scheme of policy which would bind effectually the German empire to his interests. The executive of the Burschenschaften therefore exerted a corresponding activity, and every method was put in requisition which could add proselytes to their ranks. The known intrepidity and intellectual endowments of Frederick Stapps caused his appearance among them to be hailed with lively satisfaction ; and he was immediately conducted to the presence of the grand master of the order. He was a large man of noble mien, and not so effectually disguised but that Frederick thought he had some recollection of his person. He received the student with kindness, but the young man shrank from the scrutinizing gaze of his piercing eye as he presented him with a bowl which, to his apprehension, seemed smeared, if not filled with blood. Theodore was standing near him, and he was surrounded by a band of ferocious looking monsters, each holding a dagger reeking with the same dreadful fluid. " Drink ! " said the chief, in a tone of thunder.—He put the disgusting compound to his lips, and drained it to the bottom. He found it exquisitely sweet, and soon felt his brain swimming, not with intoxication, but with a dizzy energy which seemed to lift him above himself, and endow him for a moment with supernatural strength.

The chief and Theodore lost no time in profiting by his excitement. They took him by the arm, and at a given signal, the whole of the promiscuous multitude, each bearing a flambeau in his hand, rushed out of the room into a larger and much more spacious apartment, the floor of which, by a deep slope, made them all run with violence to the farther end, where it terminated in a flight of narrow steps. Into this passage the whole crowd precipitated itself, and though its length was apparently interminable, the shouts and yells of the thronging mass conferred an awful interest, which made it far from tedious ; while the glare of the elevated torches gave the Tartarean descent the appearance of a cataract of living flame. The bottom led them to one of those vast subterraneous caves, said in legendary tales, to be the work of the early giants of the land ; and where the dim outline only partially re-

allegiance was visited on the individual with a certain and terrible fatality. For such curious information on this point, the reader may consult Professor Robinson's " *Proofs of a Conspiracy against all Religions and all Governments,*" and " *Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Jacobinisme, par l'Abbé Barnet.*"

vealed by the smoky light of the flambeaux, showed huge masses of projecting crag overarching them to an amazing height, which gave in its very indistinctness a coloring of deep sublimity to the place, according well with the grotesque and ferocious appearance of the bacchanals who filled it. Into this immense excavation was studiously congregated all those imaginary characters of their primeval national history, whose persons and exploits, deified in the sublime mythology of romantic superstition, fill the mind with vague and indefinite sensations of terror or of awe. Huge statues of Woden and Thor, and the other fabled heroes of their druidic poets, arrayed in necklaces of the skulls of their slaughtered foes and the other terrible trophies of their sanguinary prowess, stood frowning in the centre; and the fossil remains of stupendous antedeluvian animals piled around like actual remnants of the gigantic inhabitants of an extinguished world, seemed to give reality and truth to the dark creations of the savage muse embodied in the frightful monuments. The occupation of the group was in strong keeping with the nature of the temple they had chosen to celebrate their orgies. A long table of stone extended through the centre, and between the images, on either side of which were placed benches of the same, where the entire number soon found a seat—the table was covered profusely with the materials of drinking. Here the company gave way to every extravagance of behavior which conscious security could inspire; and Frederick could not but admire the skill with which the chiefs directed the energy of excited passions to their great object of political ascendancy; and how easily they disguised under the semblance of an orderless revel the terrible power of their secret but extensive sway. Their mirth was promoted by bacchannalian songs, chorussed by an hundred voices to the wild music of their country, and their feelings roused by violent harangue and glowing descriptions of their national degradation. When a continuance of the revel had inflamed the minds of the party into proper excitement, the scene was changed by a wave of the chieftain's hand into a deeper solemnity of horror. A number of the party attired to represent the vassal warriors of Odin, entered the cavern paradise, each bearing a bowl of the blood red wine, celebrated as the drink of gods by the early bards—these were placed before them at proper distances, and then a skull cased in silver, accompanied by every bone of the human skeleton bleached like ivory, and whispered to be the remnants of a martyred traitor, was laid upon the table: and the whole party rising up laid their hands on some portion of the appalling memento, and swore aloud that thrilling oath which bound them by the most fearful adjurations of affrighted conscience to stand by each other through weal or woe—to leave no stone unturned, no means untried, which could effect the deliveration of their country—invoking on themselves, and denouncing to others the untiring vengeance of exasperated wrath should they betray the

trust, and dooming themselves by the tortures of never-ending perdition to accomplish every purpose of this body, or perish in the attempt. Then as if to screw themselves to the terrible resolution and drown the involuntary shudder of their startled reason, they seized the symbolic wine and drank a flowing bumper, raising the following song, and passing it to one another amid the pealing chorus of every mingled voice.

DRINKING SONG OF THE BURSCHENSCHAFT.

Pass round the blood red cup
And, thirsty brothers, drink—
There is a charm in quaffing up
Unknown to those who shrink.

Pass round the wine,
And thoughts divine
Will like a spell come o'er us—
There's not a joy
Without alloy

But that we have before us.
Then fill the blood-red cup
And, thirsty brothers, drink—
There is a charm in quaffing up
They cannot know who shrink.

This is the zest
Which rids the breast
Of all the ills that chain it,
And love and hope,
Find brighter scope
The deeper that we drain it.

Then fill the blood-red cup
And, thirsty brothers, drink—
There is a charm in quaffing up
They cannot feel who shrink.

They never knew,
The dismal few
Who would its use prohibit,
The glow of bliss
Which times like this—
So wild—so well exhibit.

Then pass the blood-red cup,
And, thirsty brothers, drink—
There is a charm in draining up
They cannot know who shrink.

In chains we bow
To strangers now,
And if we have to bear them,
This can assuage
Our grief and rage
Till comes the time to tear them.

Then pass the kindling cup,
And coward souls may shrink,
But sterner men will quaff it up—
Drink! banded brothers, drink.

Never was scene or ceremony so formed to inflame the mind. The stimulating music of the old national melody to which the exciting words were sang, reverberating in volumed echoes from the rugged roof of the vast cavern, seemed to be the applauding recognition of the hideous deities whose gigantic statues were placed in strong foreground of the deep darkness behind, by the red glare of light which ascended from the table, and made the whole scene an apt representation of the grim warriors of the Saxon mythology feasting in the halls of the God of War in his paradise of skulls and blood.

The effect of the beverage on Frederick was overpowering—his heart sickened, his brain whirled and he fell fainting with overwhelming dizziness from his seat. To what passed afterwards he was insensible. But the transactions of that night left through all the stupefaction of his intellect an ineffaceable impression of horror on his mind. Towards morning, and while he was still struggling between the eclipse of reason and intensest consciousness, the chief called him. "Stock-am-eisen," said he, "your conduct has proved you worthy of your iron title. Hear me now. In a few days the greatest man the world ever produced will be in Erfurth to hold a conference ostensibly with the Emperor of Russia, but in reality to shew him half the princes of Europe in his train. Some blow is meditated against our independence by this artful policy. You must attend his levées as our representative. Every disqualification as to rank will be removed; and remember the stake which depends upon your discretion."

He turned instantly away and left Stapps overwhelmed with a vague feeling, between astonishment, agitation, and delight. He was astonished as to how this important state intelligence had been procured—agitated at the fearful responsibility he incurred, between the risk of detection on the one hand, and the more terrible consequences attendant on the probability of giving dissatisfaction on the other; and he was delighted even to ecstasy at the springing hope which arose within him, that in the prosecution of that perilous task he might see once more, and even meet under the semblance of an equal rank, among the glittering throng of the imperial festivities, that cherished idol of his soul, to the passion of loving whom he had resigned every other actuating principle of his life. Then too, the times specified in the cabalistic oracle, he had heard from the wretched soothsayer in the Thuringian forest would be fulfilled, and tormented with a thousand distressing anxieties of hope and fear, he resolved to prepare himself for the event.

Few cities in the world have ever witnessed a scene of splendor like that which Erfurth presented on the evening of the 27th of September, 1808. The Emperor of France, to give the great na-

tions of Europe, exulting in the hope of his diminished influence, a convincing proof of his imposing power, had resolved on that day to meet not merely the vassal kings of the Confederation, but the Giant of the North, the great autocrat of Russia himself. And though generally careless of the mere forms of royalty, he resolved to celebrate this great occasion by a profuse display of all the gorgeous magnificence which his imperial resources enabled him to assume.

Common occasions would be inadequate to afford a comparison of the wide anxiety to witness the splendid pageant. And even Frederick forgot almost every other feeling in the absorbing curiosity of the moment. The cloudless sun flashed for hours on the golden equipments of the countless thousands, thronging every peopled road, and in that country of etiquette arrayed for the occasion in their gala robes. And when at length, passing through the saluting files of the French and Russian guards and preceded by the escutcheons of three thousand feudal families, the banners of eleven kingdoms and more than fifty independent states, the created and creator of revolution, himself, appeared, riding unostentatiously at the side of the greatest monarch of the ancient dynasties, and each, like Henry and Francis, wearing the decorations of the other: one simultaneous shout rang from the assembled myriads who thronged the scene—a prouder homage to the genius of the man than all the thunder of the artillery which proclaimed the imperial advent. From that day festivities of every description reigned in Erfurth. But the attention of Stapps was more particularly directed to a ball in which all the nobility of Germany were invited to meet the Emperors. This was the scene for which the student longed. The lovely creature whose form had haunted him so long would, he knew, be there, moving unsurpassed in her native sphere; and shedding those smiles on all, one of which in the fervor of his devotion he would have died to obtain. And yet he sighed to think that even the sight of this golden fruit must be to him denied, so completely was all approach to rank prevented by the jealous vigilance of German etiquette. On the evening previous to the fête, while Frederick was pondering in misery on his inferior station, he was surprised in his little room by the sudden appearance of a stranger, who threw a large bundle upon the table, and immediately withdrew. On examining the package, Frederick could hardly believe his senses when he found it to contain a full court suit of the costliest materials, accompanied with a card of invitation, bearing the seal and signature of the two imperial chancellors, and every requisite for making an appearance brilliant as any of the haughty nobles who were to mingle in the fête. Among the articles he found a note, which only contained the words, "Assume the name and title of the Baron Von Fuerstein, remark every particular, attend to every conversation, and be to-morrow at

the Augustine Monastery." Frederick shuddered as he thought for a moment on the complete resemblance between the stranger and the mysterious chief of the initiation vaults, and trembled for the consequence ; but the warm impulse of his love proved a stronger stimulus than any terrors which might be consequent upon refusal. He had too much confidence in the accuracy of their plans, to fear any risk in consequence of taking the illustrious name he was directed, and he retired to bed excited with the influence of a thousand hopes.

The ball-room of the ducal palace was adorned for the occasion with the most costly decorations ; and early in the evening the vast range of the extensive gardens was illuminated with a splendor that rivalled the fabled magnificence of the East. In the whole brilliant crowd that thronged the superb saloons, there was not a finer figure than Frederick Stapps. In every glittering circle the Baron Von Feuerstein excited undissembled admiration ; and the son of the village curate certainly did the honors of his rank with a grace of which he never supposed he had been master. With an aching and unconscious heart, however, he, in the indulgence of his one solitary hope, only watched the long list of titled dames as they were introduced. At length with an ecstasy of gratified delight he heard the Princess Louisa of Rodoldstadt announced, and with senses conscious of no other presence, he saw advance supported by her mother, that very girl who was the long shined deity of his soul, and far exceeding in the bright reality of her charms all the invested loveliness of his enthusiastic fancy. With a thrilling frame he came to meet her ; and, oh, God ! could it be but the tale of his fluttering heart, or was it the reflection of his own burning cheek that he saw suffuse that angel countenance for a moment with a crimson consciousness. Yet so it was. The high-born heiress of that princely house recognized in the elegant baron the impassioned stranger of the rampart, and the emotion she was unable to conceal told the overjoyed Stapps that he was not the only one delighted by the interview. In her presence he forgot every other feeling but the sensation of his bliss ; and when she had blushed consent to his offer of protection, and he held her soft and delicate hand through the ranks of beauty she totally but unconsciously eclipsed ; he felt that full delicious gush of happiness in his heart, which obliterates in a moment the long and sickening vacuum of unsatisfied desire. It is only in the presence of rival charms which extinguishes ordinary pretensions that perfect beauty can assert its claim. Stapps looked around that night with mingled satisfaction and pride, as he felt that the graceful creature he supported surpassed every decorated lady as the star of evening is distinguished amid all the brilliancies of heaven for its lovelier radiance, saw her appear among the numberless fair around a purer and a brighter being. After dancing, he led her into the spacious garden ;

and it was there in a retired arbor where the sweetest perfume oppressed every sense, and strains of enchanting music died upon the illuminated air, that the impassioned youth first told the confiding girl how long—how ardently he had loved; and it was there, while conscious of no other sound but her own gentle voice, that he heard her say his passion was reciprocated. Through the many hours of that protracted fête was the measure of Stapps happiness complete, and he would have felt no bar to the measure of the evening's enjoyment; but as he was leading his lovely charge through the apartment, he suddenly encountered the eye of the lady's father, engaged among a host of princes round the Emperor's presence. There was a look of fierce displeasure in the glance, that terrified his daughter, and intimidated her lover. In his dream of delight he had never once thought of his fictitious rank; but now that scrutinizing gaze which terribly reminded him of the Burschen chief, awoke him to the consequence of his temerity, and above all filled his soul with remorse for the deception which he practised upon the illustrious princess. He had little time, however, for reflection, when the duke approached and with a haughty rudeness took his daughter's hand, and said to Frederick, in a tone of bitter sarcasm, "the Princess of Rodoldstadt will dispense with the attendance of the Baron Von Feuerstein." He only heard the lady whisper, "to-morrow evening," before she was gone from his sight. And Stapps, to relieve himself from the alarming scrutiny which was directed towards him, immediately withdrew.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

TO AN IMPRISONED LION.

Monarch of India's burning plain—
 Where once in undisputed reign
 Thou held'st despotic sway:—
 Lord of the desert—noble king—
 Thou, who a dauntless glance can fling
 Back to the God of Day!
 There's terror still upon thy brow,
 And pomp about thee even now.

How great—how fallen!—caged and chained
 By him, on whom thou once disdained
 To cast contemptuous look!
 Those iron bars—that narrow floor—
 The confines of that prison door,
 How can thy spirit brook?
 Throbs on thy unsubdued heart,
 As when it played the monarch's part?

Methinks, when fettered in a cage,
With one resistless roar of rage,
And madness uncontrolled,
Thy great heart, at the very first,
Should in its agony have burst
Beneath the conqueror's hold:—
Worthy thy life, old king, would be
Such savage death, to set thee free.

Yet here thou art—shut up and cramped,
With all thy haughty ardor damped,
Ignobly shown about,
A scarecrow to each childish fear,
The subject of an idle jeer
For every rabble rout:—
A living lesson to the world,
How low a monarch may be hurled.

Yet all thy greatness is not fled—
Thou hast a solemn, measured tread,
As in thy loftiest days;
Majestic still thy eye-balls flash,
And sternly mortal eyes can dash
That would return thy gaze:—
Thou art Imperial! and no chains
Debase the blood in royal veins.

Say what they may, thy spirit dwells
Within thee still—and freedom swells
Within thy breast till death;
Thou, as thy sires, wast born to rule,
And thy king-passion cannot cool,
But with thy latest breath:
Though servile chains to thee may cling,
Still thou art "every inch a king!"

So he, who fought his way to thrones,
The proudest one Ambition owns,
Fell from his height at last.
Chained to old ocean's loneliest rock,
He firmly met and braved the shock
That told his splendors past:—
Though heaven was black—yet, like the oak,
His spirit bent not, till it broke!

A PEEP AT THE POW-WOW.

[BY A MEMBER.]

Scene.—The Club-house, High-street; several rooms open, brilliantly lighted, with parties scattered through the suite at chess and ecarté, or grouped around the fire-places. Steward and waiters in attendance, &c. &c. Enter Dashington, through the anti-chamber.

Dashington. Take my cloak, Nathan. Frederick, who is in the billiard-room?

Frederick. Not a soul, sir, but Mr. Macey, playing against the cushions.

D. Playing against the cushions, eh. (*Aside.* I'll bet a hat on the cushions.) Very well, send my coffee and kirschwasser into the front room. Good evening Rifflemore, (*entering,*) Carrom, how are you. Apti-Gulielmi te videre gaudeo. But for heaven's sake, take your feet from the mantle-piece, and let me get nearer the fire; you deserve, Fitz, to be laid on the shelf entirely for that vile trolloping habit. Carrom, how comes it neither of you men are at ecarté?

Rifflemore. The leviathans are playing and I, for one, cannot go the cool hundreds they sport so freely.

Carrom. And I was just trying to book a dozen of chateau with Fitz-Williams, that I would give him thirty at billiards, and beat three rubs out of five.

Fitz-W. Treble your bet, and make Brock Dashington your antagonist, and I will take you even.

Rifflemore. Don't play, Brockholst; I want to ask you about the performance of your brown horse, in a cutter, on Saturday; and you too, Fitz., must tell me who is to be at your aunt's to-night, before you budge from here.

Fitz-W. Not a soul but the two Vandervilles, the heiress Dowerton, sweet Alice Beverley, and that most accomplished vixen——

Carrom. Say not a word, Ned, against Cynthia Silverton.

Fitz-W. "Save me from my friends, Harry." That's too malicious; why I never mentioned that lady's name.

Car. But you were about to,—and, then, I know you would have gone on to observe—

Fitz-W. Merely, my dear fellow, that she was spiteful and venomous, scandalous, and a tale-bearer.

Rifflemore. The devil, Fitz-Williams! She is nothing of all that; her faults may be summed up and referred to one single trait,—a bad one to be sure, but not mortal,—it is worldliness.

Fitz-W. Well, it is a most comprehensive word, and if it includes all the faults of the gentle-named Cynthia Silverton, I doubt whether you will hit on any word or moderate sentence to express the prevailing opinion of her. If there is anything good in her, she suffers great injustice.

Rifflemore. I tell you it is worldliness, nothing more nor less, and so it is generally viewed. But you are prejudiced. If I denied this part of her character, I should go further in her defence than she would herself; she actually piques herself upon it. Carrom knows that.

Carrom. Yes, I confess I do believe her capable of cutting her half-sister if, in attempting a conquest, she prevented her from coming to close quarters.

Rifflemore. It is too true; her head is set upon making a figure in life, and to accomplish that there is nothing she would stick at. But with all her meanness as a climber, what a glorious leader of fashion she'd make. Once married to a rich and accomplished man, who would indulge her passion for style, she would dash with a spirit

taste, and effect, that no one dreams of here, where we all are copyists. How would the ignoble fires, kindled from the ashes of foreign folly, pale before the blaze of her meteor-like originality? Brilliant whim and daring eccentricity would soon supplant second-rate affectation and ennuyeuse insipidity where she moved: and, with such a priestess of Fashion, Dashington himself would bow at its altars.

D. Dashington will see the coming of the comet before he takes a place in its train. But will not hasten its appearance, my champion, by marrying the lady yourself.

Carrom. Well said, Brockholst. Frank, thou art the man, and I propose that you be sentenced to marry the lady immediately, or to name some one, whom you had rather we should toast as the future Mrs. Rifflemore. Frederick, a bottle of the blue seal, remove these cups, and close the folding-doors.

Rifflemore. I will not marry her, neither immediately nor by-and-by. Much as I admire the beauty and talents of Miss Silverton, and readily as I contribute my mite of homage to raise her to the distinction she most covets, yet in spite of all her attractions and accomplishments, she is one of the last women breathing whom I would take as a wife. To me there is nothing in the capacity of bride more repulsive than a calculating worldly-wise girl.

Fitz-W. Who is always on the *qui vive* to make a prudent match.

Rifflemore. Even so. Papas and mamas may be as vigilant and discreet as they please in these matters. It is their vocation, or rather, to speak more to the point, there is an absolute necessity for that, and I submit. But the nymph herself must never be sophisticated,—you smile at my favorite phrase, Carrom, but I repeat—she must not be sophisticated, or I'll none of her. Woman, to captivate me, must be *nosef* and confiding, even to the verge of imprudence. Woman, rich, rare, irresistible woman,—woman, as I worship her, must be fond but modest, and timorous though fervid and confiding. She is a delicate and fragile bark that can never be independent of her guiding and protecting star, and such is always appointed for her; parental, nuptial, and filial love, are the natural successive lights of her summer-night of a life; and to see her capable and proud of dispensing with all these, and marking out her own path,—the idea is revolting to me, and, therefore,—for, as I see, Fitz. you are about to pop in a conclusion to this demonstration,—there being none of my women to be had do I not—

Fitz-W. Marry.

D. Spoken like an oracle; now pass me the chateau, and I will fill to one whom, were it not for supplanting our grave friend here, I'd rather marry than a whole harem of Cynthia Silvertons,—Alice Beverley,—drink men to the peerless Alice Beverley.

Fitz-W. Spirits of paradise, pour me out the ruby wine,—the peerless Alice Beverley.

Carrom. The peerless Alice Beverley. I like a streak of deviltry in a woman myself, but I must drink the gentle Miss Alice.

Rifflemore. Nay, but I'll drink it too; she, at least is not worldly. The peerless Alice Beverley.

All. The peerless Alice Beverley.

D. Worldly? No, nor scarce earthly; what an atmosphere of gentleness she carries with her, what refreshing simplicity of character, what a vivifying contrast does such a flower as that present to the hot-house plants and coarse weeds of the hackneyed ways of life, which "the rank vapors of this sin-worn world," the smoke, and dust, and petty vices, and rude collisions of society, have worn, and disguised, and soiled.

Carrom. Cull the poetry then yourself, young gentleman, what says the song,

"And the fresh Soweret pluck, ere it fades."

D. Young? young I am, indeed, in years, but in soul, alas, how different; you might as well try to keep a canary bird in a hen coop, as pen love in this old riddled heart of mine. No, how could I even dare to court the image of that fresh, gay, and happy creature to become a tenant of this barren bosom. Chilled views, debased susceptibilities, the withering effects of too intimate an intercourse with the world have filled the native channels of my feelings with sand, have desolated the field of my early hopes with cinders, have——

Riflemore. Dashington, you are a little tipsey, and you mean all this for poetry; take a cup of coffee and let your inspiration settle a little, and then, whatever course it may take, we will hear you out.

Carrom. I doubt whether this be poetry or inspiration. Poetry certainly may be, and often is, unintelligible, and still poetic. Yet the poet himself, I imagine, is always bound to know what he is aiming at, though haply he may not be able to hit it. Some nonsense comes out upon us so like the parings of an unrevealed sense that we feel a respect for it which we do not feel when we see it coulant de source.

Riflemore. The distinction is good, and examples are not wanting. Shelley, for instance, is in general pregnant with an unrevealed sense, as you style it; and Keats, wild and spiritual as he is, can deliver you any quantity of fluent nonsense.

Dashington. Coleridge has poetry in him, too, which cannot be got out; and Shelley, it must be conceded, has been guilty, as well as Keats, of a great deal of arrant nonsense. But much that he has written is alive with the glow of Olympus—so wild and German, so vague and indistinct, and yet so earnest, indicating thoughts rather than expressing them—pointing to sentiments it cannot reach; and for feelings, it cannot pour out stirring up sympathies. Such revelation must be met with a kindred feeling: to the cold eye of the logician it is often as a blind hieroglyphic; but the poet will gaze and gaze, as Alastor did, till meaning on his mind

"Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw
The thrilling secrets of the birth of time."

Carrom. Be quiet, Fitz; Dashington has more to say.

Dashington. Poetry is a voice half lost in the clouds that bound the horizon of human knowledge. It is an adventurous discoverer, journeying with the meteors of fancy beyond the lights of reason; and its language and accents partake of the indistinctness of its perceptions; yet they come home to us with a consciousness of truth. They speak darkly and are darkly understood, like the night declaring knowledge to the night; yet they fill us with a belief, with a longing desire of the better inspiration of the day—

Fitz W. Uttering speech unto the day.

Dashington. Even so: and toward this goal our fantasy is straining, and though it may long remain beyond our reach, yet in the effort to attain it, some gifted minds have effected glorious things; and Shelley is among them. His fulness and depth and sublimity and beauty are at times poured forth with an excess that makes one gasp for epithets to praise its worth, and yet there is but one—the one word poetry.

Riflemore. But fulness and depth and sublimity and beauty will not of themselves make poetry; it cannot be compounded mechanically even of such high elements. It is itself an element, and the essential characters of the others are its inseparable attributes. Shelley has shown in his translations that all these characters might be preserved and the poetry nearly lost.

Dashington. Shelley, as a translator, is an eagle with clipped wings, dancing in a *pas-de-deux*,—to the music of the spheres it may be—but will that make the profanation

graceful. A camel would do it better—a fag, a drudge, a son of patient industry, whose faculties are in their fullest honor

When Labour and when Dulness hand in hand,
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand,
Beating alternately in measured time,
The clockwork tintinnabulum of rhyme.

Exactness, regularity, quarterstrokes, behold the terms of his praise, and the limits of his ambition.—But who's seen Halleck's new edition of Byron? There are some capital things there which are new to most of us.

Rifflemore. I like that idea much of one poet editing the works of another; especially when the editor is such a poet as Halleck, whose single ode of Marco Bozzaris is enough to immortalize him in an age of poets.

"Strike till the last armed foe expires,
Strike for the green graves of your sires;
Strike for your altars and your fires;
God, and your native land."

One's heart twangs to those lines like a Scythian bowstring, when struck at the banquet which preceded a battle. I would compromise with Fame—I would compound with Fate;—I would die to have written that poem.

Fitz. W. In other words, Frank, you would exchange a doubtful life for certain immortality. But would you have lived the life of Byron to have embalmed your memory in Childe Harold, or would you have endured the existence of Burns to live for ever in his lyrics.

Dashington. Let me answer for him?—Neither. But you set a higher price on fame than did Rifflemore. He said he would die for it,—early, I suppose, like one of those "whom the gods love,"—not live miserably, not linger—for these men did linger. They had *lived out* long before they ceased to exist. As for Byron,

His hopes did fade like sunset clouds,
Which melt in blackening skies,
Until he sought that peace in crowds
A cheerless home denies.

He roamed, an Arab on life's waste,
Its kindly springs to drink;
A Tantalus, from whose hot taste
The cooling tide would shrink.

And when he would each trace forget
That marked his early course,
Remembrance did become regret,
Regret became remorse.

And he did watch life's lamps go out,
Its friendships one by one
Decay, and leave his soul without
A light beneath the sun.

And then as for Burns—

Rifflemore. Richly has he been repaid for every humiliation that ever excoriated his heart of sensibility. What poet that ever wrote is idolized like Burns? Byron, indeed, has the homage of mind wherever mind is cultivated, but Burns is rich in the worship of the heart the wide over. Byron, it is true, wrote from his own heart, but Burns wrote to that of others.

Dashington. Yes; but it is the playfulness nearly as much as the pathos of the Scottish poet which makes him such a general favorite.

Rifflemore. By no means. Burns, in his sudden moments, wrote from a heart bowed by real distress: Byron from a mind embittered chiefly by imaginary wrong. Byron was wrought up to scorn by dwelling upon the injuries under which he conceived himself to be smarting: Burns was softened to sorrow by actual suffering, or stung to indignation by the forced endurance of insolence. But it is idle to attempt a parallel, when the materials upon which their genius operated differ as much as the scenes in which they moved. For Byron, while he only helped to darken the atmosphere of the ideal world in which he lived, would have shrunk with disgust from a contact with the situations of poverty, which Burns redeemed from their meanness and elevated into a theme fit for poetry. The nobleman, I grant you, is the poet of civilization; but the ploughman is the lyricist of nature.

Dashington. Yes; but mind—mind was the inspiration of Byron. Tortuous and sophisticated, I allow; scorched, withered, wrung—but bold, intrepid, soaring, and irrepressible;—dauntless as the fabled stormers of heaven, and Promethean as the fire which destroyed them—

Fitz W. And turned Pelion and Ossa into blocks of anthracite. But surely Brockholst, after Lady Blessington's revelations, you claim too much for your favorite.

Dashington. You allude to Byron's fear of ridicule. That weakness, I apprehend, is the inseparable attendant of a quick perception of the ludicrous.

Rifflemore. That weakness, *Dashington*; why if his intimates have spoken truth his character was full—

Dashington. One moment, Frank. When was a man's soul ever bared to the world as Byron's has been? Whose life, except Rousseau's, was ever so denuded to the common gaze? And what man, whose character is made up of such powerfully conflicting elements, can abide such scrutiny? Byron's vices are public property: I give them up to the condemnation they may merit. But his weaknesses—(who but his valet had a right to know that he had any?)—it offends me to the soul to see fools and slaves probing every crevice of a noble nature to find some trait cognate to those in their own bosoms. Familiarity is well said to beget contempt; and had Byron kept mankind as much aloof in reality as he has done in fiction, he would still sit enthroned upon their imaginations as a being not of themselves. Why is Longinus no longer "himself the great sublime he drew?"—Why is it that the gloom of Childe Harold has lost its grandeur, and the lofty mien of Conrad ceases to awe? It is because we sit in the study of Manfred and handle the instruments of his power, like one of his own familiars. We refuse to bow to the idol because we have attained the penetralia of the temple.

Rifflemore. No: it is because the brazen divinity has feet of clay. The various fopperies and affectations of Byron have done more to diminish interest in his character than any act of his life, however censurable.

Dashington. And what is that but what I am urging. It is not our moral sense which is shocked; it is our vanity, which has taken alarm. He upon whose words the world has hung entranced, is shown at last to be but a being like ourselves—as if in truth such ideal creations as Byron once put forth as portraits of himself ever did exist; as if any heart that is the throne of passions energetic and untameable as those he loves to depict is without that flux and reflux of feeling which exists in all bosoms. The most muscular minds, like bows which send the farthest, are relaxed most easily; and the billow that breaks with the most force is that which shows its naked bed, while gathering its surges to shake the shore. For my own part, I like Byron the more since these lackey-and-friseur-like revelations have come before the

public. I like him for his companionable qualities; his frank, reckless fellowship with any agreeable companion that was thrown in his way, regardless how a speculation might be made of his conversation. I like him for his soul of whim and love of mystifying those who would fain sound all the stops of the noble instrument. I like him for his homely common sense; and above all do I like him for that genius whose productions, whether soft as the sweeping outline of a willow reposing against the twilight heavens, or wild as a blasted fir tossing against a troubled sky, still spring alike from a soil teeming with intellectual luxuriance, and rife with poetic feeling.

Carrom. Methinks, Dash, there's still a good residuum of *enthusiasm* in that petrified heart of yours. But tell me—where did you get the verses you were repeating but now?

Dashington. They were written by a young *Quisortley*, of Dutchess county, who died a year or two since. A scrap or two only of whose writings have found their way into print.

But hand me that guitar in the corner, and I will make one of his songs an excuse for inflicting some music upon you, though, to tell the truth, I've got a devilish bad cold from spending the early part of the evening in company with that freezing Miss Pruderton.

Come, men! fill round once more before we go.

(Sings.)

Fill around once more before we go,
 Let a bumper each in our glasses glow;
 For a parting cup's like a parting kiss
 To the lips that are properly schooled in bliss;
 Like burning thoughts which lovers hoard
 In characters that mock the sight,
 Till some kind liquid o'er them poured
 Brings all their hidden warmth to light.
 Are feelings bright, which in the cup
 Though graven deep appear but dim,
 Till filled with glowing Bacchus up
 They sparkle on the foaming brim.
 Each drop upon the first you pour
 Brings some new tender thought to life:
 And as you fill it o'er and o'er,
 The last with fervid soul grows rife.
 Then fill once more before we go,
 Let a bumper each in our glasses glow;
 For a parting cup's like a parting kiss
 To the lips that are properly schooled in bliss.

[Exeunt.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We thank Diogenes for his suggestion, and, regretting that any general remark made under this head in our last number could have been so appropriated as to have given pain, we shall in future notice only those communications to which an answer is particularly requested. In the mean time, while expressing our indebtedness to correspondents for their numerous favors and kind wishes, we can only mention "Le Noir Faineant," "Cousin Sue," "C. D. D.," and "A. G. I.," as among the contributions selected for publication. To these the verses of "M. S." should be added. Were it not for the great falling off in the last stanza, which, it is trusted, the writer will think it worth while to revise. The sportive vein of Epaphroditus Pelham recommends him, for we are sadly in want of lively contributors; but his communication is too deficient in point, both in the turn of the sentences and general effect, for us to consider it a successful hit. "O." and "W." are not quite what we would wish them. "P.," is answered through the post-office.

The well written reply to the article on Political Economy in our first number, which we mentioned in our second would appear in this, has, upon further advisement, been returned to the publisher to await the disposal of the author. For, not to allege other causes, immediately after our announcement regarding it, our table became so flooded with communications upon both sides of the great question which now agitates the country, that it was at once apparent that if we lent our pages further to its discussion, they would soon be engrossed by a single subject. And therefore, though desirous of retaining such writers as *Menocros*, and the author of the article in question among our contributors, we cannot but yield to the recommendation so forcibly conveyed in the following communication.

Knickerbacker, No. 1, Art. 5th—"On Political Economy."—No. 2—"The able reply to the fifth article in our last number, shall appear in our next."

Mons. Tonsen come again, aye, and again, and again,—coming, coming, coming. I will bear it no longer, it is absolutely insufferable. This miserable subject—this detestable Political Economy meets me at every turn. In good old times a man could avoid it—keep clear of quartos—eschew folios, and you were safe. But now we have Political Economy in octavo and duodecimo, besides pamphlets and tracts on Political Economy without number, and without end. With the periodicals, the case is even worse: instead of one or two dull, solid articles per annum in the Edinburgh and Quarterly, which any one could skip, we have articles on Political Economy in the monthlies, the weeklies, and the dailies. Bulwer, Campbell, Tom Moore, and Wilson, (who knows better) all think it necessary to fill twenty pages per number with Political Economy. Nay, it was but the other day that I saw a new number of Peter Parley's Tales, entitled "Peter Parley's Tales about Political Economy for Young Children." Think of that—Political Economy for young children. Let the boys dive into Adam Smith, and the girls understand Malthus, and what can you expect from such a system, but that the man will bestow part of his labor in adding to the exchangeable value of his own note by forging his neighbor's name on the back of it, and the woman be hanged for committing infanticide, lest the supply should exceed the demand? I had hopes that when Jeremy Bentham was dead, (may he rest in peace, or at least in quiet,) we should hear less of Political Economy. Jeremy was dead, and there was a fair prospect that the Westminster would not long survive him, and that the greatest happiness of the greatest number of that set, would be, to be declared bankrupt, or punished under the statute, against obtaining goods under false pretences; but I

know not how it is, the evil advances—in the words of the old statute, it has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. What is the reason why our country is convulsed from north to south by the Tariff Question? Why are the Northern men talking of coercion, and the Southerners calculating the value of the Union—think you that it is really because they have different and irreconcilable interests?—not at all, it is because they have adopted different theories in Political Economy; and to these theories—fancies—notions—vagaries of the brain, they cling, and will cling forever: for a man will sacrifice any thing rather than his prejudices—and a regular political economist is the most obstinate of all animals, the jackass not excepted. The worst of it is, that it is corrupting the fair sex. Now-a-days, if a man seeks, as every wise man will, to while away an hour with them, instead of pretty prattle about dress and scandal, the last new novel, or poem, we have Ricardo and Adam Smith, price, value, utility, (that abhorred utility,) as familiar as household words. A word to bachelors. Did you ever see a lady reading Political Economy?—avoid her—of course you would not wish to marry such an one—of that you are incapable—but avoid her: do not walk, nor talk, nor eat, nor drink with her—above all things do not play brag with her, I did once. How well she looked in Broadway next week—an elegant hat, Miss Thompson's best, lace veil, cashmere shawl.—N. B. My tailor had to wait till next quarter. This is but one of the cases in which the morale of the fair sex has been, to my knowledge, injured by Political Economy. It is the unsuspected cause of half the mischief they do. There, for example, is Miss B—, married to a rich curmudgeon, as old as her grandfather. Why did she do it?—entirely, according to McCulloch, she found that a hundred thousand dollars was the high price at which she could sell her love—a price which exceeded by many thousand fold the cost of its production—so, of course, the bargain was a good one; besides, her sister at nineteen, married a poor lawyer of two and twenty, and now at thirty, she has nine children; and Malthus says—more than I choose to repeat; but where will the growing numbers end, if I attempt to tell all the evils which result from Political Economy. The very name is odious to me, it has robbed me of so many pleasing associations that cling to the word Economy. I had but the Domestic Economy, and a bright vision of fireside enjoyments, home-bred happiness rose before me: then Rural Economy, the neat well-kept farm, warm, comfortable house, large, well stocked barn, good crops, repaying good tillage—all this, and more, did those sweet words Rural Economy recall to mind; but Political Economy! what is associated with that?—eternal wrangling about principles which few understand, and fewer believe; cold calculations—every thing estimated according to its market price, to be sold, without hesitation, for what it will bring. But I will follow Hal's advice, and take breath and to it again.

FALSTAFF.

LITERARY AND CRITICAL NOTICES
OF NEW WORKS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON, IN VERSE AND PROSE, including his Letters, Journals, &c., with a Sketch of his Life. New-York.

We must first remark of this really splendid work, that it is premature. All the productions of the illustrious poet, with his life and letters, condensed in one volume, would be, perhaps, the most invaluable achievement which encouraged enterprise could offer to the literary world; but it is well known that the great edition of Byron, now publishing by Murray and edited by Moore, in a manner which has added even to his fame a lasting credit, will be extended by an accumulation of materials to three volumes more than were originally contemplated, and many new and interesting details are confidently expected in the supplementary matter. To have made an edition, therefore, perfectly complete, these should have been waited for; and we should, moreover, have been presented with a life much more elaborate than the mere chronological sketch which is here prefixed.

A work, so edited, so accompanied, would be a grand desideratum. The measure of Lord Byron's reputation is now complete,—the influence and extent of his glory may now be estimated with undazzled certainty, no additional fragments can be added to his history, and the column of his increasing fame, like the wreath upon the fabled mountain, has become fixed at last. Of all the great poets who have shed a lustre upon literature, there are none whose works have taken such a tinge from life as Lord Byron's. Who can trace, in the *Inferno*, the hopeless passion of Dante, who can discover the bitterness of disappointed ambition in the strains of *Paradise Lost*, or recognise the sycophant and the courtier in the *Gerusalemme*. Some indistinct allusions to events of private history may sometimes mingle in the song, but the distinguishing character of all is essentially abstract. It was reserved for Byron alone to mingle the poet and the man; and to tint the splendour of immortal genius with the blended and ineffaceable coloring of life and earth. The consequence is, that his character is the most difficult subject that ever fame bequeathed to history. Hidden with light,—obscured with glory,—his passions, his prejudices, his predilections, were not regulated by, or conformed to the

common-place realities of life, but seemed to move in a lofty world of his own creation. It was his fate, perhaps misfortune, that his "mystic thread of life," was so intimately twined around his shaft of fame, that attention was directed and attracted to the one by the splendid beauty and proportion of the other. Many events had a souring, chilling effect upon the surface of his character. His pride of rank and birth were mortified by his having to prove his legitimacy before he could take his seat in the house of Lords; he was constantly annoyed by the irretrievable embarrassment of his finances; and his vanity in his finely formed head and beautiful features, received a fatal check from the personal defect, the consciousness of which seems to have haunted him throughout life like a demon. These circumstances, when shewn so strongly by the reflected radiance of his glory, produced their natural effect upon a mind like his; and to the giddy, the superficial, the censorious, made him appear repulsive, when he was only refined. The biographer of a character so wayward, yet withal, so intensely interesting, to do him justice, should be one who winged with genius, and shod with immortality, could tread, undazzled and undismayed, the same burning regions of fancy and of thought as himself, one who, while he could speak as a god, could think as a man, and who possessed for the subject of his narrative that warm and confiding friendship from which nothing is withheld, and to which nothing is unknown;—such a one was Moore. Equal to himself in all the unacquirable endowments of intellect and genius, he was superior in knowledge of the world, and reconciled the ever-jarring eccentricities of his friend to the common usages of life with a generous and delicate felicity, which has not only done himself immortal honor, but has had a redeeming influence upon the fame of the haughty bard, and won for his noble work, from one of the most accomplished critics of the day, the enviable praise of being, "recollecting Southey's Nelson and Lockhart's Burns, the very best book of biography in the English language."

It is the influence, then, of Lord Byron's character upon his verse which gives it that mighty hold upon the mind, which has shrined it in a lasting fame; it is not so much his sublimity of thought, though its radiance flashes upon every page, nor his power of description, though it flings an atmosphere of glory round every thing it touches, nor the lofty beauty of his poetry, though it refines, and purifies, and exalts the subjects it embraces; but it is the

power of embodied feeling which breathes through every song, the vivid energy of personal interest, which give to every character and to every scene the tone and lineaments of actual life; and because his pencil, in every portrait,—no matter, how dark or gloomy, or misanthropical,—has been dipped in those colors of pervading passion, which, however developed or however dim, still exist, and exert an influence in every heart; and look and love their image in the strain.

The extent and the influence of Lord Byron's genius then, remain to be estimated. There is one eminent individual to whom the concurrent voice of both England and America would assign the task, one whose profound learning and vast acquirements, place him first among the philosophical critics of the age, as does his magical command of language and unlimited power of expression, among living writers; and whose analysis of the character of Milton and Napoleon, are universally allowed to be among the most masterly examples of correct dissertation which has ever been written. If Channing, then, or one of equal power would take up this subject, and give us, in addition to the beautiful notices of his life by Moore, an essay worthy of its subject, on the influence of Lord Byron's writings, we will have all that is wanting to render his fame complete; and, unlike the Egyptian monarch whose name perished with its gilded decorations, while his architect's remained engraven in the eternal pyramid below,—the annotator and the author will go down the stream of time together, maintained in lasting fame by their mutual reaction.

The manner in which this work is printed and "got up" is highly creditable to the state of art in the country. ==

EVENINGS IN GREECE—the poetry of Thomas Moore, Esq. The music composed and selected by Henry R. Bishop, and Mr. Moore. *Second Evening.* London, J. Power.

In the present state of the literary world, the appearance of a work from the pen of Moore is really delightful. It is a glad reflection, that while the great lights of the world are going out, unsucceeded, one by one, there still survives in unimpaired and unwasted strength, one of the brightest of that phalanx of immortals, who have shed an undying lustre on their age and country.

This work carries us back to the best days of Lalla Rookh, when poetry was

all sunshine and flowers, and its bright creations drawn in colors of unearthly beauty. The "First Evening in Greece" was published two or three years ago, and was distinguished by all the graceful brilliancy of its author. The second, is not behind it, and we even like it better, as having about it more of chaste and finished beauty than most of his former productions, and we may say of his muse what he said of his own lady princess, "what she has lost of the bloom and radiancy of her charms is more than made up by that intellectual expression, which is worth all the rest of loveliness."

The design of the work is similar to the *Light of the Harem*, in Lalla Rookh. Twelve beautiful songs, supposed to be sung by a number of young Grecians, in the calm twilight of their country on the shores of the Isle of Zee, are connected together by portions of light descriptive verse, "so as," using the words of the preface, "to enable a greater number of persons to take a share in the performance, and enlisting as readers those who may not feel themselves competent as singers."

There is a quiet and delicate beauty in the following commencing hymn to the Virgin:

When evening shades are falling
O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,
To pilgrims' hearts recalling
Their home beyond the deep;
When, rest o'er all descending,
The shores with gladness smile,
And lutes, their echoes blending,
Are heard from tale to tale,
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray, to thee!

The noon-day tempest over,
Now ocean toils no more,
And wings of halcyons hover,
Where all was strife before.
Oh thus my life, in closing
Its short tempestuous day,
Beseech heaven's smile reposing,
Shine all its storms away!
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray, to thee!

"The Birth of Portraiture" is a gem worth volumes of maudlin verses.

A youth skilled in painting, but who had hitherto only attempted flowers, is kindled into a bolder attempt by the looks of her he loves.

His hand had pictured many a rose,
And sketched the rays that light the brook;
But what were these, or what were those,
To woman's blush, to woman's look?
"Oh! if such magic pow'r there be,
'Tis this," he cried, "is all my pray'r,
To paint the living light I see,
And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His pray'r, as soon as breath'd was heard,
His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew warm,
And painting saw her hues transferr'd
From lifeless flowers to woman's form.
Still, as from tint to tint he stole,
The fair design shone out the more,
And there was now a life, a soul,
Where only colors glow'd before.

Then first carnations learn'd to speak,
And lilies into life were brought;
While, mantling on the maiden's cheek,
Young roses kindled into thought.
Then hyacinths their darkest dyes
Upon the locks of Beauty threw;
And violets transformed to eyes,
Inshrined a soul within their blues.

The allusion to Byron is touching, and worthy of his dearest friend. The maidens are started by the sudden approach of a boat.

'Twas from an isle of mournful name,
From Misoloughi last they came,—
Sad Misoloughi, sorrowing yet
O'er him, the noblest Star of Fame
That e'er in life's young glory set!

The following song, likewise, greatly pleased us. It breathes strongly of the patriotic fire of some of the Irish Melodies:

Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no,
Thy soul, to realms above us fled,
Though, like a star, it dwells o'erhead,
Still lights this world below.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Through isles of light, where heroes tread,
And bowers ethereal blow,
Thy god-like spirit sows its seed,
Thy lip, with life ambrosial fed,
Forgets all taste of woe.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

The myrtle, round that fables spread
Which struck the immortal blow,
Throughout all time, with leaves washed,—
The patriot's hope, the tyrant's dread,—
Round Freedom's shrine shall grow.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Where hearts like thine have broke or bled,
Though quenched the vital glow,
Their memory lights a flame, instead,
Which, e'er from out the narrow bed
Of death its beams shall throw.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Thy name, by myriads sung and said,
From age to age shall go,
Long as the oak and ivy wad,
As bees shall haunt Hymettus' head,
Or Helles' waters flow.
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

The **!Anacreontic** below is eminently spirited.

Up with the sparkling brimmer,
Up to the crystal rim;
Let not a moon-beam glimmer
Twist the food and brim.
When hath the world set eyes on
Anight to match this light,
Which, o'er the cup's horizon
Dawns in bumpers bright!
Truth in a deep well lieth—
So the wise aver;
But truth the fact denieth—
Water suits not her.
No, her shade's in brimmers,
Like this mighty esp.—
Waiting till we, good swimmers,
Dive to bring her up.

We regret much we cannot give our readers a few more specimens of these delightful songs, nor a sample of the music which accompanies them—it is harmonious and lively, and a fit accompaniment to the sparkling verse. We hope sincerely we shall soon hear from Moore again—holding, the elevated place he does, among

modern poets, and, unlike many of them, never producing any thing unworthy of his established fame. —

THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE, Edited by Leith Ritchie, No. 1. The GHOST HUNTER, by the O'Hara Family. London, Smith, Elder & Co.

MR. BANIM, under the plural soubriquet of the O'Hara Family, has become one of the most popular of modern novel-writers. His style, his conceptions, and his descriptions, are peculiarly his own, and his attempts to delineate the wild humor, and impetuous passion of Irish life, arduous and almost un essayed as was the task, has been attended with the most signal and flattering success.

To a perfect knowledge of the strange character of his countrymen, varying to every shade of romantic generosity, and darkest guilt, he joins descriptive powers of the highest order, with strong and original humor, to a skill in grouping his incidents, seldom exceeded in the works of Scott—and which have won for his novels an enduring fame, as containing some of the most masterly delineations of passion and of life ever presented in romance.

We are saying much when we say the "Ghost Hunter" sustains the high reputation he has acquired. The story is admirably calculated for developing strong and powerful traits of character, and its personages have about them nothing of indistinctness, of confusion, of obscurity, but are displayed in vivid relief, touched into and breathing of actual life. Rose Brady is beautifully drawn—delicate, interesting, and affectionate—it is one of the most perfect pictures of lowly worth we have any where seen in fiction, while in the beautiful, retiring Patty, he has made fondness throw a charm over frailty which gives it the appearance of the most touching innocence. The interviews between Rose and Patty, in chapters 19, 20, and 29, are replete with affecting tenderness, drawn in those colors, from the inmost depths of human feeling, which none but a master hand can use. There are many other excellent scenes in the book. The stern righteousness of Randal—the absorbing avarice of old Barnaby, and the profligate duplicity of Jim Brown, are all powerful—while Hester Bonnetty has about her a Satanic originality, which, without startling us by a departure from conceivable wickedness, has yet about her an unalloyed depravity, worthy only of a demon.

The book, like all others, has its defects. Mrs. Brady's proverbs smack too much of

Sancho Panza, and are seldom brought in with the happiness of that respectable precedent. There is no sufficient cause why the ghost should not have accomplished all his ends without the slightest assistance from Morris Brady. The tantalizing scene between Rose and William Duncan, after he delivered her from the outrage in the den, lessens her much in the reader's estimation, while the forty years' curse of the old Harrihan come, in a too apt fulfilment even for romance.

But with all its defects, you hesitate not to pronounce it one of the best of its class. Spirited—original—natural and striking—maintaining an unbroken interest to the last, and every way deserving a lasting popularity. ==

ALPHABET OF BOTANY, by James Rennie, M. A. Professor of Zoology, King's College, London. William Orr, 14 Paternoster Row.

ALPHABET OF INSECTS, by the same.

Professor Rennie stands among the foremost of those illustrious men, who, undegraded by the cherished pedantry of the schools, labor heart and hand to effect a reform, in literature as well as in politics. He is a man not less distinguished for his learning and acquirements, than for his exertions to render the hidden intricacies of science intelligible to all. These unpretending, but most useful little works are among the best proofs of his zeal.

They are both clearly, sometimes beautifully written, and refine away the mysticisms which so long obscured these popular sciences. They are handsomely got up, embellished with numerous wood cuts illustrative of the text. Both would be eminently useful in this country, which presents the finest field for botany and entomology in the world; but where neither have been cultivated, by any means, to the extent which they deserve. ==

HISTORY OF IRELAND, FROM THE ANGLO-NORMAN INVASION TILL THE UNION OF THE COUNTRY WITH GREAT BRITAIN, by W. C. Taylor, Esq., of Trinity College, Dublin; with additions by Wm. Sampson, Esq. New-York, J. & J. Harper. 2 vols.

The Messrs. Harper have been rather unfortunate in the selection of a History of Ireland, for the Family Library. We think it would have been much more profitable for themselves and gratifying to the public, had they waited until the work, which it is well known Moore has in pre-

paration, made its appearance, than to embody in their popular series a compilation which was no sooner published in Great Britain than it fell into merited and irretrievable oblivion. The New-York publishers have, moreover, given a rank to the work which the author never intended it to assume; and in offering Taylor's "Memoirs of the Civil Wars in Ireland," as a complete history of the country, they have committed the not very trivial error of giving us a "history" which mainly overlooks the two most interesting portions of the Irish records—that period of traditional glory in the early ages, on which the monkish annalists love to enlarge, and the brighter triumph of successful patriotism, in 1782; and which, moreover, has none of the philosophical morality, none of the acute investigation into effect and cause, and none of those interesting pictures of successive manners and constitutional legislation which give all the value to historic narrative, and deprived of which the annals of every nation will, like the volume before us, present nothing but a dry detail of victory and defeat, of successful chicanery and of baffled fraud.

Apart from these remarks, we may observe, that the history of Ireland requires a union of greater and more varied talent to do it justice, than that of any other people in the world. In its story of unvaried suffering, and fierce but disorganized resistance, its wrongs, contentions, proscriptions, massacres, and rebellions, it presents a dismal theme, which requires abilities of a rare description even to illustrate; but only genius of the highest order can give a moral to the wretched tale. What objects then can this compendium hope to accomplish other than the masterly histories of Leland, on the one hand, or of Lawless and Plowden on the other. Will we be pardoned for saying, that this writer, in assuming for himself a higher grade of historical discrimination than all these gentlemen, has shown as much of the affected vanity of the author as he has little of the discrimination of the candid historian. In one flippant chapter he has undertaken to dissipate all the fond traditions of a former glory, which the Irish have ever cherished with pride and emulation in the darkest hours of their national calamity. It was a beautiful observation of an accomplished author, that "he cannot be a friend to the Irish who would wantonly shake their belief in the ancient honor and magnificence of their country. For the Irishman, continues he, "has often found refuge from the misfortunes that were pressing upon

him in the cherished and sacred reflection that however afflicted his country, or borne down her liberties, or hopeless her cause, he could look back to her history with complacency, where he sees her described as the instructress of Europe, the dispenser of justice, and the Island of Saints." We are not aware of any historical inspiration which can authorize W. C. Taylor, Esq., A. B., of Trinity College, Dublin, to set aside the strong evidence of this early greatness, which is as firmly proved by irrefragable testimony and existing evidences as any other fact can be of a period so remote. We are not going to enlarge this passing notice into an article, or we might adduce the authority of Voltaire, who says the Irish are the only people who can boast of authentic history one thousand years earlier than any nation in Europe. We might refer to the manuscript of "Oide Chloinne Uisneac," in the Royal Irish Academy, possessing an undoubted antiquity of two thousand years, where there are materials of personal elegance described which none but a people highly cultivated could have possessed. The fact of Armagh and other universities educating and maintaining many thousands of students (Alfred the king of England boasts as having been of the number) has never been denied; while the wonderful round towers, whose enduring masonry, like the eternal pyramids of Egypt, have remained from time unknown the wonder of succeeding ages, not less than the concurring tradition of Europe, all unite to prove that in the annals of this people there was once a glorious time, on which, though visionary and dim, the heart delights to dwell—when the sons of Europe came from far, in the mental darkness of all other nations, to bow at the altars of the Isle of the West; and which, after a lapse of eleven hundred years, still shines through all the mist of history, a bright and sunny recollection. But we can more easily forgive the pitiful attempt to throw discredit on these national reminiscences than the slovenly and careless manner in which he has passed over perhaps one of the proudest instances of moral triumph upon record: when the united efforts of an outraged people wrung reluctant justice from angry power, and shamed corruption on its gilded seat into the admission of the greater ma-

esty of unbought opinion; when a nation, starting from the supineness of centuries, assumed the dignity of freedom, asked redress in the thunder of a people's voice, "and for one sacred moment touched liberty's goal." These are things of use to mankind—and history ceases to be useful when it fails in the example. Here too, in this flimsy and superficial epitome, we find no place of fame for those illustrious men led on by the immortal names of Grattan and Curran and of Flood—"who read their histories in a nation's eyes," and shed a halo of deathless genius round the freedom they created and adorned. One thing gives an extrinsic value to the volume: it is the matter which has been added, by the on Irish subjects revered name of William Sampson. Had this matter been published in any other form than as a conclusion to a work with which it has little or no connexion, or as the history of a period which it scarcely treats of, it would have been much more useful, and far more in its place. Viewed as reflections upon the causes and character and consequence of the Irish "Rebellion," it may be regarded as a valuable and a solemn memento of the darkest period which the annals of flagitious and high handed oppression ever produced. No one can peruse this touching statement of the wrongs inflicted on that devoted country but must feel his heart wrung by the fate of those hapless but illustrious men, who sacrificed their properties, their liberties, their lives, in the attempt to redeem their native land, in that portentous time. Never was there an array of purer moral worth, of stronger genius, of more elevated talent, and more unsullied integrity, than the men who appeared in the nation's van in that hopeless but immortal cause, and planned, and all but conducted to complete success, the most gigantic conspiracy of which we have any record in the world. Of these patriots—and their unhonored memories will have justice yet—the great majority perished on the scaffold, and never, surely, was there a hecatomb of greater virtue offered at the shrine of startled despotism. Others, banished from their native soil, found refuge in distant lands, and in the blended lustre of their character and talents there giving an effulgent evidence of what must have been the brightness of the constellation of which they were but the scattered stars, had it ever attained its zenith. And others of them, after wasting their morning prime in dungeon damps, still live in their native land, illustrating in the influence of their spotless lives, the purity of the principles they professed. Among

* Transactions of the Gaelic Society, Vol. 1.

† His poems, quoted by Matthew Paris and Sir James Ware. There is also the celebrated scholiast, John Don Scotus; Erasmus, precursor to Charlemagne, and many others. See Sir James Ware's Catalogue of Irish writers. The testimony of the venerable Bede to the same effect is well known.

them the gifted and accomplished Teeling, who, after losing a father and a brother, and a princely fortune, in the cause, still remains to do honor to the calumniated creed of his compatriots by his character, and to rescue their insulted memories by his talents,* not less adorning private life than honoring public principle, and winning even from admiring opponents, for enemies he has none, the warmest cordiality of respect.

But the haze of madness will not last for ever, and the period is approaching fast when those terrible times will be honored and described, and perhaps revenged, as they ought; for history, fruitful as it is in example, never exhibited in all its fearful contrasts a change more marked than the present state of the British empire, as compared with that appalling period. How strongly now will the prophetic words of the poet of patriotism apply—

Weep on, perhaps in after days
They'll learn to love your name,
And many a deed shall wake to praise
That now must sleep in blame.

Yes, now—when the whole British nation, with the British monarch at their head, have recorded their approval before the world, and adopted those very principles, for adhering to which not forty years before Harvey, Bond, Fitzgerald, Teeling, and a host of others, were branded by relentless power with the traitor's name and suffered the traitor's death—now, what measure of retrospective justice should be dealt out upon the actors in that bloody tragedy, and what honors should be paid to those victims of a darker age. When there now no titled miscreant abroad whom the late events in England will brand before he goes to his great account with the murderer's name and the murderer's sin? Yes—sleep on, calumniated men! justice has been done—your characters stand redeemed—your motives unspersed,—and in the constitution of 1832, the British nation have erected a moral cenotaph to your memory prouder than eternal brass, on which is inscribed in unfading characters of historic light—TO THE MARTYRS OF 1798.

Let us dismiss this subject. How the heart expands with the reflection that these great events are the coming dawn of that day of brightness, when the accumulated miseries of six centuries of oppression will be wiped off and atoned, and that beautiful

island, "redeemed, regenerated, and disenfranchised," shall take the place among the nations of the earth which God and nature have assigned it.

Then these victims of a tragic policy will not have died in vain; and future times shall take a pleasure in believing that the lamp of their liberation has been lighted at their tombs. —

THE LIFE OF A SAILOR: 3 vols. post 8vo. London, Richard Bentley.

This work, by one of the most accomplished officers in the British navy, has grown out of the Sketches of a Sailor's Life, which appeared in some of the early numbers of the Metropolitan. The favor with which these papers were received, and the great success of Captain Hall's autobiography, probably suggested their enlargement into the present volumes. We have little doubt they will become popular. If they have not the vivacity and brilliancy of description evidenced in the "Fragments of Voyages," they have an air of charming truth, and a manliness of liberal feeling, which does the author credit, and makes his book very agreeable reading.

His personal scenes in the late war in this country are detailed with great spirit; and the manner in which he censures the anti-national outrages of his countrymen, reflects great honor on his feelings.

We cannot resist the desire to transfer the generous indignation of the following passage to our columns, and there can be no doubt that it was participated by every unprejudiced mind in England.

"That this war, or rather the means by which this war was carried on, was disgraceful to a civilized nation no man doubts now. Because, forsooth, some savages, or perhaps men dressed one degree better than savages, commence a system of barbarity and desolation in the north; we, pretending to be the most civilized nation on the face of the earth, must imitate their ravages in the south: because, in Canada, some huts and hovels were burnt; we on the Chesapeake were to burn and destroy some noble mansion, desolate some magnificent estate, and turn a land of plenty and prosperity into a bleak desert of starvation and misery."—Vol. II. p. 123.

The following incident is very striking. An American colonel of militia, has been taken prisoner, and is left in charge of an English sailor; when they are suddenly surprised by a party of cavalry.

"The American colonel met his fate in the following shameful manner: When the first volley took place, the gunner's mate, to whose charge the prisoner had been consigned, led

* See Personal Narrative of the "Irish Rebellion," by Charles Hamilton Teeling, Esq.—2 vols: a work elegantly written, and of deep and varied interest, which we much regret has not been republished in this country.

him away from the firing, and stood by him with a pistol in his hand: he had not been long in that position, before a troop of horse came in full trot in their direction. The gunner's mate, turning to his prisoner said, "I'm sorry, sir, to do it; but I must do it, you know." "Do what?" replied the prisoner. "Why, shoot you, to be sure; did you not hear the captain desire me not to let you escape?" "Why, now, I expect," said the American, "you would not shoot me in cold blood; for I calculate you're a man, although you are a Britisher, I guess." "Here they come," said Jack, and shot the colonel through the head; the leading dragon at that moment cleaving him through the shoulder, and leaving him like a fowl with the wing nearly severed from the trunk."—Vol. II. p. 164.

We regret we have not room to transcribe the whole account of the unsuccessful attack upon Baltimore, with the gallant Sir Peter Parker's death. The affecting incident which occurred near Marseilles, chap. ii. vol. 2., in cutting out the French sloop, is a more touching commentary upon the miseries of war than all the volumes that ever were written. While the foundering of the schooner, chap. v. vol. iii., with the attack of the sharks upon the struggling crew; and the miraculous preservation of the solitary two that remained, is one of the most appalling narratives in the whole history of nautical calamities.

We recommend this work cordially to the public. And we hope some of our spirited publishers will by its republication gratify our reading community with the perusal of a narrative every way calculated to afford them entertainment. ==

LECTURES UPON NATURAL HISTORY, GEOLOGY, CHEMISTRY, THE APPLICATION OF STEAM, AND INTERESTING DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS: by Timothy Flint. 1 vol. Boston.

The name of Mr. Flint begins to be well known to his countrymen as that of one of the very best of our native writers; and his taste, industry, and research, have done more to make us familiar with some of the most interesting regions of the continent than all the accumulated labors of foreign tourists in the once wild and distant country he has brought so near us in all its freshness and beauty. The work before us is a series of short lectures, in which Mr. Flint has well succeeded in his "aim to present in the most attractive form enough of the philosophy and general principles of science to furnish materials for thought and conversation upon the subjects discussed." The style, like all the writings of the author, is flowing, warm, and ani-

ated; though it is in the descriptive parts which the author excels, as the reader will readily agree upon reading the following passage, in which one can almost see the flight of the birds described.

"The variety of the movements of birds is as marvellous as their voice. Some in flying trace out zigzags and undulations, sweep circles, or glide up and down the firmament, as if swimming in the air. Others at one moment dart with the rapidity of an arrow, and then hang motionless, as if suspended in the sky. Who has not noticed the regular balancings of the twilight night-hawks, the sinuous and lightning speed of the swallows, skimming the surface of the waters, the regular movement of the vast flocks of blackbirds and pigeons, the triangular phalanxes of the geese and swans, the playful evolutions of the sand-hill cranes, sleeping as it were in the dome of the firmament, their notes heard and their white pennons occasionally glittering in their aerial heights, like snow flakes in the sunbeams."

Here is a fairy nest of the tiny humming bird.

"The humming bird plunges into the scarlet corolla of the bignonia, and there makes its voluptuous nest. It is at home in this splendid flower, for its own glittering plumage challenges comparison with its hues. Its little head glistens with the most vivid colors. Its plumage is a changeable lustre of sapphire, emerald, gold, silver, and flame. It seems to have sprung from the breath of the zephyr; and, nestled in its scarlet chamber, shows as a flower lying in a vase of ruby."

In the lectures on diluvial and fluvial changes we find this interesting account of remains of a people who lived perhaps a thousand years ago.

"In excavating the earth of the Portland and Louisville canal on the Ohio, at a depth of between twenty and thirty feet below the surface, the laborers came upon what appears to have been an ancient cemetery. It contained the bones of great numbers of human skeletons of a color nearly black. The bones, horns, and teeth of various animals were found among them. One of the human skeletons was found standing erect, holding in his hand a beautifully polished semi-globular stone of the size of half an orange. The color was striated with white and red. The hand, that held the stone, was raised at an angle of forty-five degrees with the shoulder. Near these skeletons, and at the same depths, were the remains of regular hearths of brick and limestone.

The limestone was beautifully polished, and the bricks only so much unlike those in present use, as to show that they were not made by the same people. The charcoal of the last fires, that blazed on the domestic hearths of this generation of a past world, was found unchanged."

These particulars are certainly very curious; nor do we see how they are to be got over in the same way as the London Quarterly accounts for the singular remains found in the vast mounds in the west; viz. that the skeletons disinterred are those of monkeys buried by the Indians. (Quere. Where did these monkeys come from?) Nor can there be a doubt but that such discoveries as these are proof incontestible of the wilderness having been peopled, in a bye-gone age, with beings who, if not as civilized as ourselves, were still far in advance of the occupants whom we have removed. We cannot take leave of this work without warmly recommending it to the general reader as a work which, though not pretending to be a substitute for a course of sustained and profound study upon the subjects of which it treats, can hardly be read without imparting a desirable knowledge of as well as vivid interest to them.

FINE ARTS.

We feel great pleasure in announcing that we have made arrangements in London, whereby we will be regularly supplied with every new work and engraving of merit which may appear in that Metropolis—so that the readers of the Knickerbacker may calculate on receiving authentic intelligence of all the works of art, accompanied by critical remarks on their quality, much sooner than they could obtain them from any other source.

ENGRAVINGS FROM THE WORKS OF HENRY LIVERSIDGE. London, Moon, Boys & Graves.

Two numbers of this magnificent work have reached this country. Each contains three engravings, exquisitely finished, in the very finest style of Mezzotint, from the most admired works of that celebrated artist. "*Hamlet*," and the "*Weekly Register*," are certainly among the most beautiful specimens of the art we have ever seen. ==

TURNER'S ANNUAL TOUR; WITH TALES BY LEITCH RITCHIE. London, Longman & Co.

Turner has long held the first place among modern landscape painters. There is a splendor of outline, a truth to nature, a harmony of contrast, and an atmosphere of light in his pictures seldom approached by any other artist. His landscape scenes seem viewed through the blue tint of a summer evening—and his cities and cathedrals are like the superb creations of a fairy land. In the present volume—one of the most splendid that has ever issued from the London press—twenty-one views on the Loire are engraved in line, in a style of masterly execution, by Higham, Brandard, Wallis, Wellmore, and others of those first rate artists, who have made the English school of Engraving the best in the world. Some of the plates, as might be expected, are beautiful almost beyond example. The combined characteristics of the painter's style are admirably exemplified in the view of "*Beaugency*," There is a summer softness in the sky, and a clear stillness in the water, in which the bridge and gorgeous grouping of the cathedral and buildings in the city, appear to exquisite advantage. The same may be said of "*Blois*:" the effect of this picture is truly astonishing. "*St. Julians*," by Radcliffe, is a wonderful engraving. The *chiaro oscuro* in the plate is very fine. The light on the group of figures near the coach, and the vast shadow of the dim-revealed cathedral, striking against the starlit sky, is given with an effect scarcely credible in so small a space. One word to the London publishers,—if they wish to secure a market in America for their splendid works—they must send us better impressions, and not the unsaleable refuse of their home editions. In the copy we received the plates are nearly worn out, and such as they dare not offer in any of the European cities. There is a wide and general taste for the fine arts in this country, and New-York boasts as many enlightened connoisseurs as could be found in any city of the same extent in Europe. For such persons, gold and morocco, hot-pressed paper, and dim half obliterated impressions, will not suffice. ==

HISTORY OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS, an interesting and instructive volume; with **HISTORICAL ANECDOTES,** an excellent little work; **THE MARINER'S LIBRARY,** with other books of interest, now upon our table, will be noticed in our next.





Engraved by D. Ebbin from the original Picture by John Neagle.

GILBERT STUART

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Vol. I.

APRIL, 1833.

No. IV.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE GILBERT STUART.

[BY WILLIAM DUNLAP, ESQ.]

THE name of GILBERT STUART will long be dear to those who had the advantage of an intimate acquaintance with him. His colloquial powers were of the first-rate order, and made him the delight of all who were thrown in his way, whether exercised to draw forth character and expression from his sitters, or in the quiet of a *tête à tête*, or to set the table in a roar while the wine circulated, as was but too much the custom of the time in which he lived.

Still dearer is the name of Stuart to every American Artist, many of whom remember with gratitude the lessons derived from his conversation and practice, and all feel the influence of that instruction which is derived from studying his works.

This eminent artist was born at Newport, Rhode Island, in the year 1757. His father was a native of Scotland, who had been compelled to leave the land of his birth in consequence of having participated in the rebellion of '45. Gilbert displayed in early life, as is common with all who have distinguished themselves as painters, an ardent love of the art. Talents he possessed which would have raised him to eminence in any pursuit. He was an only son, and his father very judiciously sent the boy to Scotland for his school education, the Provinces not abounding then, as the United States do now, with able teachers and competent seminaries. After acquiring the elements of classical knowledge, Gilbert returned to Rhode Island, but it was soon determined that he should make painting his profession, and for the purpose of studying the various branches of science necessary for a professor of the most arduous of the Fine Arts, the youth was again sent to Europe in the year 1774, with such letters as gained him the notice of our illustrious countryman, Benjamin West.

Mr. West was ever ready to direct the studies of those who aspired to become artists. That most of his pupils were Americans is only

to be attributed to that desire to become painters which his success created in the minds of his countrymen. His advice and instruction were freely given to all, but his attachment to the land of his nativity gave additional warmth to the welcome with which he received such Americans as had talents that promised success in the art he adored and excelled in.

Stuart's flow of animal spirits was, through life, sufficiently impetuous; at the age of seventeen, the tide was probably exuberant. He used to say, "When I first saw Mr. West I was an uncouth cub, and my clothing was half a century behind the fashion of the time. My good old master gave me much good advice as to my conduct at our first interview, and concluded with, "Remember, now you are in England, you must dress yourself as the English do." Very well, thinks I, I will show the old gentlemen that I know how the English dress themselves. Accordingly, next morning, I presented myself with my stockings drawn over my shoes and my waistcoat over my coat. "Why, boy, are you mad?" he cried. "You told me, sir, to dress myself as the English do, and I knew that they always say, 'Put on your shoes and stockings,—put on your coat and waistcoat,' so, sir, I have dressed myself according to direction."

However Gilbert Stuart may have dressed in 1774, when the writer of this sketch saw him in London ten years after, his dress emulated in style and costliness the leader of English fashion, the then Prince of Wales, "the observed of all observers." Stuart was then, in 1784, at the head of the young portrait painters, and the exhibition at Somerset House displayed his full-length generals, admirals, and nobles, to the admiring public, by the side of the portraits of Reynolds.

During the preceding ten years he had been thrown upon his own resources for the means of subsistence, and had experienced the fatherly care, as well as instruction of the benevolent West, of whom he spoke with reverence and gratitude in his latter days, though, according to his own account, he was an unruly subject during the days of his probation.

It is curious to observe the very different style of Stuart's painting from that of the master under whom he studied, and whose works were daily before him, and occasionally copied by him. The pupil had directed his attention to portrait, and the master delighted in the higher branches of the art. West, doubtless, saw that Stuart was the better portrait painter; and we know that when he saw the superiority of another in that branch he readily acknowledged it. When applied to for instruction by an artist now in this city, he readily gave it, but said, "If you wish to study portrait painting, go to Sir Joshua." Stuart spoke freely of his own superiority as a por-

trait painter, and used to say, half joke, half earnest, that "no man ever painted history if he could obtain employment in portraits." In connection with this difference of opinion and of style, I will mention the following circumstance, which took place about 1786, on occasion of a visit to his old master's house and gallery in Newmarket: Trumbull was painting on a portrait and the writer literally *lending him a hand*, by sitting for it. Stuart came in and his opinion was asked as to the coloring, which he gave very much in these words, "Pretty well, pretty well, but more like our master's flesh than Nature's. When Benny teaches the boys, he says, 'yellow and white there,' and he makes a streak; 'red and white there,' another streak; 'blue-black and white there,' another streak; 'brown and red there, for a warm shadow,' another streak; 'red and yellow there,' another streak. But Nature does not color in streaks. Look at my hand, see how the colors are mottled and mingled, yet all is clear as silver.

This *was* and *is* true; and yet Mr. West's theory is, likewise, true, however paradoxical it may appear. Mr. West, perhaps, made too great a distinction between the coloring appropriate to historical painting and that best suited to portraits.

Stuart once, while sitting at his easel after he took up his residence at and near Boston, was led, "nothing loth," to talk of old times in London, to amuse me (as I stood behind his chair) and my companion, whose portrait he was painting; and thus spoke of himself and his old master. "Mr. West treated me very cavalierly on one occasion, but I had my revenge. It was the custom, whenever a new Governor-General was sent out to India, that he should be complimented by a present of his majesty's portrait, and Mr. West being the king's painter, was called upon on all such occasions. So, when Lord —— was about to sail for his government, the usual order was received for his majesty's likeness. My old master, who was busily employed upon one of his *ten-acre* pictures, in company with prophets and apostles, thought he would turn over the king to me. He never could paint a portrait. "Stuart," said he, "it is a pity to make his majesty sit again for his picture, there is the portrait of him that you painted, let me have it for Lord ——; I will retouch it, and it will do well enough." "*Well enough!* very pretty," thought I, "you might be civil, when you ask a favor." So I *thought*, but I *said*, "Very well, sir." So the picture was carried down to his room, and at it he went. I saw he was puzzled. He worked at it all that day. The next morning, "Stuart," said he, "have you got your palette set?" "Yes, sir." "Well, you can soon set another, let me have the one you have prepared for yourself; I can't satisfy myself with that head." I gave him my palette, and he worked the greater part of that day. In the afternoon I

went into his room, and he was hard at it. I saw that he had got up to the knees in mud. "Stuart," says he, "I don't know how it is, but you have a way of managing your tints unlike every body else,—here,—take the palette and finish the head." "I can't, sir." "You can't?" "I can't indeed, sir, as it is, but let it stand till to-morrow morning and get dry, and I will go over it with all my heart." The picture was to go away the day after the morrow, so he made me promise to do it early next morning. You know he never came down into the painting-room at the bottom of the gallery, until about ten o'clock. I went into his room bright and early and by half-past nine I had finished the head. That done, *Rafe* and I began to fence, I with my maul-stick and he with his father's. I had just driven *Rafe* up to the wall, with his back to one of his father's best pictures, when the old gentleman, as neat as a lad of wax, with his hair powdered, his white silk stockings, and yellow morocco slippers, popped into the room, looking as if he had stepped out of a bandbox. We had made so much noise that we did not hear him come down the gallery or open the door. "There you dog," says I to *Rafe*, "there I have you! And nothing but your back-ground *relieves* you!" The old gentleman could not help smiling at my technical joke, but soon looking very stern, "Mr. Stuart," said he, "is this the way you use me?" "Why, what's the matter, sir, I have neither hurt the boy or the back-ground." "Sir, when you knew I had promised that the picture of his majesty should be finished to-day, ready to be sent away to-morrow, thus to be neglecting me and your promise! How can you answer it to me or to yourself?" "Sir," said I, "do not condemn me without examining the eazle. I have finished the picture, please to look at it." He did so. Complimented me highly; and I had ample revenge for his "It will do well enough."

This might serve as a specimen of Stuart's eazle-talk, but as I have given one anecdote in which my friend *Raphael*, Mr. West's oldest son, is made a party, I give another, probably of a little later date, as Mr. Trumbull is made to bear a part in it, and he did not become a pupil of West's until the summer of 1780. We will let Stuart speak again. "I used very often to provoke my good old master, though Heaven knows, without intending it. You remember the color closet at the bottom of his painting room. One day Trumbull and I came into his room, and little suspecting that he was within hearing I began to lecture on his pictures, and particularly upon one then on his eazle. I was a giddy foolish fellow then. He had begun a portrait of a child, and he had a way of making curly hair by a flourish of his brush, thus, like a figure of three. 'Here, Trumbull,' said I, 'do you want to learn how to paint hair? There it is, my boy! Our master figures out a head of hair like a sum in

arithmetic. Let us see,—we may tell how many guineas he is to have for this head by simple addition,—three and three make six, and three are nine, and three are twelve—’ How much the sum would have amounted to I can’t tell, for just then in stalked the master, with palette-knife and palette, and put to flight my calculations. ‘Very well, Mr. Stuart,’ said he,—he always *mistered* me when he was angry, as a man’s wife calls him *my dear* when she wishes him at the devil. ‘Very well, Mr. Stuart! very well, indeed!’ You may believe that I looked foolish enough, and he gave me a pretty sharp lecture without my making any reply. When the head was finished there were no *figures of three in the hair*.”

Before Stuart left the roof of his benefactor and teacher he painted a full-length of his friend and master, which attracted great attention and elicited just admiration. It was exhibited at Somerset House, and the young painter could not resist the pleasure afforded by frequent visits to the exhibition-rooms and frequent glances—who can blame him?—at the object of admiration. It happened that as he stood, surrounded by artists and students, near his master’s portrait, the original came into the rooms and joined the group. West praised the picture, and addressing himself to his pupil, said, “You have done well, Stuart, very well, now all you have to do—is to go home—and *do better*.”

From the commencement of his independent establishment, as a portrait painter, success attended him. But he was a stranger to prudence. He lived in splendor, and was the gayest of the gay. Notwithstanding his great celebrity, and the employment attendant on it, I have reason to believe that pecuniary difficulties caused his removal to Dublin.

In the year 1790, Mr. Stuart returned to the United States, and never again left his native country. He landed at New-York, and favored the renowned, the rich, and the fashionable, by exercising his art for their gratification; giving a *portion of immortality* in exchange for a portion of their wealth. His *attelier* or painting-room was in Stone-street, near William-street, and was the resort of all who admired the art, or who wished to avail themselves of the artist’s skill. Many of his portraits were copied in miniature by a gentleman of the name of Robertson, who arrived about this time, and was distinguished by the appellation of Irish Robertson. Much of this artist’s celebrity was owing to the accuracy of Stuart’s portraits; for the ignorant in the art transfer without hesitation the merit of the original painter to the copyist. In New-York, as elsewhere, the talents and acquirements of Mr. Stuart introduced him to the intimate society of all who were distinguished by office or attainment, and his observing mind and powerful memory treasured up events and anecdotes which rendered his conversation an inexhaustible fund of amusement and information.

From New-York he removed to Philadelphia; and in that city and its neighborhood (Germantown) he attracted the same attention, and rendered the same services; enriching individuals by paintings beyond price, and his country by models for future painters to study.

When Mr. Stuart returned home, he brought a letter of introduction from Mr. Jay, our minister at the court of Great Britain, to General Washington, then President of the United States. In 1794, the artist had an opportunity, by his removal to Philadelphia, of presenting this letter, and becoming personally acquainted with the great man to whom it was addressed. Stuart had long been familiar with the aristocracy of Europe, the artificial and hereditary lords of the land, but it appears, from the following account given by him to an eminent artist of our country, that he was awed into a loss of his self-possession in the presence of the heaven-created nobleman.

Soon after his arrival in Philadelphia, Mr. Stuart called on the President, and left Mr. Jay's letter and his own card. Some short time after, having passed a day in the country, upon his return he found a note from Mr. Dandridge, the private secretary, inviting him to pass that evening with the President. He went accordingly, and on entering a large room, (which he did carelessly, believing it to be an anti-chamber,) he did not distinguish one person from another of the company he found there. But the President, from a distant corner of the room, left a group of gentlemen, with whom he had been conversing, came up to Mr. Stuart and addressed him by name, (probably some one who knew Stuart pointed him out to the President,) and, finding his guest much embarrassed, he entered into easy conversation with him until he recovered himself. The President then introduced him to the company. This incident I give from the artist to whom Stuart related the circumstance.

In this year, 1794, Stuart painted his first portrait of Washington. Not satisfied with the expression, he destroyed it, and the President consented to sit again. In the second portrait he was eminently successful. He painted it on a three quarter canvass, but only finished the head. When last I saw this, the only true portrait of the father of our country, it hung, without frame, on the door of the artist's painting-room, at his house on Fort Hill, Boston. This beautiful image of the mind as well as features of Washington, was offered to the State of Massachusetts, by the artist, for one thousand dollars, which they refused to give. Those entrusted with our national government passed by the opportunity of doing honor to themselves during the life of a man they could not honor, and the only portrait of Washington was left unnoticed in the painter's work shop, until the Boston Atheneum purchased it of his widow. It now (together with its companion the portrait of Mrs. Washington) adorns one of the rooms of that institution.

Stuart has said, that he found more difficulty attending the attempt to express the character of Washington on his canvass than in any of his efforts before or since. It is known that by his colloquial powers he could draw out the minds of his sitters upon that surface he was tasked to represent; and such was always his aim. But Washington's mind was busied within. During the sitting for the first mentioned portrait, Stuart could not find a subject, although he tried many, that could elicit the expression he knew must accord with such features and such a man. He was more fortunate in the second attempt, and probably not only had more self-possession, but had inspired his sitter with more confidence in him, and a greater disposition to familiar conversation.

During his residence at Philadelphia, Mr. Stuart painted the full length of the President, for Lord Lansdown. It has been said that his lordship was indebted to the persuasions of Mrs. Bingham, of Philadelphia, for this favor. This picture is in England, and is the original of that vile engraving from the *atelier* of Heath, which is unfortunately spread throughout our country, a libel upon Stuart and Washington. Our fellow-citizen Durand is now employed in engraving from the inestimable portrait possessed by the Boston Athenæum, and the citizens of the United States will have an opportunity of knowing from his print, when published, how they have been misled in their ideas of the countenance of the man they most revere.

Germantown was the painter's place of residence, at the period Washington retired from office, and he rode out and visited him at that place—a spot so well known to the hero during his military career. When the president took his leave, he told Stuart that he would sit to him again at any time he wished. None but those who know how much this great man had undergone from the solicitations of painters, can truly appreciate the value of this compliment to the artist. On this occasion, Stuart jocularly said to his guest, "General, I have always felt much indebted to you for your kindness, but my greatest obligation to you is, that you never attempted to paint portraits; for you have had such perfect success in all you have undertaken, that if you had been a painter I should have had no hopes."

Mr. Stuart removed from Germantown to the city of Washington, and resided several years at the seat of government, intimately associating with all the leaders of the nation's councils. In the year 1806 he removed to Boston, in which city and its suburb (Roxbury) he continued to reside until his death. His first place of residence in Boston was at a hotel in Broad-street. In 1813, I passed many hours with him at his house in Roxbury. In 1822, I found him residing on Fort-hill, and much afflicted with gout at times. I always found him cheerful, and ready to impart knowledge from the store his observation had furnished and his memory retained. Judging from

one of his last portraits, the head of which he had finished, his powers of mind were undiminished, and his eye undimmed. This portrait was to have been a full length of John Quincy Adams. Death arrested the hand of the artist after he had completed the likeness of the face, and had proved that at the age of seventy-four he painted better than in the meridian of life. To the skill of that excellent artist, Mr. Thomas Sully, has been entrusted the finishing of this picture, by painting the figure and accessories.

Of Mr. Stuart's power or faculty of recollection, the following instance has been published. When he resided in Dublin, which must have been about 1788-9, a young lad, afterwards, during a long life a citizen of Philadelphia, was an apprentice in a book-store nearly opposite the house in Pill-lane where the painter lodged. This citizen's portrait was painted in Philadelphia a few years since by Mr. John Neagle, who shortly afterwards making a visit to Boston for the purpose of seeing Mr. Stuart, (a pilgrimage many a painter has made,) took the portrait with him as a specimen of his talents. When presented to Stuart he gazed at it for a while, and then pronounced the name of the person for whom it was painted, declaring that he had known him in Pill-lane, Dublin. The citizen in question was in Boston not long before the great painter's death, and went with Mr. O. C. Greenleaf to see Mr. Stuart, requesting his companion not to mention his name. As soon as he entered the room Mr. Stuart came up to him familiarly, shook him by the hand, accosted him by name, and told him that he had recognised his portrait as that of his former acquaintance of Pill-lane.

His powers of recollection were further exemplified in the case of a gentleman of Charleston, South Carolina, whose portrait he had formerly painted. After an absence of at least twenty-five years, the gentleman called on him in Boston, and was shown up to the room in which he was painting. He knocked, and was invited to walk in. On opening the door, finding that the artist was engaged he was retiring, when Stuart addressed him by name, as if he had recently seen him, and insisted on his coming in.

With such talents and such success, through life the admiration of all who approached him or saw his works, Gilbert Stuart died in the year 1830, and died poor. His friends, and the friends of the fine-arts in Boston, caused an exhibition to be made of such of his works as could be collected, for the benefit of his family. How many without a hundredth part of his talents have passed through this stage of existence not only without experiencing the embarrassments of poverty, but in affluence, and left their descendants in prosperity, merely by following the dictates of common prudence; while of Stuart, the delight of his friends and the boast of his country, we might say, I fear, of the latter part of his long life, "poorly, poor man, he lived," and of its termination, "poorly, poor man, he died."

COUSIN SUE.

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this."—SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"There is no world without Verona walls."—SHAKSPEARE.

HARRY BUCKMERE was standing in an attitude of deep thought, with the fore finger of his right hand pressed upon an open letter that he held in his left, when he was broken in upon by his unceremonious friend, Bob Bolton.

"What the — are you doing here, Buck," exclaimed the latter, "when Broadway is as thronged with belles as —" Not having a simile at hand, and being in too great a hurry to look for one, he left—no uncommon thing with him—the sentence unfinished.

"Glad you are come, Bolt," said his friend, slowly raising his eyes from the paper on which they had been rivetted; "for I am at present deucedly in need of your assistance."

"Why, my dear Buck, you know —"

"Tush, man! 'Tisn't money I want, but advice."

"And that will I give you as freely as —"

"You know," continued Buckmere, "or rather, you do not know that I have an old hunk of an uncle in some part of that *terra incognita*, cycleped New-Jersey, to whom I have been under a promise of a visit for some years, and now he exacts the fulfilment of it. Father tells me that it is my interest to keep on terms with the old fellow, as he is immensely rich, with only one child, a daughter, that is my dad's wish I should make a wife of. A wife of my little cousin Sue! whom I remember a short, thick, waddling little creature, with hair almost white, and cheeks like the pionies in her father's garden. Bah! 'my gorge rises at it!' But, at all events, this visit must be made, unless you can help me to an expedient for getting rid of it."

"Now, if you take my advice," said Bolton, "you will make it."

"Make it, Bolt?" exclaimed Buckmere, roused to animation by his friend's advice. "What! leave town *now*, and the season but just begun? Leave — to sport the newest cut in Broadway?—to give a character to the last novel? and to dance himself into the favor of Miss —? Leave my box at the opera? my pew in — church? and, above all, leave the adorable Kemble to steal the hearts and turn the heads of all the young fellows about town, without a chance of participating in their happiness? O, I cannot, Bolt, indeed I cannot!"

"Now weigh, my dear fellow, all your reasons for staying in town against the single one for leaving it—the chance of securing the favor of your uncle—and you will find them as light in comparison as —"

"Well, on one condition, Bolt, that you will consent to accompany me, to save me from dying of *ennui*, I will endeavor to make the necessary sacrifice, and go."

"O, I'll go with you, Buck, with as much pleasure as —"

CHAPTER SECOND.

"The arbiters of fashion and gentility."—HALLECK.

Harry Buckmere, whom, for want of a better, I have taken for the hero of my tale, was the son of a merchant, who, by having taken "at the flood" that "tide in the affairs of men," which, as Shakspeare says, "leads on to fortune, was, ere the snows of age had fallen upon his head, enabled to leave his store in — street, buy a house in Broadway, set up his carriage, and

put his servants in livery. These—viz. his house in Broadway, his carriage and servants in livery—were such powerful pleaders in his favor with the fair daughter of a gentleman, whose father's father had been a gentleman, that, maugre her objections to him on the score of family, after a reasonable show of indifference, and all that, she yielded her consent to become Mrs. Buckmere; and so, by his mother, was Harry Buckmere related, as the phrase is, to some of the first families in the state.

Mrs. Buckmere was very handsome, very gay, and very extravagant; and it was generally allowed that Harry Buckmere was very much like his mother. Between them, the hoardings of the *ci-devant* merchant were made to suffer to such a degree, that retrenchment soon became the order of the day. The house in Broadway was sold, and a smaller one taken in a less fashionable street; the carriage and horses were disposed of, and the servants stripped of their liveries; Mrs. Buckmere's parties limited to two in a season, and Harry's allowance was reduced to something less than a thousand dollars *per annum*. Yet the influence of Mrs. Buckmere in the world of fashion hardly suffered a diminution. Her dresses were as much copied; her parties as crowded, and her son Harry as *recherché* as ever. Whether on his own or his mother's account, I am not able to say. Perhaps on both. For it is possible that, even without the advantage of having a mother at the head of "good society," with talents such as his, Harry Buckmere might have become the distinguished person he was. His voice was fine, and he perfectly understood the management of it; his playing, particularly on the guitar, was allowed to be masterly; and in dancing, he bore "the palm alone." Then his taste in dress and literature was incontestably great. Indeed, it was generally said that — was indebted to his suggestions for much of his success in business, and he was more than once spoken of as one of the future editors of the—Magazine.

CHAPTER THIRD.

"Land of the mount and stream—and apple-jack."—A Fox.

"Have we much farther to go, Buck?" asked Bolton, raising himself from the corner of the carriage, where he had been enjoying a gentle nap, and drawing his cloak more closely around him. "For my part, I am almost chilled to death, and as hungry as —"

"Look out," said Buckmere, with a yawn, "and tell me what you see."

"Why, here," said Bolton, doing as he was desired, "is a small stone house, with one stuffed and patched window in front, and two pigs and a baby standing in the door."

"O, that is is not my uncle's."

"And here is a staring building of faded white, that, if it had a steeple, might pass for a church; a tavern with a creaking sign swinging between two posts higher than the house, and a low, red building, which, from the number of curious faces at its windows, I think must be the village school-house."

"Neither of those is my uncle's."

"Well, here is a large, old-fashioned stone house, flanked by two smaller ones, and almost hidden by the leafless trees that surround it."

"That must be my uncle's," said Buckmere rousing himself. They were now set down at the front door of the main building, which was opened to them by an ebony faced damsel of barrel-like figure, who waddled before them to a door at the lower end of a hall, whose uncarpeted floor shone like mahogany, which she threw open, and Buckmere and his friend entered the common sitting-room of Squire Buckmere's family. Here, the one nodding over a newspaper, and the other knitting before a cheerful

nut-wood fire that sent its broad, bright flame roaring up the chimney, they found the squire and his wife, the former a short, stout, ruddy-faced old gentleman, in a suit of brown that might have been worn by his grandfather, and the latter a tall, thin, old-maidenish-looking lady of fifty—terribly cross-eyed withal—in a dress of some dark stuff, made in the time of narrow skirts, short waists and tight sleeves, and a thin muslin cap of quaker-like plainness. Their reception, by the old gentleman, was as cordial as heart could wish, and by the old lady, very stiff; or, as she would term it, very dignified; and in a few minutes the young men felt themselves quite at home.

Bolton had begun to wonder at what hour his friend's uncle dined, as it was now considerable past four and nothing had been said of dinner, when that "darkness visible," the shining face of the colored girl before mentioned, was dimly seen, as she opened the door to let her mistress know that tea was ready. The old lady immediately arose, and, in her stateliest manner, led the way into the room in which the tea-table was set, and in which the younger members of the family were assembled, to whom the Squire thus proceeded to introduce his guests.

"Sue, my girl, this is your cousin Harry Buckmere; and this, his friend Mr. Bolton. Harry, this is your cousin Sue; Mr. Bolton, my daughter Susan. Mr. Williams," to a short, stout, red-faced, vulgar-looking young man, "Mr. Harry Buckmere and Mr. Bolton; Harry, Mr. Williams; Mr. Bolton, Mr. Williams. Miss Riker," to a very small, and very dark young woman, "Mr. Harry Buckmere and Mr. Bolton; Harry, Miss Riker; Mr. Bolton, Miss Riker. Mr. Anson," to a pale, thoughtful-eyed young man, "Mr. Harry Buckmere and Mr. Bolton; Harry, Mr. Anson; Mr. Bolton, Mr. Anson. Now, as I've made you all acquainted, we'll set down to tea." And down they sat accordingly to a table loaded, if not—as the newspapers phrase it—with all the delicacies of the season, at least, with many of its good things.

Did I, like —, possess the spirit of rhyme; or could I write, like —, in measured prose, how would I jingle rhymes, or measure lines in praise of thee, New-Jersey! But, alas! confined as I am to humble prose, how can I hope to do justice to the bravery of thy sons in the times which "tried men's soles," or the fervid patriotism of their worthy descendants? How can I attempt a portraiture of the charms of thy daughters—charms which elicited the praise even of a *Morse*? But, above all, how can I hope to speak in sufficient commendation of the luxuries that crown thy hospitable boards, not only for that meal at which glasses are brimmed with the clear, bright, amber-tinted juice of the—*apple*, but also for the morn and evening repast? I cannot—no, I cannot! and therefore will I not adventure.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

"O!—And I, forsooth, in love!"—SHAKESPEARE.

"After all, Bolt," said Buckmere one afternoon, as, arm-in-arm, he and his friend were walking up and down the long piazza on the sunny side of his uncle's house; "this is not so bad a place as I had expected to find it. If it was not for the prosings about the *tariff*, *nullification*, and other incomprehensible matters of my stupid old uncle, and the worn-out sayings of my quizzical old aunt, I think I could manage to spend a week or two here very well."

"That is, Buck," said Bolton, "if your beautiful cousin were keeping house here on her own account."

"My beautiful cousin? Pshaw!"

"Now, honestly, Buck, don't you think her beautiful?"

"Why, she is much better than my fancy had painted her."

"'Around the brow of blue-eyed Sue
Do auburn ringlets curl;
Her lips are roses bathed in dew,
Her teeth two rows of pearl.'"

said Bolton.

"But her figure, Bolt, her figure," said Buckmere, "that you must allow is rather *petite* for a beauty."

"I will allow no such thing. Every body—you among the rest—called Miss —— a beauty, and Miss Buckmere is taller by an inch than she."

"Then she is inclined to *embonpoint*, and I hate fat ladies."

"Though a nice, plump little thing, you certainly cannot call her fat."

"Besides, Bolt, I think her eyes have something of the cast of her mother's."

"Really, Buck, you talk too nonsensically! There is "a laughing devil" in her eye, that is as little like the unfortunate obliquity of her mother's as ——"

"But should I, for the sake of securing the broad lands and shining stores of her father, make her an offer of my hand—and debts, would she be presentable in 'good society,' think you?"

"Presentable!" exclaimed Bolton, with considerable warmth, "there is no society on earth that she would not adorn!"

"Pon my soul," said Buckmere, with unwonted animation, "I am glad to hear you say so; for to let you into a bit of a secret, I am now at the age of—hem!—as much in love with that little gipsy, my cousin Sue, as ever was youth of eighteen, with the goddess of his idolatry; and I had made up my mind to pop the question to her this very evening."

"I wish you success, my dear fellow, with all my heart! But let me advise you, Buck, when you become master here, not to depart from your uncle's manner of living, which, particularly in the articles of breakfast and supper, is most excellent."

"As is also that of bringing every person that his roof may chance to cover to his table," observed Buckmere, ironically.

"Why, that does rather clash with our city prejudices, certainly," returned Bolton; "yet Miss Riker, your cousins dress-maker, is such an unassuming little body; Williams, your uncle's factotum, so taciturn; and Anson, the village schoolmaster, so quiet and gentlemanly, that one quite forgets they are not the kind of people one has been in the habit of sitting at table with. But wasn't it too good of your uncle to introduce them so particularly to us?"

"My uncle is a bore; and though I shall certainly marry my cousin Sue, I shall as certainly *cut* her father, should he become in the slightest degree troublesome. By-the-by, Bolt, what do you think of our promised sleigh ride this evening?"

"Why, that, at the least, it will be something to talk about when we return to town."

CHAPTER FIFTH.

"Hurra! Hurra!! hurra!!!
Jump in, jump into the sleigh!"—FINN'S COMIC ANNUAL.

Reader of mine, wast thou ever wrapped in a buffalo skin, with her for whom thy heart with love was beating; and placed in a sleigh drawn by two spirited creatures, that, seeming to dance to the music of their own bells, bore thee along with such rapidity that thou couldst almost fancy stumps, trees, houses, barns, and even the hills were flying past thee, while the round, full moon shone with dazzling brightness upon the cold, white, glittering covering of the earth? If thou wast, thou wilt easily conceive

what were the blissful feelings of Harry Buckmere as, seated by the side of his beautiful cousin, he was spirited along the road to — plains. But if thou hast never been so wrapped, so placed, *et cetera, et cetera, et cetera*, thou wouldst not understand his feelings, though described to thee by the magic pen of ———, thy favorite author.

Arrived at the Plains, the sleigh-riders stopped at a tavern, in the bar-room of which they found a number of the natives of both sexes, dancing to the sawing of an old black man upon a fiddle of such horrid sound, that the "Yorkers" were fain to stop their ears. The surprise of the fastidious Buckmere, at this exhibition, was great; but infinitely greater, when he saw his beautiful, his *spirituelle*, cousin Sue reply, with evident pleasure, to the greetings of the exhibitors; and, as soon as she had divested herself of her hat and cloak, give her hand—"nothing loth"—to a farmer-looking young man, to make one amongst them! Quiet little Ann Riker soon followed her example; and Williams and Anson, having provided themselves with partners, now also joined the dancers, leaving the young men to amuse themselves as best they could.

"*Cieux! les sauvages!*" exclaimed Buckmere, with a slight shrug, and a scarcely perceptible elevation of the eyebrows, as he and Bolton placed themselves in a corner at the greatest possible distance from the music and the dancers. "Call they this dancing? Ye gods! how they make the house tremble! And then their music, Bolt. *Hideux!*" with an affected shudder.

"But watch the movements of your cousin, Buck," said Bolton. "How her sylph-like figure glides through the mazes of that queer something they are dancing, and how her tiny feet twinkle as she suffers that bumpkinish fellow to lead her amid that double row of gazers!"

"With a little cultivation, Bolt, how she would go the *galop!*"

"She would, indeed. But is it settled yet that she is to be Mrs. Harry Buckmere?"

"In *my* mind it is, you know; though I have not exactly proposed to her yet, having reserved that pleasure for her until our return. Ah, now they scatter. How gracefully the gentlemen hand the ladies to their seats. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Some of them only have performed that act of courtesy, for see, many of the ladies are still standing on the floor, while the *gentlemen* have taken possession of the few seats scattered around the room. But what can that be, Buck, which your cousin's late partner is bringing from the bar in a tumbler, that he is now so assiduously stirring? From its color, &c. I should take it to be brandy and water, sweetened with brown sugar. Now he offers it to Miss Buckmere."

"Well," said Buckmere, "if she accept that horrible mixture, her chance of ever being Mrs. Harry Buckmere is but small."

"No, no," observed Bolton, "she does not accept it. But with what sweetness and grace she declines it. Now he offers it to the next lady; and now it goes from one to another, and now—faith! 'tis all gone!"

"What can that fellow mean by holding out his hat, first to one and then another? O, he is asking charity, I suppose. But what a time and place he has chosen for it."

"*Gentlemen*," said the person spoken of, as, loudly bowing, he presented his hat to the young gentlemen, "a shilling, if you please, for the fiddler." Having received their *largesse* he passed on; and the young man with whom Miss Buckmere had danced approached them, and, with considerable embarrassment, informed them that another *eight* was to be got up, and requested them to take a part in it.

"You are very good," said Buckmere, with a slightly derisive smile, a gentle inclination of the head, and the least shrug imaginable.

"For my part," said Bolton, "I never dance."

The young man muttering something, in which the words "very sorry" were alone distinguishable, returned to his companions; and "them fellers from York," as our young gentlemen were designated, remained standing together—"the observed of all observers"—indulging themselves in ill-natured remarks upon every body and every thing, until Miss Buckmere, who had been for some minutes engaged in a *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Anson, proposed returning home.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

"O, most lame and impotent conclusion!"—SHAKESPEARE.

Williams, who had driven them out, now yielded to Bolton's wish to drive them home, and, with this exception, seated as before—Anson and Miss Riker on the middle seat, and Harry Buckmere and his cousin on the back one—with a crack of the whip, a merry jingle of the bells, and a shout from those that had come out upon the piazza to see them off, they set out on their return.

"Well, cousin Harry," said Miss Buckmere, who was the first to break a silence that had continued for several minutes, "how like you our chance meetings on the Plains?"

"Why, sooth to say, *ma cousine*;" returned Buckmere, "I like them not."

"Your reasons, good cousin, your reasons?"

"They are composed of such discordant materials."

"As meetings generally are, I believe."

"But these more particularly. Not only are the rich and the poor, the wise and the simple, but the elegantly refined and the most grossly vulgar, jumbled together in the wildest confusion, bidding defiance to any thing like rational enjoyment."

"Perhaps our enjoyments ——"

"Your enjoyments! Surely, my dear cousin, you will not tell me that *you* participated in the enjoyments of those we have just left?"

"I most certainly did. Though a kind of meeting that I have never voluntarily sought, yet, when by any chance I am thrown among a parcel of people who have met together for the purpose of enjoying themselves, I cannot, for the life of me, help participating in their enjoyment, however rude, so long as it is purely innocent."

"And you were indeed happy, while I was so miserable?"

"Miserable, cousin?"

"Yes, most miserable! to see an unmannerly boor suffered to clasp this delicate little hand, by whose possession I should feel myself the richest mortal in existence."

"For shame, Harry, to joke thus with your cousin!"

"'Pon my soul! I never was more in earnest in my life. And now, my dear Sue, is it presumptuous in me to hope, that I may one day be permitted to call you by a more endearing title than that of cousin?"

"Really—this is so unexpected—but—though highly flattered—I must not—cannot bid you hope ——"

"Miss Buckmere!"

"Indeed I must not; for, with the approbation of my dear parents, I have already promised my hand to another."

"Can this be possible?"

"Mr. Anson—as the person to whom that promise was given—will, I doubt not, satisfy you of the truth of what I have said."

"———" muttered Buckmere, as, by Bolton's running the sleigh a little out of the road, he was thrown over the head of Miss Buckmere, and lite-

rally buried in a bank of snow at the distance of several feet, from which he rose with much difficulty, amid a general burst of laughter—none laughing more heartily than his cousin Sue.

* * * * *

“To-morrow, Bolt,” said Buckmere, as he and his friend were retiring for the night, “to-morrow we will go to town.”

“And when do you return to claim the fair hand of your beautiful cousin?”

“Never!—her!”

THE MEGRIM BALL.

The street is dangerous with wheels
 To-night, at Mrs. Megrim's doors,
 And light fantastic heads and heels
 Are gathering on her chalky floors.
 The carpets have been stowed away,
 Old Megrim and his gouty chair;
 The little children's beds, and they
 Are packed—one can't imagine where.
 Well, they are gone, and high and low,
 The house is public as the street;
 And, circulating to and fro,
 Are curious eyes and restless feet.
 Discovering, prying, searching all,
 And much discussing what they see—
 In parlor, bedrooms, supper hall,
 The very kitchen scarce is free.
 Well—this is wise and fine, no doubt,
 To fill one's house with such a din;
 To turn one's beds and children out,
 And call the curious public in;
 And, for a night's display, to fling
 The comforts of a month to waste:
 'Tis a disinterested thing,
 And suits with Mrs. Megrim's taste.
 How the poor woman perseveres,
 I think, at last, she'll make her way:
 Pray, do you note those chandeliers?
 They came from Gardiner's shop to-day.
 I know them well—their vagrant light,
 Companion of my winter's rounds,
 From house to house, flits night by night,
 Wherever yonder music sounds.
 That light, dear Jack, and yours and mine—
 Benoit and Charles and Clem—compose
 A constellation, that must shine
 Far as the mode's horizon goes.
 Unequal stars, but brilliant all,
 United, we have gained our fame;
 Summoned alike to rout and ball,
 Alike respected when we came.
 Tom, just come here, and cast your eye
 Along that wall, to yonder door,
 And tell me, truly, if you spy
 A face one ever met before.
 There's John a Stiles, and Tom a Nokes,
 And what d'ye call him? so and so,
 But all the rest unheard-of folks
 That no one knows, or cares to know.
 Look further in! see, when the crowd
 Their knives and forks and spoons are plying;
 The supper seems a fleecy cloud
 Before a thousand breezes flying.

I hope the master of the house
 Enjoys those bursts of merriment ;
 And thinks the while his guests carouse
 His time and money wisely spent.

Mary, press onward through the throng,
 And try if we can gain the stairs ;
 And so escape this threatening song,
 And Barent Mope'em's dandy airs.
 He deems himself the phantom ship
 Careering over Fashion's sea,
 Whose glorious speed must long outstrip
 Pursuing barks, like you and me.

Thank you, not me ; but Alice, look !
 This cupboard's vastly nice and sly ;
 Placed in an unsuspected nook,
 And stored with scraps of cheese and pie :
 And thirteen custards, I declare,
 For fourteen children—that's the way
 The harmless babes must starve and spare
 To furnish forth this grand display.

Why Jane, you have not danced at all ?
 Oh, yes I have, till I was tired ;
 And now I'm flowering by the wall
 To let my bandeau be admired ;
 But that young lumpkin's self-conceit
 Possess'd him with the strangest whims,
 He thought I only kept my seat
 In order not to dance with him.

And turning all to compliment—
 For so a dandy genius can—
 He begs his claims may not prevent
 My dancing with some happier man :
 Some less attractive man, that is,
 Whose eyes may lack, though still divine
 That dangerous fire that lurks in his
 For hearts so sensible as mine.

Look, there, at yonder nodding head,
 It's Jack Fitz Ferrers fast asleep,
 Amidst a din might rouse the dead,
 And Morpheus' self in vigil keep.
 It's affectation I suspect.
 Ah, no—it's real, sound repose ;
 Why, one might just as well *affect*
 To tweak one's entertainer's nose.

But which is Mrs. Megrim ? There
 She stands, beside the scarlet screen ;
 Has she not something in her air
 Too good for such a vapid scene ?
 Why, she is handsome still. In truth,
 She has been "spared and blest by time,"
 But then, you know, she past her youth
 Far out of fashion's deadly clime.

She could not waste her bloom away
 In balls, by feverish candle light,
 Turning the peaceful night to day,
 And, *vice versa*, day to night.
 The "*ton*," that calls such evil good,
 Was then beyond her reach, and why
 She wishes that her daughter should
 Acquire it now—heaven knows, not I.

But let's be off—it's half-past one—
 Your watch is slow—it's nearer two :
 I see they've stopped their clock. They've done
 As civil hosts should always do.
 Where is your coach—sing out for Gray ?
 And those we've left we'll now discuss,
 As, at their second supper, they
 Will very likely do by us.

STUDIES OF LANGUAGE, NO. IV.

Hebrew.—No. II.

In taking David as an index of the choir of sacred poets, who were contributors to the Psalms, we may say that a richer vein of lyric poetry has not been opened on the world. There is a moving life-like energy in the march of his verse that seems the very presence of divinity. The holy attributes of God and the wonderful frame of man lay open before him; and when his harp was tuned for devotion there went forth from it such strains as bear the soul onward and upward to the very throne of God. How strikingly true is this in the whole of the xix. Psalm. What can exceed the beauty of its opening—

“The heavens declare the glory of God;
The firmament showeth forth the work of his hands.
Day uttereth instruction to day,
And night showeth knowledge to night.”

There is a surpassing grandeur in the xxxix Psalm, where God is acknowledged amid the convulsions of nature, and is represented as sitting above the storm, and at his terrible thunder the affrighted mountains seem to leap with their waving cedars. He scatters lightnings from his hand, and the forests are laid bare.

David had been a shepherd in his youth, and knew the kind care of a good shepherd for his flock. Thinking of Jehovah under this relation, he breaks forth in the xxiii. Psalm, thus,

“The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He reviveth my spirit;
He leadeth me in the right paths,
For his name's sake.”

When the “Lord had delivered him from the hand of all his enemies and from the hand of Saul,” he opens his song of gratitude (xviii. Ps.) as such a pious warrior might, by declaring Jehovah to be his strength and his rock, his fortress and his shield; his high tower and his deliverer. His representation of what followed after Jehovah heard his prayer, is a strain of descriptive poetry unequalled by any thing on the records of human history. Read to 20th verse. When his piety led him to prepare a tabernacle for the ark of the covenant, he composes on the occasion of its removal the xxiv. Psalm, which breathes the purest spirit of devotion. It is constructed in parallelistic lines, so as to be sung responsively by the priests and

people as they bring the ark to its resting-place. And what thrilling exultation must have filled the hearts of the vast multitude, as they approached mount Zion, when thousands of voices in measured melody shouted forth the command,

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Lift yourselves up, ye everlasting doors,
That the glorious King may enter in!"

Thus it will be found, that David was as successful in leading Israel's choir with his harp, as Israel's army with his sword. The great diversity of circumstance in the life of the royal Psalmist gave unusual expansion both to the tenderest sympathies and the sternest virtues of our nature. He had shaken hands with danger in his youth. When he fled before the javelin of Saul, with his harp in his hand, should we wonder if its first notes should be those of complaining and resentment? We do not commend all his poetry any more than all his life. But we think it must be refreshing to the spiritual taste of any one to go with him when he seems to breathe the upper atmosphere of poetic inspiration. Look at him as he contemplates the majesty of the grace of God, and calls on all animate and inanimate creation to adore and praise! He invests every thing with the attributes of intelligence; and putting into every mouth a song of thanksgiving, universal nature seems to join with exultation in chanting the votive hymn. It is true of David, at such times, that he finds poetry every where and in every thing. If he ascends to heaven, it meets him there; if he fathoms the deep, he finds it there; he hears its voice in the rushing tempest, and marks it in the vesture of the lilies of the field. He finds it especially as it lives deep-woven in the texture of his inmost spirit: and how is it seen in his bursts of religious joy! At such times, with a soul full of gratitude, and a harp full of song, he seems to make the whole firmament but one rainbow, and the wide earth but one Eden. At such times, every thing is vocal in his ear; he looks on the universe only as a harp touched by its mighty maker, and considers himself the appointed one to strike the same key note, and repeat, as in echo, the melodies of heaven.

Descending 300 years, we come to Amos, the shepherd prophet, who, with an inexpressible ardor, which Amaziah, the idolatrous high-priest of Bethel, could not control, uttered his direct prediction against revolting Israel, and with true poetic power draws his imagery from the beasts of the field and the magnificence of nature, because with such objects he was particularly conversant.

After him, and within the golden age of Hebrew literature, Isaiah, the first of the four great prophets, flourished. He seemed, if we may so speak, the favorite prophet of the Most High. He has always been regarded as the brightest luminary of the Jewish church.

The author of Ecclesiasticus says of him, that "he was great and faithful in his vision, and he saw by an excellent spirit what should come to pass at the last." No Christian preacher ever called men to repentance with a bolder tone than this prophet. The prophecies and warnings uttered under the reign of Ahaz, are filled with his moving power; and in the lii. chapter, after speaking of the recovery from the Assyrian oppression, he suddenly breaks forth into a rapturous description of a still higher deliverance. He who can read this, and not have his soul glow with admiration of the Hebrew language, must want the common attributes of our nature. His style is a model of the true sublime. It is a style made magnificent by its metaphors, yet it continues sublime without ever losing its perspicuity. However wide the circumference from which he selects his images, he gathers them all at last upon the blazing centre. In illustrating, he has those apt and well-known comparisons which give a kind of transparency to his subject. In amplification, he rises to great power by putting forth allusions which enable the reader to surprise a coincidence. When variety is his object, he exerts his whole strength, he becomes moved by strong passion, and lifted up by concentration of thought, and then follows a group of the most splendid and exciting comparisons. In narrative he is clear and simple; in persuasion he is earnest and courteous; in threatening he is just and terrible. His chief excellence is in prophecy, for he touches the sacred harp so in accordance with the dictates of God, that none but celestial accents vibrate from its chords.

It will be doing but partial justice to this first of poets to limit our extracts as we must. We give only a few sentences.—When he warns Judah of approaching danger, how vivid and strong are his images! "The noise of a multitude in the mountains, like as of a great people, a tumultuous noise of the kingdoms of nations gathered together: Jehovah of hosts mustereth the hosts of the battle."—When he depicts the desolation and wo of a kingdom forsaken by Providence, his language has a graphic terror. "And the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch. It shall not be quenched day nor night: the smoke thereof shall go up forever: from generation to generation it shall lie waste: none shall pass through it for ever and ever. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there."—From such scenes of measureless sterility and forsaken greatness, he turns to those of joy, prosperity, and protection. "Look upon Zion, the city of our solem-

nities : thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation. There the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing ; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads ; they shall obtain joy and gladness ; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Oh, thou afflicted, tossed with tempests, and not comforted, behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones. Violence shall be no more heard in thy land, wasting nor desolation within thy borders ; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise. The sun shall be no more thy light by day ; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee : but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself : for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended. For the Lord shall comfort Zion ; he will comfort all her waste places, and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord ; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." We think the reader will agree with us that this is powerful writing. We find the same sublimity throughout his book, the "same rich economy of words that are halo'd with thought ;" and considering how constantly he sustains himself, we think every classic scholar will admit, that for majesty of diction, range of fancy, accumulation of epithet, grandeur of conception, and concentration of mind, Isaiah has no equal on the lists of literature.

One hundred and thirty years after this prophet, came Jeremiah, the elegiac poet. He prophesied under the reigns of Josiah, Jehoakim, Zedekiah, and Gedaliah. The frequent incursions of the Chaldeans and Assyrians, after the death of Hezekiah, did no more good to the Hebrew language than they did to the state. But though vitiated by Chaldee mixtures, the language in the twice-written record of Baruch shows its ancient nerve, simplicity, and grandeur. This prophet has not the equal majesty and sustained power of Isaiah and Habakkuk ; and with Jerome we find a certain rusticity of expression. Nevertheless, there are passages, which happily combine the great constituent principles of a sententious, figurative, and sublime style. He was faithful as an admonitory prophet. His description of coming calamities has the dreadful freshness of present suffering. With what well-timed and fervid eloquence did he

inveigh against the frontless audacity of Judah! and when in a strange land his countryman showed their inward cleaving to idolatry, he lifted his voice, and as it were on the wings of the wind, sent the dread warnings of Jehovah through their faithless hearts. Wherever he was he stood as a brazen wall against the tide of infidelity and corruption. But Jeremiah is not so remarkable for the declamatory tone of prophetic censure, as for the less lofty expression of parental sorrow. In his short metrical dirges we have the felt presence of grief. He may be styled the weeping prophet; for in his lamentations his pen seems a branch of cypress, and his ink a bottle of tears. The nature, style, and arrangement of his verse proves him to have been long conversant with learning; and the Hebrician will find in his writings not only the strong aspirations of enlightened patriotism, but those milder accents of sympathy that soften and purify the noblest of human affections.

Prophets appearing at intervals in the Jewish church had a direct and salutary influence on the language. Its declension is seen in Ezekiel, who wrote during the captivity, and in Haggai, who wrote after the return from Babylon. The fortunes of the language followed those of the people. In Ezekiel we do not find the tenderness or elegance of Jeremiah, the devotion or grandeur of David, nor the rural sweetness of the idyl of Ruth. There is a rough and hurried eloquence which astonishes by its boldness. Like Æschylus among the Greeks, he is sometimes pompous, loading his sentences with imagery even to disgust. Those who like the fire and tempest of passion will give him a preference to all others; for in this he certainly surpasses all others. He has passages in his parables solemn and tragical, and at times we feel ready to call him the moral reformer. But in the midst of his greatest fertility, we see that a blight has begun to come over his native tongue.—The twelve minor prophets, called so in reference to the brevity of their works, convincingly show that the history we have given of the progress of their language is correct. We would gladly advert to the touches of true pathos found in the prophetic descriptions of Israel's bondage, and the melancholy scenes contemplated by the people on their return to their desolate cities and their wasted land. We would gladly show how the light of inspiration was gathered into one blaze before the final darkness came over it. These histories would be but the history of the language, and would show that with Moses it had its manly vigor, and from Hezekiah began gradually to decline. It would be easy to trace each gradation, till at last we should find the "cold chain of silence" drawn over the sweet-toned lyre of Judah, and the minstrels of God hanging their harps upon the willows in the land of their spoilers.

The history requires that we say a word of the times of Ezra,

(450 years before Christ.) The Jews consider him as the great reformer of their civil polity, and the restorer of their primitive religion. He seemed inspired with a genuine love of his native land, and at the head of a detachment of his devoted countrymen he left Babylon, with a conqueror's heart, to repair once more the temple of Jerusalem, and establish rulers throughout Judea. He founded the Great Synagogue, and employed one hundred and twenty learned men to collect manuscripts and relics illustrative of the early history of his nation. To him the world are indebted for the careful collation of the sacred books; and his canon, as known and sanctioned in the time of Simon the Just, has been acknowledged authentic from his day to the present time.—Connected with Ezra was Nehemiah, with whom the love of Israel was not a second love. As cup-bearer to Artaxerxes, he mingled in all the splendor of the Persian court; but the honors and comforts of a palace only served to make him think the more of his wasted countrymen; and weeping in secret over the thought of his prostrate city, he sprang with rapture at the royal permission to go and rebuild its shattered walls. With his coadjutor he introduced the reading of the law in public, revived the civil code, purified the tribes, and banished idolatry from Israel. We trace a revival of learning in these noble and successful efforts. These two men seem to have stood on the dividing line between past and future generations. They were faithful to their high commission. The ancient records were preserved, and numerous copies taken by their command; and thus they form a new link in the history of Judaism, as well as in the transmission of their native tongue. The Chaldee had already been assumed by the people; and when, with them, it became vernacular, the Hebrew became a dead language. ✓

The succeeding epochs in the history of this language our limits will not allow us to trace. We would only say, in passing, that from the time of gathering the canon to the present, the Jews have cultivated Hebrew as a classic; and their zeal for it has increased in proportion to the persecutions they have suffered for it, as if it were ordained that they should keep up a fresh interest in what is so closely connected with the Christian records. In every age they have wished to keep their language pure, and their scholars have succeeded in a great degree in casting off the unsightly fragments of mutilated grammar and murdered Hebrew, strewn on Judah's shores by half Phillistine hands. In the beginning of the 10th century appeared the first grammar of this language, by Saadas Gaon, the learned author of the Arabic version. In the four succeeding centuries we find the names of Jehudah ben Karish, Menucham ben Serug, Chiuig, Ganach, Gebirol, Hallevi, Ezra, Marmouides, Joseph Moses, Kimchi, Sid, Levita, Mendelsohn, and

several others.—During the dark ages, the Jews sedulously cultivated Rabbinical literature; and Spain now testifies to her progress in the mathematics, philosophy, and medicine, by aid derived from the Jews, who combined in a patronage of learning because already bound together by the ties of religion.

Of the early Christian fathers few were remarkable for their Hebrew learning. Origen could manage it skilfully, and so could Jerome. The palm seems awarded by general consent to one of later times, John Reuchlin, a German, who died in 1522. He introduced the study of Hebrew among modern Christians.—When the Reformation by Luther woke up the nations, the Hebrew, with other learning, became an object of attention; and since that time how many gifted and untiring Germans have given their whole strength to this truly ancient classic. They have made verdure come over a neglected waste; the solitary places of oriental learning have been made glad by them, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed. Michaelis, Eichorn, Gesenius, Simonis, Gute, Hezel, Jahn, Vater, Rosenmuller, Hartman, Castelli, Schulz, and many others, who have taken the lead in elementary works, sufficiently show that faithful miners have begun to dig the precious ore. In England there have been and still are distinguished Hebraists; Selden, Pocock, Lightfoot, Walton, Castell, Lowth, and others; and it is with heartfelt pleasure we can number up not a few in our own country. We have men, who need yield to none in a thorough knowledge of the grammatical construction of the ancient Hebrew, or in an ability to imbibe and express its poetic beauties.

It has been our wish to have the foregoing remarks on the history of this language keep a direct bearing on the next division of the subject; viz. *the value of the Hebrew language to the Christian teacher*.—It has, we trust, been constantly inferred by the reader, that records and compositions, like those we have described, all which are found in the Hebrew Scriptures, are worth being known in their primitive forms. To render these inferences more distinct, we will present a small cluster of reasons for their study.—1. The study of language is the study of mind. Words are but copies of thought; and he who feels a strong interest in human character will find a new variety in the Hebrew records.—2. Its antiquity. This language contains the oldest annals known. They go back to tell us of the origin of mankind from a single pair, give accurate accounts of the rise of nations, and natural sketches of primitive manners.—3. They have had unremitting influence on human society for three thousand years. The Jewish records, like the nation, stand a monument of the preserving care of Heaven; and wherever their books have been received they have displaced polytheism, promoted a spirit of religious inquiry, softened the rancor of heathen jealousy, ad-

vanced the cause of learning and inculcated the seminal principles of republican liberty. They exhibit the first drafts of legislative wisdom; and disclose an adroitness in the acts of government, which has in later days been but poorly imitated. The historian and the poet, the lawgiver and the moralist, must each acknowledge himself a debtor to the ancient scriptures. They have been and will continue to be full fountains sending their healthful waters through all the rich fields of society. In short, wherever there has been a head that could learn, or a heart that could feel, they have exerted a meliorating influence.—4. The study is recommended for determining the etymological significations of important Greek words. The Septuagint shows how often a Greek word may have a peculiar Hebrew meaning attached to it. The writers of the New Testament were Jews, and were most familiar with Hebrew forms of expression, and many of their words and phrases are justly termed Hebraisms. Dr. Campbell, to his criticism of Hebrews iii. 5, has subjoined remarks to prove that the knowledge of Hebrew is almost as necessary to a proper understanding of the New Testament as Greek. Surely if any one would comprehend the meaning of those Greek words in the Christian Scriptures, which are but representations or translations of Hebrew words in the Old Testament, he must know the true import of the original.—5. They should be studied for a knowledge of the spirit of their age. The genius and spirit of a nation give their coloring to its records, and their impress to its literature. There is a national spirit as clearly discernible in these histories, as there is a distinctive character at present visible in the scattered descendants of Abraham. These attributes can be fully seen and understood only by an accurate acquaintance with their own exhibitions of them. To think of learning the full spirit and genius of a people from second-hand reports, is like trying to learn the character of a warrior by gazing on his marble statue. The shades of intellectual and moral character in the early Israelites, so often transfused into the records of the New Testament, must be sought in their true outlines where they now lie buried, in their own glowing language. In this language they thought and spake, conducted their daily business and made their eventful annals. In this, too, their wise men uttered those splendid orations which are models now; and in this the wrapt prophet breathed forth his heaven-sent inspirations.—6. They should be studied because they contain the record of God's word. That there should be, on this account, an intense concern to know their exact meaning, all will allow. It pleased God to set in motion causes which should ultimately lead man to the highest intellectual and moral elevation. These scriptures contain the *only* information we have of the first movements in this momentous

transaction. The will of God and the good of man are therefore blended in the record. The great principles of nature and truth, which were anterior to all revelation, are here distinctly recognized, limited, and applied. Much of the New Testament is but a transcript of these.—Shall the Christian minister, then, present himself as an interpreter of God's word, when he cannot read a line of the language in which it is written.

To this some may reply, we have good translations. We grant it. But these translations differ, and the professed teacher should be able "to judge of himself what is right," as well concerning the record of his faith as of the faith itself. Besides, no translation can convey "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" of the original. There is a national spirit which will not allow itself to go wholly out of its native tongue to grace another. What is Shakspeare in Voltaire's translation; or the Waverley Novels in their German dress? Euclid may be as good in English as in Greek; but Pindar is Pindar only in his native strains. If we would know a nation's peculiar cast of thought and feeling, we must go to their language, where they have embalmed it.—That the Hebrew has peculiarities which cannot be fully felt in a translation, may be easily proved. Two illustrations of this will be sufficient, as examples.—1. The second great command stands in the Hebrew thus, "Thou shalt love to thy neighbor as thyself." The same phrase is repeated in Leviticus, xix. 34. The verb *to love* occurs over two hundred times in the Old Testament, and is always followed by the particle, (ל) the sign of the objective, or by a pronoun in the objective case. In the two before mentioned verses alone it is followed by the dative (ל) signifying *to*. Here is a moral distinction pointed out, designating, in these two instances, that the affection was to be a *free moral act*, and not like the love resulting from consanguinity or impulse. The dative marks the moral act flowing freely from the mind to the neighbor.—2. Six terms, not identical, are found in Hebrew to express *rain*. The first is the generic word; the second signifies the *early rain*; the third the *latter rain*; the fourth, derived from a radical which signifies *a row*, denotes that *rain* which falls in waving rows; the fifth, from a radical signifying *hair*, denotes that *rain* which falls in fine streamy particles, and the sixth, from a word signifying *much* or *great*, denotes that *rain* which descends in large drops as in a thunder shower. The three last terms for rain are used by Moses in that exquisite poem beginning "Give ear, O ye heavens." The peculiar felicity of phrase in the Hebrew language may be seen in his opposite use of these different terms; yet they must all be translated by our word *rain*. Similar remarks might be made concerning the blessing of Jacob. You cannot find its pathos and power in any translation.

Much more might be added on the history and value of the Hebrew language and literature, recommending them to the expert controvertists of these belligerent days; but we have time only to urge a new attention to it among Christian ministers. We fear it is very common for the candidate, among all sects, as soon as he is ordained, to resign his Hebrew Bible to his new book-case, not to be disturbed but a few times through a year. This is not as it should be. That it may be otherwise, we learn from the example of the Rev. Mr. Noyes, who, amid other common cares, has given us new, correct, and eloquent versions of Job and the Psalms; and who will, ere long, favor us with one of Isaiah. His labors have made a new era in the history of Hebrew translation; and for the good of coming generations, we hope he may have new facilities extended to him, that his labors may be still more abundant.

We consider the distinguished oriental scholars of this and previous ages as constituting one jury, who, from a knowledge of the case, have brought in the verdict of approbation for the study of this ancient language. On their authority it is that we recommend it to the gifted gentlemen of the clergy throughout our union; and while we consider ourselves but as the Tyrian artist, whom Solomon thought it no sin to employ even on the temple, we will dare to say, that the clergy, who have wandered with such profit over all other fields, and gathered richness from all other sources, will find new and precious treasures hid in the neglected fields of Hebrew learning. There is no reason to fear now what the clergy feared in the sixteenth century; for, according to Heresbach, a monk stated to his audience, that "the heretics have introduced a new language, which is called the Greek: this must be shunned—it occasions nothing but heresies. Here and there these people have a book in that language called the *New Testament*. This book is full of stones and adders. Another language is starting up, the *Hebrew*. Those that learn it are sure to become Jews." While such laudable zeal, scholar-like effort, and promising success are witnessed within the walls of all our larger theological seminaries, we truly hope that this fire of enthusiasm, thus early kindled, may be watched and fed by the student with a vestal's care when he goes forth to the responsible functions of the sacred office. Isocrates said to Demonicus, *Εαι ης φιλομαθης εση πολυμαθης.*

Stock-am-eisen—or, THE IRON TRUNK.

[CONCLUDED.]

In his own little chamber, and stripped of his borrowed robes, Frederick had leisure to review the extraordinary events of the evening; and base, and even dangerous, as might have been his conduct, he felt as though he could brave with cheerfulness every consequence in return for the supreme felicity he had experienced. "Yes," said he, after a long interval of various thought, "it is just one month since the soothsayer told me that in that very palace I should see the person who should influence my future life. I have seen *that* person, and, at every hazard, I will see her again to-morrow night, disclose my real station, and witness the triumph or destruction of my hopes in the reception which a princess of Rodoldstadt will give to the love of a student." In the choice between the appointment of the Burschens' note and the whispered wish of the girl he loved, Frederick never hesitated an instant, but proceeded in the evening, after an uneasy interval of rest, to the dark groves which surrounded the stately residence of the noblest family in Franconia, and whose lady heiress he presumptuously dared to love. He wandered long through walks decorated with all the elaborate ornaments which art and genius place at the disposal of unbounded wealth. Statues, redolent of life, were scattered like rural deities among the trees, and the sound of water gushing in marble fountains seemed a fitting music for the deep solitude around. "How appropriate," said the romantic youth, "is it that the loveliest of human intelligences should move like a presiding spirit among scenes like these;" and he felt his mind sink under the influence of a profound despondency, when he reflected that the interview he might obtain this evening would probably be his last, since the utter disproportion of his rank checked even the formation of a hope that the descendant of an hundred Dukes, and who might look to the highest alliance in the land, would listen for a moment to a tale like his. He was awakened from his reverie by the noiseless approach of the princess herself, whose graceful figure, revealed in that dim and shadowy light, seemed to the enamoured student like the ethereal outline of a guardian angel.* His first feeling was to clasp her to his bosom; but the impulse was immediately checked by the train of previous ideas, and her kind and gentle answer to his salutation awakened only a thrill of anguish in his heart, and after an interval of painful silence he could only fall upon his

* See the beautiful lines of Rogers—

"Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly"——

knee, and covering the beautiful hand he held in his with burning tears—entreat her forgiveness. “Why, my dear Frederick?” said she, in a tone of the most winning sweetness. The young man started—his heart seemed to spring from a state of dreary desolation to a life of hope and joy. He sprang to his feet, and gave her hand a warmer clasp, as he said with eagerness, “Are you then acquainted with my fatal secret? and may I dare——” “Don’t go into any heroics—I know it all. Suffice it to say, it can make no difference with me whether the man I love wears a baron’s robe or a student’s gown. You have won my heart, and I care not for your station——” Frederick only heard the words, for the language existed not, that could express his feelings in the tide of rapture and delight and ecstasy which thrilled his frame? But in the fervor of the moment he clasped the unresisting form of the lady to his heart, and covered her trembling lips with passionate kisses. Then, in the delicious enjoyment of the pure and mutual intercourse of the holiest sensation of a mortal state, the youthful lovers vowed to each other a changeless and a lasting constancy. Every enjoyment upon earth is transient; and Frederick was warned by the lady herself of the necessity of his departure, and the strict necessity of the utmost caution in his interview with her; “for,” said she, “were the duke but to suspect that you had seen me, your death and my future misery would be the certain consequences of his knowledge. Go, my dear Frederick,” continued she; “but take this”—and she threw around his neck a chain of gold with a miniature of herself richly chased with diamonds—“and, wherever you may be, it will often recall to your mind one who though separated by circumstances is still unalterably and entirely your own.” Frederick was too well aware of the deep truth of the remark to endanger the safety of either the princess or himself by disputing it, and he returned to his little room to dream upon the prospects of his exalted love.

In the middle of the night he was awakened by the unceremonious entrance of Theodore Guzman, who advanced in a tone of much alarm to his bedside. “Frederick,” said he, “your liberty, and perhaps your life, will be the immediate forfeit of your conduct. How could you, knowing the terrible despotism of the executive of the Burschenschaft, dare their vengeance by disobeying their command to be at the Augustine monastery when the emperor’s fête was over? Your interview this night with the princess Louisa is known, and terribly will it be punished by her incensed father. Take this, and if you are in the world to-morrow evening it depends upon yourself.” He flung a purse of gold upon the bed and immediately withdrew. Stapps was too well acquainted with the fearful certainty of his fate to delay for a moment in making his escape, and before the next evening he was far out of the reach of their machinations.

How changeless has been the history of love in every age?—Stapps, far removed from the object of his adoration, and conscious how sternly all intercourse was proscribed; aware of the utter improbability that the high-born lady to whom he was attached, and who returned that attachment with all a woman's fondness, would ever be his own, still shrined the flattering idea in his soul, and cherished up the lofty hope of a brighter day. Month after month his only delight was to gaze upon the beautiful features of his "lady love," impressed upon the miniature herself had given, and to revolve a thousand schemes whereby he could once more obtain an interview. At length his uncertainty was removed. A trusty messenger he had despatched obtained an interview with the princess, and brought him a letter strong in expressions of unchanging constancy, and expressing a warm desire to see him again, but urging the utmost caution, as her father had unalterably determined to take his life should he ever see him more. Undeterred by the relentless hatred which he knew he had incurred, he resolved to brave every risk for the supreme satisfaction of seeing once more his adored Louisa, who, surrounded by all the blandishments of exalted rank and universal homage, could still point the star of hope to the distant and lowly youth, who had secured her first affections.—Assuming, therefore, a disguise which would screen him from observation, he set forth to accomplish his object.

A great change had taken place in Germany during the few months of Stapp's absence. Austria, for the third time, had tried her strength with the emperor of the French, and for the third time the triumphant armies of Napoleon had marched from victory to victory o'er her plains. The eagle of the Corsican adventurer had perched upon the hereditary palace of the Western Cæsars, and the house of Hapsburgh tottered on its imperial throne before the victorious genius of a revolutionary soldier. Corresponding was the change in men's circumstances and opinions induced by these mighty events. The fairest portion of the Austrian empire was transferred to the soldiers of France; and the illustrious families of the German heraldry, with one hundred points upon their escutcheons, had to change dominions with fortunate chiefs, who scarcely knew their fathers. None was more deeply affected by these occurrences than the duke of Rodoldstadt, the haughty father of Louisa. His estates were ravished by the invading armies, and his sovereignty transferred to one of the marshals of Napoleon. Stapps, unaware of the vast extent to which the political relations of the empire were altered, hurried on the wings of love to his destination. It was evening when he arrived at the forest on the confines of the Duke's estate; and with a palpitating heart hastened forward to the scene which contained all that was dear to him on earth. Great was

his horror on discovering the wide and general devastation that met his view. The ancestral trees which shaded the beautiful walks of Rodoldstadt were torn with shot or black with conflagration; the statues were mutilated or removed, and the marble fountains of former days broken up and dry. The path of the destroyer amid those consecrated scenes was wide and recent; and the anguish of his spirit was complete. Even the very arbor—forever shrined in his memory by the recollection of that brightest moment in his life, when the accents of the loveliest of her sex made his happiness complete—was trampled and destroyed, and not a vestige left of its quiet and secluded beauty. What had become of her to to whose presence it owed all its charms, rested upon the mind of the unfortunate youth, and he could not avoid bursting into tears at the sad reverse. He was disturbed in these dismal reflections by the rough voice of a sentinel pacing his rounds, who grounded his arms and loudly demanded "*Qui va là?*" The foreign language and French dress of the soldier gave an instant clue to the whole of the wide destruction, and turned the feelings of the irritated student from melancholy to madness. Springing on the grenadier, before he had even time to think of his defence, he seized him by the throat and run him through the body twenty times with his *schlager*.* He had hardly regained the wood to make his escape, after this encounter, before his path was crossed by a visitor still more unwelcome. He was a large and athletic man, enveloped in a huge cloak, whom he instantly recognised for the *Hausmeister* of the *Burschenschaften*. Stapps, expecting a similar fate to that which he had inflicted upon the French sentinel, prepared for his defence. But he was mistaken. "Stapps," said he, in a tone of conciliating dignity, altogether different from his former recollections, "you need not be upon your guard.—Attend to me." The student stood with an air of irresolution. "You love the princess Louisa of Rodoldstadt?" "I admit no trifling upon that subject," was the haughty reply of Stapps. "There need be no reserve with me," said the stranger, with emphasis; "I know the whole. You are loved in return." This, to a lover ever delightful information, secured the effectual good graces of the student. "Now, attend to me," said the stranger. "There is no probability of your ever overcoming the opposition of her father." Stapps acknowledged he had no hope. "Well, hear me," said the other, and he caught his arm with a vice-like grasp. "You have it in your power to make that girl your own." He continued, looking earnestly at him for a moment. But he had mistaken his man. Stapps violently disengaged himself,

* Every student in Germany carries a short sword or dagger, so called.

and said with solemn force. "Away, wretch! or your life will forfeit the attempt to make me a confidant in any infamous scheme against the honor of that illustrious lady. Who are you that you dare to propose it?" "THE DUKE OF RODOLDSTADT," said the stranger, "The effect of this disclosure upon Stapps was electric. He stood transfixed for a moment with a thousand indefinable feelings, and then flung himself upon the stranger's neck. "Name, name," said he, in an ecstasy of transport, "how I can obtain your inestimable daughter." "Be calm," said the duke, disengaging himself; "we may be overheard. Can you brave danger for her sake?" "Any and every danger in the world," returned the lover with enthusiasm. "Well," said the duke, "you would not like to have a dowerless bride. Now, hear me. Do you see that castle, in which my ancestors have resided for five hundred years? Do you see these broad lands, which have been the heritage of my family since the days of Woden? They are mine no longer. The devastating progress of these ruffian invaders has swept them from my grasp. I am now a wanderer—and the forty-fifth *Duke of Rodoldstadt* has been turned out of the palace of his fathers to make way for a *Languedoc cowherd*," and he laughed in bitterness. "Now, Stapps," said he, taking hold of his arm and grasping it with a violent energy, "I know you are firm—your conduct but a moment ago proves it. Take this dagger—plunge it as deep into the heart of the chief of these miscreant hordes as you have done your own but now into his retainer.—You will rid the world of a tyrant, and *Louisa of Rodoldstadt* shall be your bride—a ducal coronet shall circle your brow, and the broadest lands in Franconia shall be her dowry."* The young man stood irresolute for a moment, gazing at the proffered weapon—and for but a moment. All the bright visions of classic heroes and storied patriotism, the idols of his early fancy, rushed upon his mind. And the thronging rapture of the ineffable reward:—of actually possessing his adored *Louisa*—and as her equal,—with the pictured plaudits of a grateful world, all whirled through his imagination in instant clearness. He grasped the dagger with enthusiastic eagerness, fell upon his knees, and swore by the light of the eternal stars to accomplish the glorious object or perish in the attempt. The Duke marked his feelings with pleasure, and put a heavy purse of gold into his hand. "Here," said he, "take this; it will overcome all the obstacles of distance and difficulty of approach." "All I ask," said Stapps, "is, that you will not tell your daughter what are the conditions on which I am to obtain her; and

* The reader will recollect that in the Russian campaign, the Hetman Platoff made a similar offer of his only daughter's hand and 200,000 rubles, to any one who would kill Napoleon.

that you will allow me to see her, that I may bid farewell, perhaps for ever—and he paused thoughtfully—before I set out.” “Yes,” said the duke, giving him his hand, “both are granted—and recollect yourself from whom you received your commission.” They went away rapidly from the wood; by an old retainer of the family near the forest, they were provided with horses, and were in a short time at the chateau which formed the temporary residence of the exiled family. Words would be weak to describe the flush of every kind of joy which oppressed the heart of Stapps, as once more he felt the certainty of seeing his Louisa. She was reclining, when they entered, on a sofa:—the pensive melancholy of her features only rendered the faultless beauty of her countenance more exquisitely intellectual: and certainly in that attitude of reposing grace, where every charm of her fine person was half-hidden, half-revealed, and her finished bosom seemed to heave with a softer yet more voluptuous grace, she had never to the enamoured youth seemed half so lovely. The Lady did not recognise the muffled Frederick when they came in; and her father spoke, “Louisa, here is a young man who has won my completest confidence, and I have ventured to promise you to him for a bride.” She had no time to express astonishment ere herself and lover were locked in each other’s arms; and the withdrawal of her father relieving the impassioned pair from even the slight constraint of his presence, they gave themselves up to all the full raptures of their cherished and uncontrolled attachment. It was when the first transports of their pleasure had subsided, and Frederick was congratulating her on the complete removal of all the obstacles before so hazardous, that all the instinctive suspicions of a woman’s love were awakened as to the ominous change in her father’s conduct, and she entreated Stapps to disclose the nature of the mighty service he was to perform, which had wrought such a miraculous alteration on the susceptible point of family alliance, in the haughtiest noble of the German empire. But it was in vain. Stapps only expatiated with delight on the coming time, when all intervening difficulties surmounted, he should spend the rest of his days in happiness with her he loved. “Ah, my dear Frederick,” said she, her soft eyes suffused with tears, “my heart misgives me as to this fatal expedition. Take care that you are not made the doomed emissary of those infamous Illuminati to execute some fatal project which will bring destruction only on yourself. Better, far better, for us to fly to some distant land, where a life of innocence and obscurity will be a thousand times preferable to all the guilty grandeur of successful wickedness. I know but too well that my father is at the head of those detested fanatics,” and the affectionate girl sobbed aloud. The softened assassin strained her to his heart, and kissed away the scalding tears as they rolled down her delicate cheeks. “No,” my darling Louisa,

"I am not going upon any villainous or execrable mission. I am going on an errand which will rank my name with the immortalized deliverers of the world: I am going on the most glorious project ever delegated to man. I am guided in my perilous task by the light of love, and cheered by the wishes of thousands interested in my success." His impassioned manner and enthusiastic ideas seemed to flash an instant conviction of the truth upon her mind. She turned deadly pale. Pushing him back with both her hands, and looking earnestly in his face, she exclaimed in agony, "I know it—you go to assass—"

Stapps, greatly alarmed by the near discovery of his fatal secret, caught her in his arms and covered her blanched and quivering lips with fervid kisses—then uttered a wild farewell, and rushed out of her presence. He waited not a moment, but, bounding on the ready charger at the door, sped at a furious gallop towards Vienna.

Yes, it was in the splendid capital of the Western Empire, which never before had witnessed a hostile prince within its walls,* that the conquering Napoleon had quartered the legions of France; and from the very palace of Schönbrunn had announced to Europe the degradation of his rival.

When Stapps, from the heights of Rosenberg, beheld that poetic scene, described by every tourist as unrivalled, where a vast extent of the richest territory, bounded only by the Alps and distant kingdoms, is crowned by the gorgeous city of the German Cæsars, which seems to rise like a queen from amid the waters of the lordly Danube, whose golden tide rolls beneath the eye through storied scenes of enchanting beauty till they melt in distance; he felt a bursting joy that his arm was soon to strike the blow which would dash the insulting tri-color from those glittering domes, and restore the fertile scenes before him to happiness and peace. He soon arrived in Vienna, and learned, to his mortification, that the French Emperor would not be seen in public for at least a week, when he was expected to review his whole army on the plains of Schönbrunn.

Early on the morning of the 23d October the determined Stapps, having previously provided himself with a petition to present the Emperor, accompanied the thousands who thronged to see the imposing pageant. Fully determined upon his purpose, he pushed on to the height which the Emperor was expected to occupy, and there had leisure to witness a spectacle more magnificent than ever the monarchs of the ancient world had power to assemble. The vast plain was covered with near two hundred thousand men, superbly

* The capture of Vienna by the Turks, in 1683, was, it is well known, prevented by the terrible battle under its walls, in which they were totally defeated by John Sobieski, king of Poland.

equipped, and exhibiting in their regulated movements an example of that perfect discipline which had rendered the French soldiers the conquerors of Europe. At the command of the reviewing officers the whole of the vast body retreated and advanced as if their motions were the simultaneous result of some stupendous engine. Stapps forgot every thing but admiration as he marked the consummate regularity of the extended evolutions. But every other feeling was soon centered in the absorbing object of his soul, when the Emperor himself, accompanied by a brilliant staff of the sword-ennobled warriors, who had filled the world with their renown, galloped on the field. Never was scene so calculated to impress the mind with the greatness of a single man. The instant he approached the music of ten thousand instruments swelled upon the air, in the sublime strains of the national anthem, which the first musician in the world had composed to celebrate his praise.* As he rode rapidly along the saluting files, the uncovered officers stepped forward, and the golden eagles of the several corps were lowered to the ground, in glorious homage to the exalted genius who had so often led them on to victory. The celebrated man, who was the soul and centre of the mighty mass of movements, proceeded through every square, and cohort, and battalion, with the calm and regardless air of one accustomed to habitual reverence, and himself the most simply dressed of all the decorated thousands round; but that very plainness giving a splendor to his authority, more touching and more palpable than all the gorgeous trappings of impotent magnificence. When he stopped his horse within a few paces of the spot where Stapps was standing, the whole soul of the enthusiast awoke to an awful sense of the supreme importance with which for that mighty moment he was invested by his character of assassin, when he looked upon the sublime array around, stretching in glittering files into distance—the air vibrating with the clangor of pealing music and the thunder of artillery, and the sunbeam flashing in ten thousand bursts of light from the accoutrements of the countless warriors before him—he felt an overpowering sense of the destiny slumbering in his arm, and, though he did not shrink or feel the less determined, a mist of confusion covered his faculties, and he lost all commanding consciousness in the idea that every eye was centered on his movements.

Napoleon was too deeply engaged in conversation with the Prince of Neufchatel and General Rapp to be easily approached, and Stapps, trembling between anxiety to accomplish his object, and fear

* "Vive l'Empereur," by Haydn, which Napoleon had composed in emulation of the celebrated English anthem, "God save the King;" and, while it is more effective as a musical composition, it fully equals the sublime simplicity and beauty of the admired original, which was given him for a model.

lest he should be unable, displayed an air so confused, that he attracted the notice of the chief of the staff, who ordered him to deliver his petition to Rapp, aid-de-camp for the day. This was the moment for the Burschen's dagger. "I want the Emperor—I want Napoleon," he cried with eagerness, and drawing out the glittering weapon, he rushed forward to plunge it in his victim's heart.* The powerful arm of Berthier stayed in an instant the threatened blow; and the next moment, pinioned, and a prisoner, the disappointed regicide was conducted by two officers of *gens d'armes* off the field. It was then, in the inevitable reality of his fate, that the visions of fanatical enthusiasm, which thronged his mind since the interview, with the Duke of Rodoldstätt, were dissipated first and for ever; but a sterner feeling took their place. Then, and then only, he paused to reflect upon the dashed and ruined prospects of happiness he had dared to build. He felt that the bond which connected him with the haughty and unfeeling duke was, by his failure, not only severed, but would render him an object of unceasing hatred to that powerful and malicious man; and, most of all, when he thought of Louisa, the beautiful, the pure, and compared her with himself, a guilty and degraded wretch, he resolved, in the reckless composure of complete despair, to court and to meet a fate which would be forever an atonement to himself for his love, and to the world for his guilt.

Fortified by these angry reflections, when he was left alone in the solitary prison of the castle, he gave way to no feeling but absolute resignation. He took from his bosom the miniature of the princess—and he threw the purse given by her father on the bed beside it: in the gold he saw a pledge of the dark intrigue which the detested duke lighted him to destruction with the torch of hope, and in the other a memorial of the fondest affection which ever blessed a mortal; and he gazed at them alternately, with silent but with pungent feelings. His warm love predominated: he pressed the miniature to his lips. "Yes," said he, all the fervor of his early recollections thronging on his mind, "yes, thou dearest, thou most perfect of created intelligences! I will not disgrace the sacredness of thy love with the contamination of my guilt;—I will expiate my guilt; and thou shalt never know any thing of Frederick Stapps but his pure and his devoted love." He was interrupted by the opening of his prison-door, and two general officers entered. The grand cord of the legion of honor, on the breast, proclaimed their superior rank. They were Duroc, Duke of Friuli, and grand master of the palace, and Rapp, aid-

* In this circumstance I have preferred following the history of Sir Walter Scott. All the other particulars of this extraordinary attempt are taken from the accurate Memoirs of General Rapp, who was a witness of the whole transaction.

de-camp of the Emperor. They seemed struck with his appearance—that finely formed countenance, those intellectual features had about them nothing of the assassin—and contemplated his employment a moment in silence. At length Rapp asked him in German, “What is your name?” Stapps had made up his mind. “I’ll tell it only to the Emperor.” “What did you intend to do with the dagger found upon you?” “That I will tell only to Napoleon.” “Did you mean to assassinate him?” “I DID,” returned Stapps, with peculiar emphasis. “Why?” “I will tell it only to himself.” He found the opportunity he wished. Napoleon, informed by the generals of his stern avowal, and his calm determination, ordered the young enthusiast to be brought before him in his closet. He was conducted thither by Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo. It was a large room, very richly furnished; at a table, covered with a cloth of crimson and gold, and on which lay a number of papers, sat the Emperor. He was dressed in the simple uniform of the national guard, forever immortalized by his use, and different from the splendid dignitaries of the empire around, who were covered with decorations, he wore only on his breast the eagle star which had blazed in victory on an hundred fields. Stapps, awed by the presence of the majesty of the man’s unrivalled genius, bowed low as he entered. Napoleon gave him one of those searching glances, as if he would read into his soul, of which his piercing eye was so capable; but his calm and unimpassioned countenance was slightly disconcerted when he saw his look returned by an eye haughty as his own. “*Parlez vous Français?*” said he, in a rapid tone. “*Très peu, Monsieur,*” was all the answer. The Emperor seemed disappointed, and desired Rapp to interrogate him in German. “What is your name?” said the general. “Frederick Stapps.” “Where were you born?” “In Naumburgh.” “What is your father?” “A Protestant minister.” The Emperor seemed still more dissatisfied and uneasy: he continued eyeing the prisoner some time, taking large pinches of snuff—his constant practice when greatly irritated. He at length said, with a searching look, “You are mad, young man!—You are an *Illuminato*.” The countenance of Frederick betrayed no emotion. “I am not mad,” he replied; “I know not what is meant by an *Illuminato*.” “You are sick, then,” said the Emperor, determined to assign a reason, if he could not force one from his prisoner. “I am not sick,” returned Stapps, resolved neither to give him any satisfaction nor a clue to find it; “on the contrary, I am in good health.” Napoleon, extremely disconcerted, continued, “Why, then, did you wish to assassinate me?” “Because,” said the modern Brutus, “you have caused the misfortunes of my country.” “Have I done you any harm?” returned the Emperor, in a conciliatory tone, as if endeavoring to

soften down his sternness. "No more harm to me than to all Germans."

The Emperor was greatly disconcerted by the firmness of the undaunted youth. How singular is the composition of the human mind. The brightest intellects seem formed of extremes. Napoleon the Great, who chained victory to his car, and added a fifth great monarchy to the lists of history, saw at that moment how feeble was the adhesion of the mighty fabric he had raised, and trembled in the presence of a fanatical stripling, as he thought how near his arm had been dashing the whole to pieces. He remained silent and thoughtful for a time; and, as if thinking upon Alexander's generals, he seemed to cast a distrustful glance on the powerful and ambitious chiefs who were standing confounded and amazed beside him, and then, as if willing to rid his mind of its apprehensions, by extorting from the youth that he had some other instigation than the fervid patriotism he had avowed, he addressed him again. "You are a wild enthusiast," said he; "you will ruin your family. I am willing to grant your life if you ask pardon for the crime which you intended to commit, and for which you ought to be sorry." "I will ask no pardon for an attempt, as to which my only regret is that it did not succeed." The young man stood still, his countenance calm, but evincing an iron resolution. Napoleon's glance evidenced vexation rather than anger at such, to a monarch, terrible avowal. He asked harshly, as if wishing to extort the motive to which he wished of all others to ascribe his attempt, "By whom were you sent? Who instigated you to this crime?" "Nobody," said Stapps, with firmness; "I determined to take your life, from the conviction that I should thereby render the greatest service to my country and to Europe." The fine, statue-like features of the Emperor grew colorless as he became absorbed in thought. He wished, in the presence of his generals, to place the attempt of the assassin to any other cause but that which he avowed; and continued his examination much to their surprise. "Is this the first time you ever saw me?" "No," said Stapps, "I saw you at Erfurth at the time of the interview;" and his recollection of the dark truth of the soothsayer's prediction, so terribly different from the interpretation of his brilliant hopes, overcast his countenance with the first gloom he had evinced during the conversation. Napoleon, with a characteristic quickness, observed his emotion, and asked, "Did you *then* intend to assassinate me?" "No—no," said the youth, partly overcome by the far different recollections that it was to him he was indebted for his memorable interview with Louisa, "I was then one of your warmest admirers." "What then induced you to attempt my life?" "Destiny," said Stapps, in a moment of forgetfulness caused by the warm rush of his associations; but instantly recollecting himself, he added, "and

the hope of relieving my country from a tyrant." "I tell you again," said Napoleon, in a tone of irritation, "you are either mad or sick." "Neither one or the other," said Stapps. But the Emperor, as if to force a corroboration of the only thought that gave him ease, ordered Corvisart, his physician, to be called. "Feel that young man's pulse," said he, "he is deranged." As the finger of the physician touched his wrist he looked at him with much interest and curiosity; but he saw nothing in his countenance that spoke of madness, and felt nothing in his pulse that indicated disease. Stapps, as he watched the physician's countenance, exclaimed, in a triumphant tone, as the doctor remarked to his majesty, "He is in good health," "I told you so: nothing whatever ails me." The Emperor, in his complete discomposure, applied frequently to his snuff-box, and walked with his hands behind him thoughtfully up and down the apartment; but with the consummate knowledge of human nature, for which he was remarkable, he tried to obtain the information for which he wished by taking his mysterious prisoner in another and unguarded point. "Whose portrait is that which you wear around your neck?" Even here the firmness of Stapps did not give way. But had his feelings not been locked in the desperation of despair they must have melted at an appealing question which still stirred his heart; yet he strove to master his feelings, and replied with a coldness he could but ill assume, "It is the portrait of a young lady to whom I am attached." Napoleon observed the innate struggle as he spoke, and probed him deeper on the point. "She will be very much distressed to hear of the unhappy situation in which you are placed." But Stapps had recovered his self-possession. "She will regret to hear that I have not succeeded: she detests you as much as I do."

The Emperor, utterly disconcerted, tried him once more on the innate love of life, inherent in every heart. "Would you not be grateful if I were to pardon you?" "I would not," said Frederick, now aroused to the full value of death to him; "I would only attempt it again if I were able."

Napoleon was confounded. The student's youth—his firmness—his determination—made a deep impression on his mind. He ordered the prisoner to be led away; and though he strove, he was unable to obliterate the uneasy sensations from his mind which this extraordinary scene had caused. That attempt at assassination, futile as it was, opened his mind, by its daring and reckless character, to the volcano on which he stood, and made him feel almost the bloody fruit of an hundred battles melt from his grasp before the more pervading influence of the young enthusiasm and public opinion he had arrayed against his ambition and himself. He entered into a deep conversation with his generals on his subject; and in-

sisted it was the "Illuminati" who were at the bottom of the whole. The generals departed; and the Emperor when alone strove to banish the mastering uneasiness which this adventure had conjured up within him; but he was unable. He knew strong political enemies to his power were in existence, and he despised them; but he never dreamt that the innate workings of a nation's pride could arouse a spirit so daring as the young student had just evinced; and he chose, even in spite of his conviction, rather to fasten the imputation on some of his royal foes—the defeat of whose machinations would only seat him firmer in his empire—than place it to the influence of a power which, unseen and unsubdued, was mighty enough to make him shake and tremble on his lofty throne. In the perturbation of his spirit he called back his aid-de-camp. "Rapp," said he, "the event of this morning is very extraordinary. This attempt arises from the plots of Weimar and of Jena. If I could fix on its authors I would seize them in the very midst of their court. "No, Sire," returned the intelligent general, "none of your majesty's political opponents have instigated this; it is only the eccentric outburst of the fanatical enthusiasm so prevalent in Germany." "No, no," said the Emperor, rapidly, "I can never believe that this youth, a German, well educated, respectable, and a Lutheran—would ever attempt such a crime as this from the sole excitement of national wrong. No, Rapp," said he, "those women—women are capable of any thing"—and he dashed a paper, which in his excitement he had been tearing into little pieces, angrily on the table, and walked up and down the apartment in great agitation. At last he stopped suddenly, and said with energy, "*Rapp, let him die*—His conduct at the last stage of existence will solve the riddle—his demeanor *then* will show whether he is an enthusiast or an assassin. Report me the proceedings."

But Stapps was not the one whose conduct in such a time could display any equivocal symptoms. Those who have ever felt the destruction of some cherished hope and experienced the withering sterility of the heart which follows, may conceive with what feelings he looked upon a life from which every ray of joy had been excluded, and which, had its perpetuity been his own, would have imaged forth nothing but darkness on his reason, and desolation on his senses. Yet still there is an agony in the efforts of expiring consciousness which gifts the intellect, ere it is obscured for ever, with the momentary firmness of its brightest efforts. It was this which endowed the student with the calmness which had enabled him to elude and baffle the well-founded suspicions of Napoleon, and secured for him and his lofty patriotism, the pity, and even admiration of his generals. This feeling was increased, when Rapp, in pursuance of his instructions, learned from the orderly who attended him, that he

had utterly refused all sustenance since his confinement; and the general, touched by his heroism, resolved to make an effort to have him saved. He found him seated in his lonely room, gazing upon that portrait whose associated recollections had become organized in his heart; and his beautiful countenance, though pale with fasting, wore an expression of deep interest which affected the general with the sincerest sympathy. "Young man," said he, in a conciliating tone, "why do you not take some sustenance?" "I shall be strong enough to walk to the place of execution," was all the answer the prisoner vouchsafed to give. Not discouraged, he asked again, "Why did you not express some contrition to the Emperor, and save a life which must have proved a joy to some?" Stapps smiled in bitterness:—"I detest my life—it is worthless now since I have survived your Emperor." "But what could have induced you to embark in such an enterprise, infamous in its success, and destructive in its failure?" "MYSELF," returned the youth with all his energy; "I have failed, and I am content to suffer even the glorious penalty of the attempt, when success would have conferred, not the disgraceful celebrity of Erostatos, but the universal homage of the deified Aristogiton." "But," said the generous officer, still endeavoring to win him back to reason—"But!" returned Stapps, with a tone of haughty coldness; "I want no arguments. It is your duty to command my death—it is sufficient for me that I am ready!" The general left him with manifest reluctance; and with regret he was unable to conceal, gave the order for his execution; and, willing to afford him every comfort which his uncompromising reserve would admit of, he directed a clergyman, of the persuasion he had avowed himself, to inform him of his fate.

In the conscious hours of closing life there is an indefinite something which makes the spirit shrink within itself as if in dread of its approaching change, and leaves a sense of loneliness and weakness in the boldest heart, which no feeling of earth can fill; and thus Frederick, though at first distrustful and reserved, soon gave way to the winning kindness of a man who strove to wean him from a world he so bitterly detested; and having first charged the minister to secrecy by the solemn adjuration of a dying man, he told him all the history of his early and devoted love—of its pure and warm return—of his fearful initiation in the vaults of the Burschen—the proposal of the Duke—the manner in which he had deceived Napoleon and his officers into the idea of his being a self-instigated enthusiast, and his determination never to reveal the real cause which made him attempt the assassination. The good man was affected even to tears by the recital. But the doomed prisoner grew only more nervously animated, and concluded the story with a bitterness which struck the clergyman with awe. "Yes, I have deceived them all—I

envy not Napoleon on his throne of prostrate nations. I have been instigated by the wretches he suspects—but!—the reward”—and he pressed the picture to his heart. “It was base to mingle such a purity of recompense with the foul transaction.—The world shall live in its illusion. Let my name go down the stream of time as a fanatic and an assassin—but, oh! do you tell my ever dear Louisa that I die the victim only of my love.” He could not weep; but, like the petrified droppings of the cave, the tears, which his frozen feelings refused to anguish and despair, fell cold and dreary on his heart; and he remained, in spite of all the endeavors of the worthy minister, resolute in his refusal of every comfort.

The following day the officers found Stapps weak and wasted, but as haughty and as proud as ever. When they led him out to meet his fate, the fresh air of a lovely autumnal morning, as it breathed upon his emaciated features, revived the sinking life within him, but only added firmness to his step, and fierceness to his look. When he arrived at the place of execution, he surveyed the few and fearful preparations for his death with an unflinching eye. As he passed the file of soldiers, who, resting on their grounded arms, viewed him with interest and compassion, he shouted “Germany for ever!”—and he walked up to the open grave, and kneeling down beside his empty coffin, said, even joyously, “I am ready.” The provost-marshal did not let him suffer long from the torture of delay. He refused to let his eyes be bandaged; and when he heard the word “*Make ready!*” he shrieked “Liberty for ever!”—“*Present!*” he shouted “*Death to the tyrant!*” but at the fatal “*Fire!*” his hand instinctively clasped the cherished portrait closer to his heart, and if the name of Louisa trembled on his lips, the loud report which followed, and the simultaneous gush of his life-blood, prevented its ever being heard.

* * * * *

The moral of this wondrous story will be found in history. The ineffective attempt of that visionary student produced a marked influence upon the politics of Europe.

Believing himself under the control of that resistless destiny which had elevated him from the peasant’s lot to the throne of the Bourbons, and a Cæsar’s sway, Napoleon’s mind was deeply tinged with superstition; and the startling vision of the assassin’s dagger at his heart, eclipsed the conqueror’s mind with a spectral darkness in his full blaze of glory.

What stayed the victor’s arm when his helpless foe was prostrate at his feet?—what loosened the iron bands of the continental system when the terrible power to enforce it was more dread than ever? and, could we dive deeper into the secret springs of cause, we might ask;—what allied the Corsican subaltern with a daughter of the house

of Hapsburgh; and answer—It was the bloodless dagger of the Erfurth student.*

Then, among the mighty influences of unrecorded destiny, what name is more pregnant with stupendous thought than Frederick Stapps; and what history will excite a deeper wonder than the reckless attempt of the noble but unfortunate STOCK-AM-EISEN.

ORCATIVS.

WHAT IS LIFE?

An eagle flew up, in his heav'nward flight,
Far out of the reach of human sight,
And gazed on the earth from his lordly height

In the clouds of the upper air :—
And this is life, he exultingly screams ;
To soar without peer where the lightning gleams,
And look unblenched on the sun's gorgeous beams,
And know of no harrowing care.

A lion leaped forth from his bloody bed,
And roared till it seemed he would wake the dead ;
And man and beast from him tremblingly fled,

As though there was death in the tone :—
And this is life, he triumphantly cried :
To hold my domain in the forests wide,
Imprisoned alone by the ocean's tide,
And the ice of the frozen zone.

It is life, said a whale, to swim the deep ;
O'er hills submerged and abysses to sweep,
Where the gods of ocean their vigils keep,
In the fathomless gulfs below :

To bask on the bosom of tropic seas,
And inhale the fragrance of Ceylon's breeze,
Or sport where the turbulent waters freeze,
In the climes of eternal snow.

It is life, says a tireless albatross,
To skim through the air when the black waves toss,
In the storm that has swept the earth across,
And never to wish for rest :—

* Rapp's Memoirs perfectly justify us in ascribing the unusual moderation of Napoleon at the treaty of Schönbrunn—and even the subsequent events—to the effect produced upon his mind by the attempt of Stapps. That intelligent officer describes it as most impressive. For many days he remained thoughtful and reserved, frequently recurring to the subject, and making many inquiries as to its probable causes, as produced by the tenor of his administration.

To sleep on the breeze as it softly flies,
 My perch in the air, my shelter the skies,
 And build my nest on the billows that rise
 And break with a beautiful crest.

It is life, said a wild gazelle, to leap
 From crag to crag of the mountainous steep,
 Where the cloud's icy tears in purity sleep,
 Like the marble brow of death :

To stand unmoved on the outermost verge
 Of the perilous height, and hear the surge
 Of the waters beneath that onward urge,
 As if sent by a demon's breath.

It is life, I hear a butterfly say,
 To revel in blooming gardens by day,
 And nestle in cups of flowerets gay,
 When the stars the heavens illumine :—
 To steal from the rose its delicate hue ;
 To sip from the hyacinth glittering dew,
 And catch from beds of the violet blue
 The richest and sweetest perfume.

It is life, a majestic war-horse neighed,
 To prance in the glare of battle and blade,
 Where thousands in terrible death are laid,
 And to scent of the streaming gore :—
 To rush unappalled through the fiery heat,
 And trample the dead beneath my feet,
 To the trumpet's clang, and the drum's loud beat,
 And hear the artillery roar.

It is life, said a savage, with hideous yell,
 To roam unshackled the mountain and dell,
 And feel my bosom with majesty swell,
 As the primal monarch of all :—
 To gaze on the earth, the sky, and the sea,
 And know that like them I'm chainless and free,
 And never, while breathing, to bend the knee,
 But at the Manitou's call.

An aged Christian went tottering by,
 And white was his hair, and dim was his eye,
 And his broken spirit seemed ready to fly,
 While he said, with faltering breath :—
 It is life, to move, from the heart's first throes,
 Through youth and manhood to age's snows,
 In a ceaseless circle of joys and woes :—
 It is life to prepare for death !

C. D. D.

THE WHOOPING HOLLOW.

"Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?" SHAKESPEARE.

MR. EDITOR,—We belong to an era of sober realities. The matter-of-fact wonders of steam-boats and rail-roads have driven from their ancient dominions, the once honored mysteries of the imagination. The soul-harrowing ghost story, and the marvellous tale of witchcraft, have no estimation in this age of common sense. Whether we are the better or the wiser for it, remains to be proved. In such a state of things, I dare hardly intrude upon your notice, the following curious document. I found it among the papers of a late valued friend of mine, to whose estate I became sole executor. He had many estimable qualities of mind and disposition, which endeared him to his associates in a conspicuous degree. The unfinished paper I now submit to your inspection, was evidently intended for some superstitious acquaintance of his, with whom he had once differed on a peculiar topic. I must not, in justice to the memory of my lamented friend, forget to observe, that since these sheets fell into my hands, I have visited the scene of his narrative, and that I have caused a search to be made, beneath the "gray rock" he described in them, and that under it, were found the remains of a skeleton, and certain fragments of clothing, evidently those of a youth.

I by no means wish you to form any premature conclusions, as to my own sentiments, in regard to this singular coincidence. It only remains for me to say, you are at liberty to make any use of these pages you may think they deserve. H. I

*Copy of a Letter from S*****. S*****, to his Friend W**. R**.*

Allerton Hall, March 9th, 1818.

"You have frequently, my dear Sidney, in the gloomier moods of a misanthropy peculiar to your family, betrayed to me your faith in certain legends of a supernatural character, with which your neighborhood abounded; and when with the privilege of ancient friendship, I combatted your belief, you have supported your opinion with a singular ingenuity and an eloquence of expression that charmed, although they could not make a conquest of my understanding. In vain you cited the venerated names of sundry wise and gifted moderns, in aid of your theory: the unquestioned authority of Dr. Johnson, and the more than suspected bias of Scott and Byron, were quoted to ears obstinately heterodox on this theme. In short, all your arguments proved as unsubstantial as the shadow-

less phantoms which were the subject of them. I have now my friend, to announce to you that an important change has taken place in my sentiments on this subject, and I can no longer doubt the power of the "viewless spirits of the air," to lay aside, at times, their invisibility, and to manifest themselves to the wondering senses of the favored few among the sons of mortality. What your reasoning could not achieve, has been accomplished by other means. I cannot resist the testimony of my own experience. I must bend to the force of fact, and forego the pride of philosophy, in whose armor of proof I had fondly trusted. But I will no longer withhold from your (no doubt) triumphant expectation, the circumstances that have wrought this striking revolution in your friend's opinions. Thus then it chanced. You are already well aware of my devotion to field sports, and that it is my habit, annually to banish myself for a period, from the cares and turmoil of the sordid city, and seek for my favorite recreation in some of the localities which abound with game. Mellow autumn had begun to wane into winter, and the "sear leaf," that yet languished on its parent tree, whispered forth its well known moral that all things must decay, when I set out, full of the joyous anticipations which form the special charm of the sportsman's life. A day's ride brought me to the neighborhood of which I was in search, a wild unsettled district in the mountainous county of *****. I had never before explored this region, but I had received a favorable account of its facilities as shooting-ground from a skilful brother of "the craft," and by his advice and note of introduction, I became the inmate of a worthy old farmer, who resided near my intended scene of operations. I found in my host, a sturdy weather-beaten son of the soil, whose hospitable nature the storms of seventy winters had not yet frozen into avaricious selfishness. He gave me the warmest welcome on my arrival at nightfall, and soon placed before me a substantial supper, to which, fatigued and hungry as I was, I did abundant justice. During my repast, I was sedulously attended by two tall girls, the daughters of the old man, fine specimens of rustic nutbrown beauty, whose good-natured simplicity of manner betrayed no familiarity with the heartless affectation of city damsels. When our meal was concluded, I fell into discourse with the father, and I was as much impressed with the homely good sense and shrewdness of his conversation, as I had been with the benevolence of disposition which shone in his features. At length I happened to make some complimentary remark upon the blooming appearance of his daughters, and added the inquiry whether they constituted the whole of his family; he replied in the affirmative. "Then you have no sons?" said I. You cannot conceive (my dear friend,) the singular change which exhibited itself upon his countenance at this question; I instantly perceived that I

had awakened some sorrowful remembrance, for although he attempted to reply, he could not effect the utterance of any audible sound, but struck his hand upon his breast with violence; "his cheek changed tempestuously," and his bronzed features seemed convulsed with an unspeakable agony of expression. I sought at once to remedy my indiscretion, and without appearing to notice his emotion begged permission to retire to my apartment. I arose the following morning much refreshed in body, and eager for the chase. On meeting my kind landlord at breakfast, I looked in vain for any traces of the commotion I had so lately witnessed in his looks, and could not help comparing them to the summer landscape, which glows the brighter, when the wild thundergust which sweeps over it, has passed away. A feeling of delicacy of course prevented me from attempting to gather from him any solution of his mysterious behavior, and I girded myself for an encounter with the grouse, with which the plains in the vicinity abounded. A serving-man was then deputed to guide me to the ground, and on our way thither, I contrived with difficulty to extract from him some explanation of what had painfully excited my curiosity. He informed me that some twenty years before, his master, the old farmer, had suddenly lost his only son, a lad of fifteen years of age, under circumstances of the most melancholy character. He was a youth of great promise, the idol of his father, and their mutual affection was the subject of constant remark by all the country side. The circumstance of his having lost his mother in early infancy, served to endear him doubly to his remaining parent. The boy left his home one morning, late in the fall of the year, his satchel over his shoulder, with his usual purpose of going to a school-house, about two miles distant. From that hour to the present, he had never been heard of, in life at least. He never reached the school, nor had he been met upon the road by any of the neighboring farmers. The most diligent search was made for him in every direction, but for years no traces of him were to be found. At length, after a storm of terrible and disastrous vehemence, a pair of shoes and a handkerchief, evidently stained with blood, were discovered in a deep and tangled thicket by the side of a remote forest path, some ten miles from the farmer's dwelling. They were immediately recognized as those of the unfortunate Jasper, and their recovery served to rob the disconsolate parent of the only hope to which he had clung with desperate fondness, that his child might yet return to bless his grey hairs. The bloody handkerchief, moreover, discountenanced the idea of a voluntary banishment from a beloved home; and all betokened a deed of violence and death. This relation, as you may imagine, profoundly interested me. My acquaintance, though of brief extent, with the bereaved old man, had yet sufficed to inspire me with an

admiration of his good qualities. I could deeply sympathise with his loss. On my return from the field in the evening, I again found reason to applaud the vigor and originality of his discourse. In his allusions to his past experiences, he every where shewed an unswerving integrity of purpose, that caused me to pride myself upon his acquaintance and to consider him a brilliant specimen of that rare moral phenomenon, an honest man. I remained a week longer at the house of my old friend, but never again ventured to recall to his mind any of the sad circumstances of a grief so keen, yet so little obvious to the perception of a stranger. The subject likewise seemed one that by common consent, was a "sealed book" with his family and dependants.

At length, after having nearly exterminated, or to use a less ambitious expression, frightened away the game from the neighborhood, I prepared to seek another and more propitious section of country for the scene of my destructive operations, and on a chill and blustering afternoon, I took an affectionate leave of the kind old farmer and his blooming daughters. Whistling my pointers to my side and bestriding my steed Kildeer, I set off for the hamlet of Westerdale, about fifteen miles distant. I was instructed as to the proper route, and duly cautioned against "right-hand defections" and "left-hand fallings off," by the rude clown who had furnished me with the little history of the disappearance of the old man's son. He in particular advised me to ride quickly through a certain tract of woodland, which I should readily recognize by the quantity of tall pines with which it abounded, and which he said, filled up a wide and precipitous ravine, midway between the farm-house and the village of Westerdale. This valley he called by the singular name of Whooping Hollow, and when I essayed to learn his reason for its strange title, and why I should endeavor to get beyond it before midnight, the stupid fellow became as mysterious and as impenetrable as an oracle, and evaded my inquiries by urging a postponement of my journey until the next day. My curiosity was now aroused. By one of those strange mental processes for which we cannot account, this warning of the rustic, (at which at any other time I should only have laughed,) seemed in some way linked with the disappearance of the boy, whose uncertain destiny had so occupied my reflections. By what alchemy of the mind had a picture of his murder been conjured up by the naming of the Whooping Hollow? Why did the vague caution of this village hind, kindle in my thoughts a throng of apprehensions of a nature to which I had hitherto been a stranger? But I am anticipating. Let me on to my story, and yet I would willingly protract the relation. I am about to enter on a recital, whose details are full of startling significance. They have to do with all that can appal and overwhelm the sympathies of humani-

ty.*****. After thanking my clownish friend for his instructions, I proceeded on my way, and ascended the extensive slope of road that wound upward from the plain in which the farm-house was situated. I soon surmounted the eminences along which for several miles my way directed me. The evening dew fell chilly around me, and the scene, as illuminated by the dying sunbeams that shed their lurid rays from beneath huge piles of wintry clouds which hung over the horizon, was calculated to foster the sad, but aimless fancies, that in spite of myself depressed my spirits. The headland whose summit I was treading, resembled a lofty promontory, jutting far into the apparently boundless heath that lay like a sea below me; one bright gleam shot fiercely from the cottage window of my late host, and disappeared when the sun's disk sunk behind the remote hills, whose slightly undulating outline terminated the western prospect. After traversing for some considerable space the bleak hill which I have just mentioned, the road began to decline to its former level, and I soon perceived that I was approaching a dark and heavily wooded forest, which seemed to swallow up the slightly beaten bridle-path along which my route now lay. My thoughts until this moment had been far away; they had, with unbidden licence, visited again the crowded city and its numberless associations of business and pleasure. So completely had my senses been enchained by memories of absent friends, that I scarcely noted the increasing darkness that began to deepen around me. On a sudden my horse stumbled and nearly threw me. Fully aroused, I looked before me, and by the unwilling light which the young moon struggling with heavy clouds, permitted me to use, I became fully aware of my position. The dark and tangled forest lay beyond; and I soon ascertained that the road led precipitously down a profound and rugged valley. This then, thought I, must be that mysterious wood, within whose "verdurous recesses" was to be found the Hollow of which I had been told. I scanned the scene attentively, and distinctly perceived the dark green tops of the pine trees, waving in the cool night breeze. I urged forward my horse, and found myself rapidly descending the gorge. The light barely enabled me to see the narrow pathway. Even to one of my mercurial disposition, the time and place seemed calculated powerfully to interest the imagination of the solitary traveller.

No sound broke on the measureless solitude but the trampling of my horse's hoof, which rang with unusual distinctness upon the rocky road. So deeply situated was this valley, that even the wind which had swept with great force along the surface of the hill I had lately surmounted, had here scarcely an existence. At intervals however, a fitful blast could be heard among the tall trees on either hand, and on these occasions the autumnal leaves, brushed with a

crackling and husky sound, across the narrow way. I at length reached the bottom of this gloomy chasm—at least I so judged from hearing a sound of a peculiar character, and which, amid the solemn stillness of the hour, was easily distinguished as the rushing of a stream obstructed by rocks. When I had attained this point, the moon broke out suddenly with greater brilliancy, and gave to view the wild and haggard features of the scene. The road seemed abruptly to expand, and on either side I could discern the pale trunks of the trees, and between them large and misshapen masses of stone lay in wild confusion, glistening in the moonshine, while the brawling of the neighboring torrent fell harshly on the ear. At length I reached a point where the stream intersected the road, and which was crossed by a rude bridge of logs. Here I looked heedfully forward, and soon became impressed with the certainty of some object moving slowly onward through the uncertain gloom. At such an hour, and in such a drear wilderness, this was an event eminently calculated to challenge the attention. My earnest scrutiny confirmed me in the belief that it was the figure of a boy, walking with deliberate strides along the causeway. The dubious light permitted me to discover that he was without a hat, and that he carried something like a bundle or wallet in his hand. A distance of some twenty or thirty yards intervened between us; and I urged forward my horse with the intention of overtaking the youthful pedestrian. To my surprise I found that the accelerated speed of the animal did not bring me any nearer to him. He seemed in no way aware of my proximity, for he did not turn his head towards me in the least, but, with apparently the same measured stride, advanced along the way. At length I called out, "What! Ho! my lad! Who are you?" The figure did not evince, by any gesture, the slightest consciousness of my presence: I repeated my salutation, and again endeavored to come up with him; but still the same distance lay between us. A circumstance so unusual did not fail to demand my vehement surprise. What could this youth be doing at such an hour, and in such a desert, without a covering to his head? Why not reply when spoken to? Above all, by what means could he always maintain such an advance of my utmost speed, without appearing to increase his own muscular exertion? My want of ability, either to overtake or arrest the notice of this midnight wayfarer, gave pungency to my curiosity, and I became conscious of the advent of strange and unwelcome feelings. An additional circumstance claimed my attention, now actively intent upon every motion of my singular companion. My sense of hearing was not impressed by any sound from his footsteps; and in the noiseless solitude I could almost hear the beating of my own heart. In vain I checked my horse, held my breath, and listened. I then called up the dogs, who had hitherto lagged somewhat

behind. To my wonder, I could by no solicitation get them to advance beyond the horse. I knew them to be animals of the highest spirit, and yet, with tails depressed, and tremulous whining, they slunk to the rear. Kildeer likewise trembled at every joint, and with extreme reluctance obeyed the spur.—This assemblage of novel indications, you may justly suppose, was not without their effect upon me. I tried to rally my faculties, which were fast yielding to the thralldom of a flood of apprehensions; but, in spite of myself, a new and overwhelming conviction fastened itself upon my alarmed fancy. No power of my mind, no energy which I might have supposed myself in possession of, could resist the strange and fearful belief; on the contrary, I became, on the instant, a helpless subject of the awful influences that encompassed me. In vain I attempted the exercise of my reason, to resolve these unwonted circumstances into a character consistent with ordinary occurrences. It was a fruitless attempt. I succumbed at once, and with absolute submission to an estimation of them totally at variance with any past experience. It seemed rather the whispered suggestion of some unseen spirit, than the result of a deliberate survey of surrounding appearances. It seemed to say, "You are in the presence of a disembodied being; yon moving silent form is no longer a living dweller in this breathing world, but a roving and unsatisfied ghost!" Meanwhile the cold perspiration mantled on my brow, and my limbs shook with convulsive agitation. But now a strange and still more inscrutable event burst upon my over-excited feelings. A declivity, at some distance beyond the point in the road I have described, shut out, for a time, the youthful apparition. It appeared to be rapidly descending a deeper dell, between which and the spot where I stood a slight ascent intervened. A faint sound, resembling the distant cry of a boy, arose on my right hand, and seemed to come from the deepest recesses of the forest. A startling repetition of this cry, or rather whoop, but much prolonged, and bearing with it a tone of suffering that I cannot describe, burst on my ears, but in another direction. It came from the left. Again it was repeated, and from still another quarter, the woods behind. I had scarcely time to turn my head, when a yell of piercing intensity rushed on my senses, but which evidently emanated from the fearful vale in which the unearthly night-wanderer had just disappeared from my view. These appalling sounds now thickened around me, sometimes apparently moaning, with plaintive intonation in the far depths of the forest, and anon howling with frightful force, as it were immediately by the roadside. If these were the fearful noises which caused the designation of the Whooping Hollow, the place well deserved the name. This array of horrors was too much for my excited imagination to suffer with calmness. Setting spurs to my horse, I dashed with headlong rapidity down the

road, reckless of what might befall me in the gloomy vale beyond. The moon was at this time quite obscured by dark clouds: however, on I flew, with but one thought, one purpose. I should, perhaps, escape the dreadful voices that almost deprived me of sense. I soon surmounted the slight eminence I have last described, and plunged with desperate haste into the gorge beyond it. Nothing, however, met my inquiring gaze, which would have pierced the dunnest darkness, so catlike had its powers now become. I soon left the dreaded cries far behind me, unless when, at intervals, a wailing sound boomed far and solemnly from the dark woods, until it became entirely confounded with the moan of the night wind, or the rushing of the rock-strewn torrent.

As yet no object crossed my vision. The mysterious traveller was no where to be seen—nor did a human footfall break the “deep tranquillity.” I began to recover something like composure, and slackening my horse’s pace, I endeavored to review the strange events that had just passed with calmness. My mind had in some measure recovered its equipoise, when my horse suddenly started from the path, and almost flung me from his back.

I had barely time to surmise that the cause of his fright might have been a huge gray rock that rose abruptly from the wayside, when, from behind the stone, the boy strode out, and disclosed to my affrighted gaze, the pallid and sunken features of a corpse, the eyes staring full ghastly, self-illuminated, and glowing with a restless and phosphoric lustre. The hideous phantom, at the same instant, spread out its arms, and uttered a whoop or shriek that might have vied in its tones of horrible intensity with all that the imagination of man can conceive of the death-awakening trumpet of the last day. This dismal cry, to my overwhelmed perception seemed to convey the words, “Ho! Ho! Here! Below!” After giving forth its cry the spectre vanished from my eyes; but its superhuman voice found at once its appropriate echo in a tempest of instant and signal violence. The angry wind roared and howled among the tree tops, whose branches screamed and bent before the blast. Thunder, sharp and tremendous, rattled over my head, while the rain descended in sheets of foam. With senses appalled, and all my faculties of mind overborne with horror, I fled with the speed of the wind. How far I rode I cannot now remember. Suffice it to say, that I found myself at length, almost paralysed with fright, at the door of a rude country inn, whose inmates were aroused with difficulty by my loud and repeated calls for admittance. They were prevailed on to give me and my spur-driven horse shelter until the morning.

At another and more convenient time, my dear friend, I will give you the sequel to this tale of terror. * * * * Here the manuscript suddenly breaks off.

WARISON OF THE VIZIER.*

On ! on for the crescent, rush, Ottomans, on,
 At the tambour's shrill sound all ye faithful awake !
 In this struggle for life be each scymetar drawn,
 The bands of our bloody invaders to break.

See ! see, how they pour o'er our beautiful plains,
 These dogs of the Pacha, just burst from their chains ;
 With shout and with shriek let us rush on the foe,
 And God and our Prophet will smile on the blow.

And shall it be told to the nations of earth,
 That each Mussulman home, found no man on its hearth ?
 Shall these slavish Egyptians face the wolf in his lair ?
 Oh, now for the sword of the fierce Janniziere.

Our fathers of old, beat the Christian before,
 And rolled back the thunders of war to his shore ;
 Shall the sons of those lords upon ocean and isle,
 Bow down on their dust to these slaves of the Nile ?

Yes, on to the fight ! shall the treacherous Russ,
 In his darker good-will turn the storm from us ?
 And restrain this one foe by his sword or his pelf,
 To preserve our broad lands more secure for himself.

Up, up ! raise the war-shout from mountain and glen,
 With the form, and the name, show the spirit of men ;
 And rather and sooner be crushed in the grave,
 Than, base and despised, live the slave of the slave.

Then, on for the crescent, rush, Ottomans, on,
 At the tambour's shrill sound all ye faithful awake !
 In this struggle for life be each scymetar drawn,
 The bands of our bloody invaders to break.

SADALA.

* The battle of Koniah, where the victorious Ibrahim, the revolted pacha of Egypt, totally defeated the Turkish army under the grand vizier ; has shook the mighty empire of Mahomet to its foundation, and utterly prostrated all means of organized resistance to his advance. The eyes of Europe are now opened to the possibility of the total subversion of the Turkish power. The vizier is described as one of the bravest of his nation—furious in war, and enlightened in peace ; he was almost the only prop of the empire in its hour of calamity, and is now actively employed in reviving the drooping spirits of his countrymen, and urging them to a last resistance ere the invader reaches Constantinople.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER I.

Pine-Upton, Bank of the Delaware, Pennsylvania, December 31, —.

* * * * *

Sitting, as I am at this moment, in all the dignity of single blessedness, many a wight, even in circumstances of superior station, might admire my lot, and perhaps envy what he would call my happiness. The room I am in, is finished with all that elaborate taste which the most delicate luxury could desire. It is large and lofty; the corniced ceiling is supported by Corinthian columns of the most exquisite model and finished workmanship; the stuccoed walls are ornamented by costly paintings in frames of the richest carving; and all the furniture is in that perfect keeping which constitutes the *coup d'œil* in the opinion of a connoisseur. At this moment, what is generally called a rousing fire, sheds its ruddy genial glare on me and all around, and seems to give a deeper coloring to the rich figures on the Venetian carpet, and the bright red of the closed merinos. Of my two dogs, one reclines at his full length upon the hearth-rug, and the other crouches on his haunches at the foot of my chair, with his nose snugly housed between his paws, while, in perfect accompaniment, my double-barrelled Manton reclines against the marble chimney-piece. On the table beside me, detached from a *gard du vin* of gold, stands a decanter of the finest workmanship; and my right hand rests upon the brim of a glass nearly filled with an amber-colored pellucid liquid, from which a column of silvery wreath continually exudes and diffuses an aroma throughout the wide apartment more delicious than the fabled perfumes of Arabia. Yet even now, surrounded by and enjoying all this luxurious ease, where fastidious taste has refined comfort into elegance, I sigh for something, far—very far—beyond the power of inanimate decoration to gratify; I experience that vacancy of the heart which no enjoyment of the senses can fill, and feel for the splendors around me that apathy, and even disregard, which arises from the want of some gentle and congenial spirit to admire and applaud. Yet, strange as it may seem, I am not a bachelor from choice; and if I am uncheered in my seclusion by the animating influence which is inseparable from the presence of pervading beauty, it is only because my visions of early love have been too bright and too engrossing, and have been dashed too rudely away from a soul which staked all its happiness upon their reality ever to admit a hope of their return.

I delight in moments of listless inaction, like the present, to recall these vivid recollections of the past, which, like some sweet tones of long-remembered music, give a solace far too pure and holy to be ever accompanied with regret. The time I was first in love—accompanied and preceded—

I may say occasioned, as it was, by circumstances the most appalling, recurs to my mind with that clear distinctness with which early impressions are remembered; and even now, like some sunny spot in a shaded landscape, preserves, amid the waste of memory, its pristine purity and strength in all the vivid power with which it was first imparted. Never, while life retains its seat and possesses the capability to vibrate a fibre of my heart, can I forget thee, my sweet Amelia; my first, my unsurpassed.

An American—first by necessity—but now by irrevocable choice, I was yet born in England, and the heir to one of its haughtiest families. I was only seventeen when I commenced my studies at Oxford. Like other young men in that academic seat of dissipation who are endowed with the indispensable requisites of an agreeable person and a handsome allowance, I was soon initiated into all the mysteries of a collegiate life; and, with the exception of the scholastic formalities, which the monastic institutions of the place require, my entire time was soon devoted to every species of amusement which the gay-hearted and the dissipated could devise. Yet still, in all the heated moments of my reckless folly, I felt a warning principle which would have bid me shun such scenes; but, half-formed compunction is but of slight avail. I was hurried along with the current; and in a short time I became one of the most distinguished leaders of the licentious throng. Gaming was one of the principal occupations in which we spent our evenings. None but those who have allowed that pursuit to become an absorbing passion, and have felt the intense, the heart-eating anxiety with which they devote themselves to it, can judge of my feelings, when, by its means, I became deeply involved in the course of my dark career. Night after night I repaired to the illuminated saloons which were appropriated to the indulgence of the guilty practice, and each succeeding morning saw me returning nearer and more near a ruined man. It was one day, after having consecrated the previous night to these dismal orgies, while I was taking my solitary breakfast, cheered by the consoling reflection that my circumstances were almost hopeless beyond the possibility of redemption, when my servant placed a letter upon the table. Such communications from duns (excluded carefully as they were in all other) had accumulated so much of late, that I had begun to shudder at every piece of matter in the shape of folded writing; but much was I delighted and surprised when I found that it came from home—a place from which I had almost reason to believe my conduct had excluded me for ever. It bore the signature of a mother to whom I was much attached, and was as follows.

“Burley Park.

“Dear Charles—Your father has been so much exasperated of late, not merely by your repeated drafts, but by your wanton attempt to mortgage your private property, that he has utterly refused to notice any further your extravagant demands for money, and even threw your last letter unopened into the fire. I need not tell you how much your behavior tends to hurt my feelings as well as alienate his affections, but self-interest may perhaps cause some alteration in your conduct when I inform you that he has

resolved to entail the whole Trenton property upon William, and to inform Sir Richard O'Hara of your behavior, for he will never be instrumental in sacrificing a lovely girl to a rake. I beg of you, my dear Charles, to look at the precipice upon which you are standing.

"I remain, your affectionate mother,

"CLARISSA MORTON.

"P. S. To relieve your immediate necessities I send you five hundred pounds."

It has often been remarked, that the postscript of a lady's letter is always the most important part of its contents; but to me, even at this moment of grasping destitution, it did not seem so. From the casual notice in my mother's note, I found I was not merely in danger of forfeiting an extensive property, but I stood within an ace of losing a girl to whom I had been betrothed in my infancy; and whose alliance would be attended with the most splendid advantages to myself and family.

True, I had never seen her; but matrimony, where family alliances are concerned, is so seldom an affair of the heart, that this was accounted both by myself and my friends, a matter of not the slightest consequence. The adjective, however, applied to her by my mother, awakened a long train of dormant reflection, and I even maintained with myself a mental conflict, as to whether I should not renounce immediately all the nefarious practices in which I had of late indulged so much, and endeavor to win the affection of a lady whom I had never heard mentioned but with praise. In fact, I was on the verge of becoming virtuous, when a thundering rap at the door put an end to my reflections, and in the next moment my room was entered, *sans ceremonie*, by the Hon. Dick Thornton, the most distinguished of those friends to whom I had been indebted for all my notoriety. "Ah, Morton!" said he, drawing a chair and putting in his shirt ruffles, "glorious intelligence. There is a splendid young fellow to be introduced to the rooms to-night; a first-rater into the bargain; he netted ten thousand pounds last week from Buxton. Ha! five hundred pounds!" lifting at the same time the note, which was lying on the table. "Why, Charles, you will make your fortune. What lucky chance put this in your possession?" A full hour of similar volubility was terminated, as the reader may have imagined, by my driving off in Thornton's tilbury, to pass away the time previous to commencing our evening's campaign. When we arrived at the club it was rather late, and the rooms were crowded; but the attention of all were engaged by a hazard-table at which a party were seated, deeply engaged in play. The most prominent figure in the groupe was a young man of elegant appearance, whose countenance seemed fine and interesting through all the hectic flush of excitement which overspread it. He was winning enormously, and a little fortune was heaped beside him in gold and bills. In a short time the party was broken up by one of them dashing down the dice in madness, exclaiming, with a look of ghastly rage, that four thousand pounds was enough at once. I took the vacant place, and, in a short time, my five hundred was quadrupled. Hitherto my oppo-

ment had seemed but careless, but now his countenance became more concentrated in its aspect; he played with more caution and for smaller sums. Still I was the winner, and fortune remained propitious till I had upwards of seven thousand pounds in specie by my side. We had both now attained an intense degree of excitement, yet each the widest reverse of the other. I was feverish and eager, and my scalding blood whirled through my system with a vehemence that left me no power, but a vivid and high-wrought consciousness. My opponent was equally collected, but it was of that fearful description which leaves scarcely any trace of vitality, save the straining and concentrated gaze; his brow was damp and cold, and his whole figure seemed turned to stone; yet we both held on, and in a few hours the same mysterious power which had so changed the appearance of both, wrought a transformation equally striking, and completely transferred with the fortune the aspect and feelings of each of us to the other. I soon lost not only all I had acquired, the five hundred I commenced with, but I had given my acceptances for two thousand seven hundred pounds, and in the maddening chance of regaining my first superiority, I staked the whole large property of which I was personally possessed. It were needless to detail the progress of this desperate game, in which my mind was agitated by the fearful alternatives of beggary and splendor. Suffice it to say, I lost the whole; and then, in the terrific consciousness of my utter destitution, I accused my successful adversary of unfairness, and challenged him to expiate his success in mortal combat, resolved to finish my appalling gambling by flinging my worthless life into the bargain.

Neither of us asked for a moment's time, but I repaired to the spot, animated through every chilling sense, by the single hope that I would be able to finish my game and my existence together; but when our swords first mingled in the clash of a deadly conflict, that predominating love of life, inseparable from every situation, grew strong upon me, and soon turned into an indomitable desire for revenge. Animated by this feeling, I exerted all my skill to parry his thrusts, and when he grew more relaxed in his efforts, I watched my opportunity, and sent my sword to the hilt in his breast. This was the end of my infatuation. That moment restored me to myself. Oh, God, can I ever forget that withering look of expiring agony? The features of the unfortunate young man, for my perception was gifted at the fatal time with a thrilling calmness, assumed, for one transient moment, the expression of engaging interest which struck me when I first beheld him, and then stiffened in the composure of death. I had no farther opportunity for reflection. The officers of justice were already on the search. So bounding on my waiting hunter, I galloped as fast as the animal could go into the interior. I had neither perception nor consciousness. I neither knew nor cared whither.

LITERARY AND CRITICAL NOTICES
OF NEW WORKS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

☞ THE elegant edition of Croker's *BOSWELL*, published by George Dearborn, of this city; *COMBE, ON THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN*, and some other works, are held over to our next.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE INFANCY, RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY LIFE OF ADAM CLARKE, LL.D., F.A.S., &c. Written by one who was intimately acquainted with him, from his boyhood to the sixtieth year of his age. New-York: B. Waugh and T. Mason.

This interesting and valuable work is understood to be the production of the eminent individual himself; and is, throughout, so much impressed with his spirit, as not to admit of a doubt upon the subject, even were the conviction not sanctioned by the statement of his son. With the characteristic modesty of greatness, he has assumed the third person in describing his life, and the effect of this novel but amiable course, has been to preserve all the interest of personal narrative without the restraint on many topics which the use of the pronoun necessarily occasions.

Dr. Clarke was, in many respects, one of the most extraordinary men of his age. Born of humble parents in a district of Ireland so secluded that the local names were hardly pronounceable, his talents, by the sole aid of indefatigable industry, raised him to a station of the loftiest eminence in the literary as well as religious world.—Though his own ability was his surest passport, the circumstances by which he rose were peculiarly fitted for the ascent of such a mind.

There are spirits which, born to a lot of obscurity and retirement, require only the influence of vast events to develop powers commensurate with their mightiest emergency; and no great revolution, either moral or political, has occurred, that did not call into existence intellects that seemed created for the occasion, and raised their possessors to a distinction and elevation, the regulated minds of ordinary society would never have attained. It was a reversion of order like this that wrapt the mantle of prostrate royalty round the shoulders of Cromwell, and enabled a monk of Erfurth to shake and shatter the gigantic power of the Roman pontiff, hallowed as it was by the prescriptive veneration of ages, and all the deferential sanction of immemorial

reverence. It was this, in later times, which placed the crowns of Europe at the feet of Bonaparte, and gave the wand to that awful man which founded an empire, surpassing the recollection of all ancient story, "based upon the thrones he had crumbled in his caprice, and peopled by the paupers he had commanded into kings." Similar, too, were the events which gave Adam Clarke to immortality. The Church of England, safe in the possession of ecclesiastical power and the unlimited confidence of the crown, had long become careless, magnificent, and secure. The religion of Tillotson and Barrow no longer existed, but in pompous forms, when the preaching and example of one of its own members aroused the strong religious feelings of the empire, and shook every mind with the thunders of Calvary, or the neglected doctrine of a free salvation. The obsolete tenets of the Apostles, announced with the fervid eloquence of the untiring Wesley, raised a flame in the land which continued to burn and increase in spite of all the efforts of intolerance and bigotry and oppression, until it influenced the whole mass of society, silencing into respect the animosity it failed to convince, and was finally mainly instrumental in creating that elevated philanthropy and religious feeling, which has given to England and America, where the causes were in most active operation, a proud, moral pre-eminence over the other nations of the world. Doctrines so novel, so sublime, excited the inquiring mind of young Clarke, and soon enlisted all his enthusiastic energies in their propagation. With the quick sagacity for which he was remarkable, the founder of methodism appreciated the talents of his zealous convert, and soon removed him to a sphere where his insatiable thirst for knowledge could be gratified, and his great abilities find full scope for their exertion: his career thence, emulating his apostolic patron, was such as we read of only in the early wonders of the church. Night and day, with no passport but his divine mission, he traversed untrodden wilds, and sought out secluded hamlets, generally fasting, and often in danger of his life, that he might proclaim the gospel to districts whose embroiled population were nearly allied to savages. In Bradford, Norwich, St. Austell, and the Norman Isles, he pursued this unremitting labor in defiance of privation the most harassing, and persecution the most systematic and relentless, with an earnestness that may be estimated from the fact of his preaching, in eleven months, five hundred and sixty-eight sermons, besides numerous

prayers and exhortations, and travelling some hundreds of miles. What an example for ministers of modern days! With an indefatigable zeal for knowledge, he pursued its acquisition against difficulties under which ordinary minds would have shrunk. A half-guinea he found, while digging, enabled him to purchase a Hebrew grammar, and laid the foundation of all his immense knowledge of the oriental languages. From this beginning he went on, until he became one of the greatest scholars of the age. As his acquirements became known, honors were heaped upon him; he gradually received honorary degrees of M.A., LL.D., and was admitted into most of the learned societies of the British islands. The works he published are of the most laborious description, and indicate a depth of learning and research unequalled in the present century. His commentary alone, is one of the most amazing achievements of individual intellect on record. In this great performance, the scriptures are illustrated, not by any of the deductions of superior intelligence; nor is the sacred task even trusted to the deep sagacity of cultivated mind; but every light which the accumulated wisdom of ages had gathered on the subject, was collated and brought to bear; every custom which the traditions of every nation had preserved from the wreck of the past, was examined and improved; and all the minute variations of text, which the innumerable transcriptions of centuries had engendered, were compared and corrected before he would trust his judgment with the record of a single opinion. It was this unwearied purpose, and this gigantic labor—this ardent search after truth—which has stamped a value on that mighty work, which not less than the bright intelligence, and the doctrinal rectitude displayed in his observations, has made it pre-eminent among all productions of the kind. But the life and personal exertions of Adam Clarke had still a mightier influence upon society than his learning or his works. It was the existence and continued harmony of himself and similar men, that preserved the methodist societies in unbroken unanimity, after the death of Wesley; and it was his incessant labor, not less than his varied writings, which mainly contributed to the unexampled prosperity of the body. In the established religion of England, the amazing acquirements and great reputation of Dr. Clarke would have ensured him the loftiest honors. To use a fine expression, applied in a different sense, to Sheridan, "he might have hid his head in a mitre," and concealed the brightness of his

unlimited usefulness beneath the courtly folds of a bishop's lawn; but he preferred the humble people, with whom all his early recollections were associated; and in their unbounded confidence and gratitude had a nobler power. His character, among such a society, was fully appreciated. He was regarded throughout England with a respect that almost deepened into veneration, and his death plunged the methodists in two worlds into universal mourning.

In reflecting upon the history of such a man, all sectarian feeling vanishes before the vastness of his mind, and the universality of his genius, and, we cannot help thinking that one of the great links, which will bind our age with immortality, or enshrine it in the remembrance of future times, has been severed; and that in his character and works he has left a landmark of abiding brightness, which, "when thrones are crumbled and dynasties forgotten," will remain, to guide other spirits to a path like his—a lasting memorial, alike of his exceeding worth and his pure, imperishable greatness.

The book before us, as containing the personal history and private thoughts of such a man, is invaluable; and is marked, besides, with the peculiarities of his mind in such a manner as renders it deeply interesting. Religious narrative, especially biography, is, to the great mass of mankind, perfectly un-readable, from its dull monotony and tedious repetitions. This, on the contrary, is so enlivened by the collateral illustration of which its eminent author was so fond, that it must possess strong attractions for the most careless peruser. To the student of character, the description of humble society in Ireland, seventy years ago, will prove curious and entertaining in the extreme; while the charming simplicity throughout the whole must render it permanently delightful.

We perceive, from the newspapers, another edition has been issued by a bookseller in this city. We regret this. In works like the present, where the copyright cannot be secured—an emulation which interferes with the understood honor of tacit right—can only tend to the deterioration of our literature. —

AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS; by a Citizen of the World. London. Longman & Co. 8vo.

This cosmopolite is a Mr. Boardman, a merchant of Liverpool, and his book seems intended, on the part of honest John Bull, as a "counterblast" to the annoying vir-

lence of Mrs. Trollope; but it totally wants the power, the vivacity, and, we may add, the entertainment of that amusing writer. It is a very plain statement of very plain facts, without other elucidation or incident than the trite remarks of a man who wishes to tell the history of all he sees. The citizen of the world gives us to understand, tolerably often, that he has read the classics, and, ergo, discovers that the New-York Pilot was not like Palinurus: is well acquainted with the English language, and finds fault with the words *loamed*, *fixed*, and *losted*, as Americanisms, while he uses unsparingly such as talented, ameliorated, and progressing. He seems, likewise, to have dipped into the poets; and, for fear his readers should not discover his learning, is constantly dragging in quotations, so oddly by the head and ears, that he puts us in mind (we are following his example) of the ancient hero hauling Cerberus to the light. In charity to the presumed ignorance of his readers, he generally introduces his extracts with some explanatory observation like the following—"The sight instantly brought to my mind the horribly fine lines of the ever-to-be-lamented Byron, in the poem entitled, the Siege of Corinth." We take leave of this gentleman—an English radical—he is, of course, fond of republicans. As he is very good-humored we are not inclined to be bad, and believe it is possible that there are some in existence who may find entertainment from his book. ==

THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE, Vol. II.—SCHINDERHANNES, OR THE ROBBER OF THE RHINE; by Leitch Ritchie, &c. London. Smith, Elder & Co.

Leitch Ritchie, if not an excellent writer, is certainly a very neat one. He is one of those industrious geniuses who, like Richardson, combine the profits of both author and bookseller, and write novels, that they may print and puff them into circulation. His speculation of the *Library of Romance*, taking, as it did, the trade at fault, and the public by surprise, is likely to be a good one. The "*Ghost Hunter*," with which he began, owing to the excellence of the tale, and the general sympathy for Mr. Banim, had an amazing run; and to make the most of the favor while it lasts, he comes out with "*Schinderhannes*, or the Robber of the Rhine," a wonderful romance, metamorphosed, with a due regard to its neglected merits, from an obsolete story of his own, and which, that nothing may be lost, he has judiciously introduced at the end. *Schinderhannes* has, without variation, all

the characteristics of the class to which it belongs. It abounds in incidents, striking, indeed, and sometimes high-wrought, but which are viewed only as we would gaze upon objects worthy of remark, but perfectly unconnected and detached. The author is too skilful a *litterateur* to write badly on any subject, and this is all the praise we can award. His characters are formed of epithets; not of skilful descriptions or developed traits; and we look in vain for a passage where a single habit or impulse of actual life is delineated, without the one being caricatured or the other overstrained. We would beg leave, respectfully, to remind him of the following clumsy, but gratifying sentence, from his prospectus of the "*Library of Romance*." "With regard to the editor's own contributions, all that can be said of them is, that if they are not fortunate enough to meet with the indulgence of the public, they shall be at once discontinued." We lay the more stress upon this, from the rather ominous announcement at the end of the volume.—"If we have succeeded we are happy; if not, we shall try to do better the next time." In all conscience do not attempt—the present specimen is quite satisfactory. ==

MARINER'S LIBRARY, OR VOYAGER'S COMPANION; CONTAINING NARRATIVES OF THE MOST POPULAR VOYAGES. Boston. Lilly, Wait & Co.

There is no more necessary to be said of this neat volume, than that it is highly entertaining, and contains many narratives of absorbing interest, with songs and naval poetry, very prettily illustrated. We see that songs have been altered, especially Allan Cunningham's beautiful one, "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," which is not only transposed, but given as original—a very bad precedent, which should, by all means be discouraged. On the whole, however, the work is well arranged, and interesting. We would not wish for a more agreeable companion to beguile the tedium of a voyage. ==

HISTORY OF THE NEW-ZEALANDERS. WITH MAP AND ENGRAVINGS. Boston.

We have rarely met with a more interesting account of savage life than this History of the New-Zealanders, which is compiled by a very clever hand, from the notices of this people by voyagers and residents in the country. A great part of it is from the narrative of John Rutherford, an English sailor, who was taken prisoner at the massacre of the crew of the American ship

Agnes, and lived among them for ten years, during which time he had every opportunity for studying their manners, and took an active part in many scenes of interest. We give his account of the horrible scene of the massacre.

"There were at this time about three hundred of the natives on the deck, with Aimy, the chief, in the midst of them; every man armed with a green stone, slung with a string around his waist. This weapon they call a 'mery;' the stone being about a foot long, flat, and of an oblong shape, having both edges sharp, and a handle at the end: they use it for the purpose of killing their enemies, by striking them on the head. Smoke was now observed rising from several of the hills; and the natives appearing to be mustering on the beach from every part of the bay, the captain grew much afraid and desired us to loosen the sails, and make haste down to get our dinners, as he intended to put to sea immediately. As soon as we had dined we went aloft, and I proceeded to loosen the jib. At this time none of the crew were on deck, except the captain and the cook, the chief mate being employed in loading some pistols at the cabin table. The natives seized this opportunity of commencing an attack upon the ship. First, the chief threw off the mat which he wore as a cloak, and, brandishing a tomahawk in his hand, began a war-song, when all the rest immediately threw off their mats likewise, and being entirely naked, began to dance with such violence, that I thought they would have stove in the ship's deck. The captain, in the meantime, was leaning against the companion, when one of the natives went unperceived behind him, and struck him three or four blows on the head with a tomahawk, which instantly killed him. The cook, on seeing him attacked, ran to his assistance, but was immediately murdered in the same manner. I now sat down on the jib-boom, with tears in my eyes, and trembling with terror. Here I next saw the chief-mate come running up the companion ladder, but before he reached the deck he was struck on the back of the neck in the same manner as the captain and the cook had been. He fell with the blow, but did not die immediately. A number of the natives now rushed in at the cabin door, while others jumped down through the sky-light, and others were employed in cutting the lanyards of the rigging of the stays. At the same time, four of our crew jumped overboard off the foreyard, but were picked up by some canoes that were

coming from the shore immediately, and bound hand and foot. The natives now mounted the rigging, and drove the rest of the crew down, all of whom were made prisoners. One of the chiefs beckoned me to come to him, which I immediately did, and surrendered myself. We were then put altogether into a large canoe, our hands being tied; and the New-Zealanders searching us, took from us our knives, pipes, tobacco-boxes, and various other articles. The two dead bodies, and the wounded mate, were thrown into the canoe along with us. The mate groaned terribly, and seemed in great agony, the tomahawk having cut two inches deep into the back of his neck; and all the while one of the natives, who sat in the canoe with us, kept licking the blood from the wound with his tongue."

"When the sun was set, they conveyed us on shore to one of the villages, where they tied us by the hands to several small trees. The mate had expired before we got on shore, so that there now remained only twelve of us alive. The three dead bodies were then brought forward, and hung up by the heels to the branch of a tree in order that the dogs might not get at them."

"The five chiefs, of whom Aimy was one, then approached the place where we were, and after they had stood consulting together for some time, Aimy released me and another, and, taking us into the middle of the ring, made signs for us to sit down, which we did. In a few minutes the other four chiefs came also in the ring, bringing along with them four more of our men, who were made to sit down beside us. The chiefs now walked backward and forward in the ring with their merys in their hands, and continued talking together for some time, but we understood nothing of what they said. The rest of the natives were all the while very silent, and seemed to listen to them with great attention. At length one of the chiefs spoke to one of the natives who was seated on the ground, and the latter immediately rose, and, taking his tomahawk in his hand, went and killed the other six men who were tied to the trees. They groaned several times as they were struggling in the agonies of death, and at every groan the natives burst out into great fits of laughter."

"Some of them now proceeded to dig eight large round holes, each about a foot deep, into which they afterwards put a great quantity of dry wood, and covered it over with a number of stones. They then set fire to the wood, which continued burn-

ing till the stones became red hot. In the meantime, some of them were employed in stripping the bodies of my deceased shipmates, which they afterwards cut up for the purpose of cooking them, having first washed them in the river, and then brought them and laid them down on several green boughs, which had been broken off the trees and spread on the ground near the fires for that purpose. The stones being now red hot, the largest pieces of the burning wood were pulled from under them and thrown away, and some green bushes, having been first dipped in water, were laid round their edges, while they were at the same time covered over with a few green leaves. The mangled bodies were then laid upon the top of the leaves, with a quantity of leaves also strewed over them; and after this a straw mat was spread over the top of each hole. Lastly, about three pints of water were poured upon each mat, which running through to the stones, caused a great steam, and then the whole was instantly covered over with earth."

Rutherford and one of his companions are afterwards taken into the interior of the island, where the former becomes a chief and takes two of Aimy's daughters for wives; the latter loses his life from the superstition of the natives. This murder shows Rutherford on how slight a tenure he holds his own life, and makes him still anxious to escape from these savages, which at length he effects. This book represents these barbarians as entirely perfidious and cruel, but brave and intelligent. There are several interesting accounts of chiefs who visited England, but for which, with other entertaining particulars, we must refer the reader to the work itself. *

FINE ARTS.

The arrival of the London Packets has covered our table with splendid engravings of lovely faces, bright forms, enchanting landscapes, and all the numberless elegancies in which the burin of the English engravers delights to employ itself. Before, however, noticing the productions of a foreign school, we must do willing justice to one elegant specimen of native art, Kearney's engraving of the "Last Supper;" which, though for some time before the public, cannot be too much commended, either for the great labor with which it is executed, or the accurate delineation of the different figures. The manner in which the spirited artist has

finished this difficult subject, demonstrates that American talent only wants the encouragement which our transatlantic brethren so liberally extend to the arts, to produce engravings equal to the very best of the English school.

We have likewise been shown, by Mr. Hayward, a splendid line engraving of the late distinguished President of the Royal Academy, Benjamin West,—taken from the celebrated picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence. This has been sent out from England in an unfinished state, in order to its completion here. We say, let only a liberal patronage be extended to this laudable undertaking, and we have little doubt, that our native artists, unlike the blundering architects of Bagdad, and the unfinished window of Aladdin's palace, will complete this noble engraving, in a manner every way worthy of the way in which it has been begun. We hear it is to be entrusted to the masterly burin of Mr. Durand.

No other work of American art presents itself to our notice, but Part VI. of the Views in New-York, published by Peabody & Co.; of this, we do not see what there is in Webb's Congress Hall to make an engraving of, though it is the best executed in the number. The other plates are but middling. The letterpress by the accomplished author of "Dreams and Reveries," is very amusing, and quite characteristic.

THE GALLERY OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLORS.—Parts I. II. III. IV.

This is a great undertaking, and certainly forms one of the most distinguished series of those periodical engravings, now issuing in profusion almost too great to be noticed. The beautiful drawings of the eminent masters, who form the society, are engraved in line, with a felicity of execution that excites our wonder. "Southampton," by George Cooke, from a painting by Copley Fielding, is a fine example. This able painter has thrown an air of "sunset glory o'er the silent sea," in which the old castle, and aerial fishing-smacks are seen to exquisite advantage.

"Italy," by J. D. Harding, is a splendid picture. Groups of decaying temples, and mouldering columns, amid the fertility of enchanting scenery, are executed with a hand which makes "its wreck a glory, and its ruin graced." The sunny sky, and the distant sea are invested with a dreamy air of Italian softness.

The introduction of Lord Byron's figure in the front, is a beautiful thought, and

gives not only an air of deep reality to the drawing, but is a happy illustration of the exquisite apostrophe to Italy in Childe Harold. "Venice," by Prout, is gorgeous; and "Evening," by Barret, seems to have been done with the reanimated pencil of Claude Lorraine. Among the others, where all are excellent, the "Bachelor," by Lewis; and "Yarmouth Roads," by J. S. Cotman, are particularly deserving of commendation. ==

THE WORKS OF HENRY LIVERSEGE.—
PART III.

These masterly pictures give evidence of the certain eminence which this hapless child of genius would have attained, had he survived but a little longer. They are replete with a power and originality which could have existed in none but a mind of the highest order. Any person who looks at "Friar Tuck," and a "Touch of the Spasms," must be at once convinced of this. The former will match with any specimen of painting. The face, and the attitude of the jolly monk, make him seem absolutely alive, and depict the glorious influence of the bottle inspiration, with a facility which could not be surpassed. Had the picture ever been issued but this engraving, it would have secured the fame of Liversege. ==

FINDEN'S LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF
LORD BYRON. PART X.

This beautiful series loses none of its interest as it proceeds. The present, containing six views, and a portrait of Lady Caroline Lamb, is fully equal to its lauded predecessors. The exquisite taste of Finden was never more fully displayed than in the views of Lausanne and Bologna. The former is a perfect triumph of the art of engraving. The varied foliage, and fine effect of the tall trees in the foreground—the richly wooded undulations before the city,—with the wide stretching lake—and sunlit mountains in the distance, are given with a power of delineation which is surprising. CAMPO SANTA seems to be gifted with a kind of sanctity and veneration—the porphyry columns and sarcophagus, the vase, and the long vista of Gothic arches, seen through the sculptured windows in the front, display amazing accuracy. An officer of the United States navy, who has been on the spot, assures us that every feature of this wondrous place is preserved with minute fidelity, even to the subjects of the fresco paintings on the wall. The figures on the terrace, in Bologna, give

great spirit to the view of that city. We stop not to ask, what connection "Lady Caroline Lamb" can have as an illustration of Lord Byron. We only say, a more finished picture, either for drawing or execution, we never saw: the noble beauty of the countenance, and the calm dignity of the attitude, are captivating.

We have to reiterate the complaint of our last number, against the London publishers, for the bad impressions which they send to this country. Our copy is an India proof; but we have seen duplicates, in which the plates were so much worn as to render the drawing scarcely discernible. ==

THE BYRON PORTRAITS, FROM DRAWINGS
BY DANIEL LYNCH.

Lynch has caught the true spirit of oriental beauty in these drawings: and what is far better as illustrations; instead of mere studies, has given form to the bright creations of the poet's mind. The innocent sweetness of the countenance of Gulnare, and the voluptuous finish of her person,—with the light just falling on the revealed features of her bosom, and clustering curls, as she "o'er his placid slumber bends," makes a picture inestimable alike in conception and execution. Zuleika is not so happy. The countenance is soft, and seems "pure as the prayer that childhood wafts above;" but the figure is too full for our idea of the character; and the drawing of the bust is certainly not elegant.

The eyes of Medora are very fine, the utter loneliness of the heart; "And I am desolate," is portrayed with masterly power. The same objection applies still more forcibly as to the *drawing* of the bosom, than to the last. They are all engraved in the richest style of Mezzotinto. ==

FINDEN'S GALLERY OF THE GRACES.—
PART I.

It was a lovely thought, to embody those fleeting visions of beauty, which haunt every spirit in its blessed moments; and to call from a brighter world features on which the heart delights to dwell, as redolent with holy thought, and unearthly purity; and such is the object of the Gallery of the Graces. Numbers 1 and 3 are certainly among the most beautiful delineations of loveliness we have ever seen. The first, drawn by Boxall, is an angelic countenance, full of quiet beauty, and lit up with an expression of the sweetest innocence, as she looks to heaven, "breathless with adora-

tion." The hand, however, which rests upon the book is very badly drawn.

There is an expression of melancholy tenderness o'er the features of number 3, drawn by J. W. Wright, exquisitely interesting;—the pensive tinge, and deep thought of her countenance, wake strange sympathies within us.

The illustrative poetry, by T. K. Hervey, is among the finest efforts of this accomplished writer. We cannot resist the desire to transfer the following beautiful lines to our pages—they refer to Number 1.

The stillness of a spirit lies
Upon her hushed and happy heart;
And on her brow, and in her eyes
Are thoughts that play a prophet's part,
And look, with power, upon the skies,
To read their lofty mysteries!—
Before her rests the scroll unrolled,
Where every tale of every star
That on its wheels of molten gold,
Majestically moves afar—
The language of each flower that blows—
The song of every breeze that sings—
The meteor's mission, as it goes
By, on its burning wings—
And all creation's secrets, stand
Translated, by the self-same hand
That hung the oracles on high,
And wrote the legends on the sky.

* * * * *
How beautiful she looks! as flowers
When newly touched with heaven's dew,
Upon her soul the sacred showers
Of truth have fall'n anew!—

* * * * *
The hallowed dove within her breast
Looks through her soft and serious eyes,
And on her forehead, glimpses rest
Of glory from the skies!

There is a tender melancholy in the following lines, which sweetly harmonizes with the pensive expression of the beautiful countenance:—No. 3.

The age of roses—yet thy cheek is pale!
Of future dreams—yet thine are with the past!
Can memory's forms along thy bosom sail,
And on thy brow no darker shadow cast!—
Oh, blessed youth!—when fond remembrance
paints

Her landscapes on the heart, without a grave,
And whispers to the spirit no complaints,
Save the sweet sighing of time's passing wave!

MAJOR'S CABINET GALLERY OF PICTURES.
With descriptive letter-press, by Allan Cunningham.

This is, certainly, a very novel design, and well comports with the penny classics, penny Cyclopedias, and penny literature of all sorts, now publishing in England. It

designs to give spirited engravings of all the pictures by both old and modern masters, which the long liberality and great wealth of amateurs have collected in greater quantity in England than any other country in the globe. The price is marvellously low when we consider the great beauty of the engravings, and the accuracy with which the various subjects are rendered. Some of them deserve particular notice; for instance, the Market cart, by Gainsborough, in No. 1, which has faithfully caught the spirit of that great painter of landscape; and is thoroughly impressed with the features of his charming rural style, full of life and interest and simplicity, to a degree that is surprising. The Critiques, by Allan Cunningham, are very valuable. All the fine taste and warm attachment to the arts, which distinguish that gentleman's "Lives of the Painters," are conspicuous here, and prove the proprietors have been very fortunate in the selection of an editor.

THE GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, under the superintendance of the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

These superb portraits eminently sustain the high character of the works issued by this admirable society, and far exceed any series of the kind which has hitherto appeared. The subjects are selected with great judgment, and are taken from original paintings, to which private individuals could hardly have access. It were injustice to say the engravings were well executed. They exceed, in fact, in careful finish, those in any publication of the kind. The price for a number would be cheap for a single plate. The Memoirs accomplish all that could be expected. They are by a hand of high ability, and are concise, graphic, and well written.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES, INCLUDING BEAUTIES OF THE COURTS OF GEORGE AND WILLIAM IV. Edward Bull.

If the portrait gallery above, elicited our warm approbation, we must award to this its direct antithesis. It is, in fact, a mere catchpenny. People are fond of looking upon a pretty face, whether it is that of a peeress or a peasant; but to suppose that they will be fascinated with visages so ordinary as these, merely because they have a title pinned to their name, is preposterous. We consider them a complete failure. —

☞ *Publishers and Artists are requested to send the articles intended for notice in this department of the Knickerbacker, before the 21st of the current month.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WITH this number a change in the Editorial department of our periodical commences. It will be the object of the present Editors of the **KNICKERBACKER** to render it, in its matter, every way worthy of the very encouraging patronage which it receives; and they feel great pleasure in announcing, that arrangements have been made which will ensure for this Magazine, regular contributions from the most eminent literary characters of our country.

The success of the **KNICKERBACKER** is no longer an *experiment*. The public not only warmly welcomed it, on its first appearance, but have fostered it, by their partiality, into a strength which has effectually placed it beyond all the unfortunate contingences of a periodical's infancy. And with this gratifying consciousness, it only remains for the proprietors to render it worthy, in its **LITERARY CHARACTER** and **EMBELLISHMENTS**, the lofty popularity it has attained.

In addition to the expensive Engravings which have already appeared, they have others of great interest in preparation, together with several new arrangements, which will decidedly render "**THE KNICKERBACKER**" the most elegant, as it is the *cheapest*, of **AMERICAN PERIODICALS**.

With regard to our occasional correspondents, we have received many favors during the month, for all of which we tender our respectful thanks. Our witty contributor, "*Falstaff*," will not have occasion to reiterate his complaint as to the next communication with which he may honor us. For the "*Doom of Beauty*;" "*Essay on Champagne*;" "*The Broken Window*;" and "*Memoirs of a Fatalist*;" we are obliged.

We have received from a correspondent anonymously, a large packet of miscellaneous verses, with a request for us to insert one or two of them occasionally, as specimens. We comply.

TO A LADY, ON BEING PROMISED A KISS, IF IT WERE ASKED IN POETRY.

Oh, let me taste without alloy,
Sensation's purest glow,
Oh, let me feel the richest joy
That mortals here can know.

To press thy lips, to ask a kiss,
Sweet Harriet, may I dare,
It can't be sin to taste the bliss,
That smiles such rapture there.

The last verse deserved one.

The poetry of "*V.*;" "*L.*;" "*Apicius*;" "*S. M.*;" "*XIX.*;" and "*Sy-billa*;" remains under consideration. If "*M. H.*" would submit the specimens he mentions, we could judge better of his proposal.

Letters lie at our office for "*O. V.*;" "*Virginian*;" and "*Alexis.*" We will feel obliged by a call from "*S. P. Q. R.*"

Communications for a specific month, are requested to be sent not later than the 20th of the current.

The Knickerbaker.

Vol. I.

MAY, 1833.

No. V.

THE SCHOOLS OF MODERN ELOQUENCE.

THE glory of Greece, with her Homer—her Praxiteles—her Appelles, was not complete till she produced Demosthenes; and Rome, with her power, her poets, and her palaces, never rivalled the immortal republics till she brought forth her Cicero. Ages of interval elapsed between the appearance of these masters of eloquence. Centuries on centuries have gone by since their era, and the majesty of their reputation is undimmed; the eternity of their fame but demonstrated.

Eloquence is essentially the grandest department of mind. Poetry may steep her wings in immortality, but her most daring flights are only abstract conceptions, and her sublimest thoughts affect the intellect alone. There is no power in the wand; her empire is only in the world of the imagination. Painting and Sculpture are lower still; for their best excellence is but successful imitation. Eloquence stands distinct in its requisites; and every attribute of mind is blended in its perfection, like the prismatic colors in a ray of pure and unshadowed light. The poet chains the ideas, the musician lays thought asleep, and the painter and sculptor please but the fancy or excite our wonder; the impulse that they stir cannot be communicated to the mass. But the orator, who can *speak* an epic, and invest ideas at the moment, with the vivid truth of the painter's study or the sculptor's labor; who moulds the passions at his will, and holds the rein of every emotion in his hand; wields a power of a far different kind: he is a magician of a higher order, and commands spirits no other enchanter can call up.

Marked, as is the difference in the civilization of the ancient and modern world, in no particular is the dissimilarity more striking than in their eloquence. Greece and Rome, with all their wondrous men—with the established glory of their giant fame—can be met on this lofty ground alone; and the mighty masters of modern eloquence may walk forth upon the fields of immortality, the equals, if not the superiors of their consecrated names.

In analyzing the nature of modern eloquence, we can trace all its peculiarities to one common source. The countless barbarians of the Erse mountains and Scandinavian forests, in their predatory habits, awful superstitions, and half-formed language, were forced into an unconscious eloquence; and in the use of striking figures and lofty metaphors, atoned for their paucity of words by enlisting all the imagination in their aid. No revolution was ever more perfect than that effected by these savage warriors. Unlike the Grecian, the Roman refinement ceased with its power; and the forest warriors of the North, pouring their wild hordes over the delicious regions of the Roman empire, subverted all the tastes and habits which so long had ruled the world. The glorious memories, the lofty associations, the extended sway of the Roman name, became, in a few years, a recollection of the past; and a new order of things sprung up, from which, savage and barbarous as it was, the present beautiful structure of modern society arose. In the slow advance of civilization, the common characteristics of the eloquence of these various tribes became modified by national peculiarities; and hence, that distinctness which enables us to classify its various modifications into different schools. Of these, three only have been sufficiently marked by the eminence of their orators, to deserve a place as schools of eloquence. These are classified as the French, the English, and the Irish; to which, of late, there has been added another—the American; the three last possessing a common language, but so essentially differing in their peculiar qualities, as to mark broadly the separate distinction which is assumed. It will be our object, in the present paper, to trace the distinguishing traits of these various schools, and the peculiarities of their excellence. No subject can be more deeply interesting to the philologist; illustrating, as it does, in a peculiar manner, the noblest branch both of literature and mind.

The elegant writers of France have gloried in attributing to their country a pre-eminence of eloquence over the other European nations, but a careful examination of their merits will not justify the partiality they have so warmly evinced. In that country the prosperity of the art shows an inversion unwarranted by its history in any other climate. Eloquence, in every age, has been the first-born of liberty. It was the oppressions of Philip that aroused the immortal thunders of Demosthenes. The intensest energy of Cicero was employed to denounce the oppression of Verres. In Poland, a land of ill-regulated freedom, the debates of every diet flashed with words that burn. In Ireland, the blaze of constitutional freedom, and later, of political wrong, roused into existence a host of mighty names. In England, the brightest fame of Chatham and of Burke was gathered from their exertions against the tyrannous administration of the day. In our country, too, the great names of Jefferson and Henry, and other illustrious orators, were called into

existence by the stirring impulse of revolution ; and savage nations, in the wild license of their untutored freedom, have, in their metaphors and figurative conversation, many of the noblest elements of eloquence. Yet, the period in French history, when all her most eminent orators flourished, and which may justly be called her Augustan age, was a time of the deepest slavery. Louis, idolized by his servile court, as the "Dieu donné," stretched the allegiance of his subjects to the very verge of slavery ; and all the vaunted prosperity of the arts, in that brilliant period, was but the flowers which subservient mind twined around its chains. The consequence is, in that period of vaunted excellence in France, we have no grand political orations, no stirring appeals on the dangers of invaded freedom, no exciting harangues on corrupted power or prostituted influence. The whole genius of the time was confined to the pulpit and the bar. The latter, in a land of freedom, will ever offer one of the finest fields for eloquence ; and though the noble talents of Pellisson, and the exquisite taste of D'Aguesseau, have furnished lasting memorials of their abilities, yet they cannot be compared with even a second-rate orator of modern times. Their fame rests principally upon labored, and certainly beautiful discourses, where all the elegancies of that cultivated age are produced with the most elaborate art ; but which will certainly never attain the deep celebrity of pieces which, wide and vast in their influence, affect every bosom, not with the coldness of panegyric, but with the stirring sympathy of actual interest. It is on this ground that the pulpit orators of that time, hold by far the first rank in the eloquence of France ; and Louis, wincing under the stern pathos of Massillon, or the multitude trembling under the thunder of Bridaine, convey an idea of power infinitely superior to the critical splendors of the "Apologies" of Pellisson, or the "Discourses" of Le Maitre. Bossuet is the atlas whose name sustains the reputation of the age ; yet, great as is his excellence, the extravagant writers of his country, in their fulsome eulogies, have much overrated his merits. Bossuet's genius certainly was immense ; his taste was refined by a sedulous acquaintance with the graces of the classic authors, and his imagination, warm and enthusiastic, never went in its delineations, beyond the most graceful elegance. This is chiefly observable in his Orations Funebres ; those celebrated compositions, into which he poured the whole of his glowing and original genius ; and where, without ever transgressing the most studied art, he often rises to the sublime. Yet his panegyrics want the individuality which give all the interest to such writing. They require but the change of name to apply to any celebrated individual ; and, forgetting the maxim of Boileau, "there is nothing beautiful but truth," they consist merely of vague commendations, accumulated epithets, and lavish exaggerations, which superficially play upon the surface, but never dive into

the recesses of character ; and present nothing but a daub of brilliant coloring, generally ridiculous in its application, and ineffective in its purpose. Bourdaloue, as he preceded, so he likewise excelled Bossuet, in the energy of his fancy—in the rapidity of his thoughts—and, we may add, likewise, in the strong, but generally ungraceful beauty of his composition ; yet he left little behind him but the decorated phraseology of the schools. That age (if we might use the expression) of the chivalry of accomplishments, passed away ; and, amid the calculating distractions of the next, we need not wonder that no orator arose. But that with the mightiest event of the whole range of history, when revolution clapped her bloody wings upon the tomb of extinguished legitimacy, and ten thousand slumbering energies started into life and light and power, beneath the kindling touch of awakened impulse. It is surpassing strange that no man arose with eloquence equal to the occasion. The tumultuous indecency of the National assembly—the appalling proscriptions of the Jacobins—the wilder excitement of tremendous event, gave no scope to the commanding orator. The debates of the time furnish us with abundant specimens of inflated rant—with glowing descriptions of the rights of man, and sublime appeals to the personified freedom, that, in their enthusiasm, they presumed to adore. Yet we turn in disgust from the visionary to the actor, and distrust every parade of feeling when the frightful commentary of the times wrote the lie in blood. The splendid despotism of the imperial reign drew its gilded chains too close round genius to suffer its complete expansion, and the eloquence of France, in that stormy period, was but a play of words. The existing orators of this country, though many of them men of amazing talent and beautiful taste, have not produced any grand or collected effort, which would deserve to be ranked as standard eloquence. Chateaubriand, though one of the most beautiful and affecting of writers, holds not the same distinguished rank as a speaker ; his style, however, is vivid, ornamented, and copious ; yet not by any means so individual in its character, as to entitle it to a place in any particular school. Odillon Barrot, of Irish parentage, has in his style much of the splendid imagery of the people from whom he sprung, and is certainly a speaker of infinite power ; vigorous, rapid, and masterly. His speeches abound with many noble characteristics of his mind. Yet even his own countrymen do not by any means assume for him the rank of a first-rate orator. But by far the best specimen of sustained eloquence, which has of late years been witnessed in France, was the speech of M. Martignac, in defence of the accused ministers of the late dynasty. The whole history of forensic exertion presents no equal, in amazing interest, to this great occasion. Not merely were the lives of his noble clients at stake, but a mighty nation, and even all Europe awaited, in silent interest, the

result. He had not merely to appease the sufferers of July in their cry for vengeance, but he had to stand as the advocate of the moral improvement of the age, and to announce that for political crimes the season of capital punishments was gone by for ever. In that masterly and pathetic appeal he left no circumstance unapplied, which could by any implication bear favorably on his subject. He illustrated his case with all the lights of ancient policy, and recounted all the precedents of modern mercy. The impassioned appeal moved half the audience into tears, and the advocate himself furnished the noblest evidence of his zeal by fainting before the court he had so powerfully impressed. The result of that amazing trial is a convincing proof of the great abilities of the orator and lawyer.

If we were to define the eloquence of the French school by any peculiar qualities, we would say its distinguishing characteristic is *grace*—its highest aim is *elegance*. Though the writings of Massillon, Bousset and Fenelon, and even Le Maitre and Patru, abound with many passages of striking grandeur and inimitable pathos, yet we perceive through all that the evident object is effect. There is, without exception, a rigid adherence to rhetorical prescription, which, however commendable in the art, should seem to proceed from the discourse, instead of the discourse obviously emanating from it. There is, again, too much diffuseness. There is an incomparable play of words; all the figures of speech are produced with the most elaborate precision, and the splendid object of at once seizing the heart, is too often forsaken, after the example in Persius, for the embellished period, or the balanced antithesis.* Conciseness of argument, simplicity of arrangement, or forcible and naked truth, though often to be met with, are not characteristic of the school, and the generality of their speakers have earned for themselves the severe reproof of Cicero, of being “Non oratores sed operarios linguâ celeri et exercitatâ.”

ENGLAND, notwithstanding the censure of Cardinal Maury, long before its language had attained much elegance or accuracy, had produced many noble specimens of eloquence. Our lawyers are familiar with speeches of a comparatively early period, abounding with rare passages of this description. The state trials of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in the pleadings of Coke, and Strafford, and Russell, and Raleigh, and Bacon, with many others, furnish us with a style of speaking peculiar in its excellence;—stern, simple, and unornamented, yet rich in classical allusion, and powerful in lucid reasoning. They evince a depth of intellect, which, in spite of all their quaintness and obscurity of expression, charm us in the masterly

* ————— Crimina rasis

Librat in antithetis: doctas posuisse figuras.—*Pers. Sat.*, l. 85.

strength of mind which they exhibit. In one respect, certainly, this nation is below the French; they arrived later at perfection; yet perfection was not less evident when it was attained. The brilliant wits of an age, which arrogated to itself the title of the Augustan, and which the masterly productions of Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, Harley, Addison, and their fellows, would seem almost to warrant, have left behind them no specimen of recorded eloquence worthy of their fame; and with one or two exceptions, the speeches of the time that have reached us, are artificial, and even miserable to a pitiable degree.* The whole celebrity of the national eloquence was of a much later date; to which the elder Pitt was a brilliant and ominous precursor. It was then that Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Erskine, Windham, and Fitzpatrick, with a host of others, lighted up that brilliant fire which seems destined to burn for ever. At the head, not merely of the distinguished names we have mentioned, but of all modern orators, hardly less by natural impulse than the most careful judgment, we must place Edmund Burke. The speeches of this unrivalled man seem made for another world; they have got about them the passport of immortality; and we view them as we would gaze upon a mighty river, whose current, deep, vast, and waveless, rolls past us silently, but will roll on for ever. The fact is, Burke is the only one of all the host of brilliant contemporaries who gemmed his time, who we can rank as a first-rate orator. Sheridan had more genius, and more—if we might use the expression of the tripod inspiration of the god of eloquence—and whether we view the amazing versatility of his excellence, from the brilliant corruscations of his effulgent wit to the steady light of his commanding reason, was altogether the most extraordinary man of his age. But he wanted the strong cement of philosophical observation to bind the shining particles together, and make the enchanting fabrics of his mind endure.

Fox, too, though a giant in the field, was a debater rather than an orator. He had overwhelming argument, rapid vehemence, and pointed illustration; but his efforts are not of that mighty grandeur which, in Burke, gradually rises in just proportion to the colossal height of the utmost elevation of mind, and enshrines the subjects it embodies in a circumambient halo of eternal light. In fact, no other character of his time can compare with Burke. Erskine, in his great speech for trial by jury, exceeded every thing of the kind at the English bar; and Windham and Fitzpatrick often produced specimens of excelling oratory. Yet Burke, as he stood confessedly at their head, so he is certainly unapproached; and whether in dignity

* Among these may be reckoned the noble speech of Sir William Meredith, on the abolition of capital punishments; an appeal, which, for solemn and earnest reasoning, has been rarely equalled.

of manner, or masterly elucidation of his subject; in stirring appeals to the pervading impulses of the heart, or profound knowledge of human nature, has never found his equal.

It is difficult to say which, of all his great speeches, might be best referred to as an example of his style. That upon the Nabob of Arcot's debts, as combining the most vast and varied extent of learning, and abounding with that fine morality and indignant pathos, which not only rendered attractive, but immortal, a subject the most uninviting that could be imagined, is certainly his masterpiece. But his noble appeal to the commons of England, on the subject of peace with America, and his speech upon the reduction of expenditure, might be referred to as perhaps his very happiest efforts. In particular, the former has ever struck us as being one of the most perfect specimens of eloquence ever uttered by a mortal. We are at a loss whether most to admire—the lofty grandeur with which he announces his oracular truths, the unanswerable philosophy which fixes every argument, and the exquisite propriety of diction, giving in its unperceived, yet consummate excellence, the grace of the Sylph to the power of the Titan. The opening sentence of that speech is one of the most powerful, because simply beautiful, that we can meet with in the history of eloquence. When the Opposition, after years of resistance to the ministry, were at last allowed to bring forward the plan which was to still the troubles of the colonies, and all parliament crowded to hear the great sanative measure they had to propose, Burke, as their organ, unfolded all their views, in one sentence of grand simplicity.

“The proposition is peace, Not peace through the medium of war—not peace to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiation—not peace to arise from the juridical determination of a perplexing question, or the precise marking of the shadowy boundaries of a complex government—but peace, simple peace—peace sought in its ordinary haunts, and laid down in principles purely pacific.

“The idea is nothing more; refined policy has ever been the parent of confusion.” The rest of the speech is but a corollary on this text; and if he failed in convincing the doomed fatality of the English ministers, he has left a burning record of his principles behind, which will bear witness against them to the end of time. Burke's other efforts are not less great; yet, when he allowed himself to be carried away by his fancy, or his passions, his whole powers, swelling beyond the limits of dignity and decorum, became unnatural and tremendous. The speech against Hastings is a strong proof of this. That extraordinary oration, which, to use the words of Erskine, “shook Westminster Hall with the anathemas of superhuman eloquence,” is steeped in excitement throughout. The indignation

is scathing—the pathos is overpowering—the coloring is romance—and yet there is over the whole, that nameless charm of passionate sincerity which invests it with a vivid reality and a startling truth. It has often struck us with astonishment, that in this republic, of which one proud characteristic is its gratitude to benefactors, Burke should not have been more highly honored than he is. The nature of his exertions in our behalf, cannot be appreciated too highly. He espoused our cause when we stood before the world as rebels; he vindicated our resistance; he asserted our rights; and that with an energy of zeal, and a splendor of ability, which invested our cause at once with the dignity of freedom, and gave us the attitude of heroes, when the calculating, the fearful, and the cold, believed we were only incendiaries; and even had we failed, would have enshrined our efforts in the imperishable glory of his immortal praise. It must, indeed, be ever a proud gratification for Americans to know that our earliest efforts for freedom were sanctioned and applauded by the inestimable approbation of his master mind.

We are wandering from our subject. That time of lofty intellect will prove, we are afraid, to England, what the age of Bossuet was to France—its point of ultimate perfection. At least, if she ever produce another galaxy of men, such as adorned her annals then, it will be altogether contrary to the analogy of the world, and she will deserve the name of the island Wonder, as well in her genius as her power. Since that time, at all events, her character for eloquence has been lowered, and her parliament has become an assembly where there is perhaps more business executed, but with infinitely more verbiage, and infinitely less genius. Canning is the only name of late years, who has vindicated the honor of the time which first ushered him into notice; but his matter was too playful, perhaps too superficial; too rank among the founders of a school; and Peel, Grey, Lansdowne and Brougham, can be called little else than fluent speakers, or powerful debaters. If, then, we were to characterize the English school of eloquence, we would say, its attributes are strength, force, and perhaps acuteness. It is inferior to the French in elegance, and to the Classic in majesty; but it as certainly excels both in power. Burke and Sheridan, and even Canning, can hardly be cited as orators of its style. Natives of another country, in their speeches we find the stern simplicity of the English eloquence, alloyed (if we might use the expression) with an imaginative imagery, and a splendor of adornment, the growth of a foreign soil, which comports but ill with the bold reasoning and metaphysical strength which its best specimens exemplify—Fox, Pitt, Windham, and Erskine, are the great masters who are examples of its perfection. The speeches of these men are deficient in that absorbing interest which enchains the others in the admiration of posterity; but the whole range of modern literature will not produce their

equal for the elevated sentiment, the concentrated power, the searching truth with which a subject is handled in all its bearings by their arguments. The superficial or the careless might prefer the showy beauty of the orators of France; but we must place the school of English eloquence decidedly higher. If it has not the glare, the flowers, the perfume,—it has a cultivated richness and an expansive grandeur, for which, in its complacent rival, we look in vain.

IRELAND, though a part of the British empire, for seven hundred years, has, in its aboriginal language, and the peculiar susceptibility of its inhabitants, the source of a distinct and very different eloquence. It was long known, yet but to a very limited portion of the learned, that the aboriginal language of that country, which can hardly be called barbarous, and the most cultivated and copious of all the ancient dialects of that primeval people, who were the fathers of modern Europe, was peculiarly adapted to pourtray passionate emotions, whether of grief or wrath; and we find many of the early travellers speak in terms of admiration of the enthusiastic eloquence with which the rude inhabitants of the wildest districts expressed themselves when their feelings were touched; but it was not until the celebrated "Declaration of rights," that men arose worthy, by their genius and their power, to establish in their country a distinct and indigenous eloquence. The birth of a national oratory, both in England and Ireland, was nearly simultaneous. The vigorous conflict of principle against the profligate attempt of power to legalize a flagitious despotism, then openly practised in the politics of England, called into light the deathless genius of Chatham, Burke, Dunning, and their fellows. While in Ireland, the keener stimulant of national wrong and conscious might, armed for the struggle a band of famed and illustrious names; "who," to use a fine expression of Croly's, "each rushed, like Homer's chieftains, into the field, with the radiance of a guiding deity upon his brow." Flood, Grattan, Curran, Ponsonby, Yelverton, and Brown, are contemporaneous names, than which no nation or age can boast higher; and in the scattered remains of these great men we will find more of the elements of "eloquence divine," than in those of any modern orators whatever. In Grattan particularly, these are eminently conspicuous. With a strong but controlled imagination, and a mind clear, impassioned, and acute, he poured an energy into his speeches excelling all modern example. Grattan had no model for his eloquence; but the excellence which was stamped upon it by his master genius has made it a model to all. The peculiarity of his style is power—naked and overwhelming power; he disdains to trim his ideas with the niceties of rhetorical calculation. Conscious of his own ability, he grapples with his subject; seizes all its prominent features, unmasks every opposing obstacle in his progress to conviction, with unceremonious,

resistless strength, and winds up his argument with a series of rapid and unanswerable deductions. The frequency of antithesis gives a magical effect to the observations of Grattan, for other examples of an equally powerful use of this figure, we must refer through the long vista of ages, to the solitary Demosthenes. Of all modern orators, we must award the palm to this unrivalled man. His imagination was not strong enough to give what we may call the poetry of eloquence, to his ideas; but he had the far more effective quality of investing truth with such pungent force, that it needed no other brightness than its own. The words of such a man, when he would throw upon his subject the flowers of accomplishments so varied, and of a mind so strong as he possessed, would, as might be well supposed, often expand into passages of surpassing beauty; accordingly, we find in Grattan, sentences of unapproachable excellence, where the indignant feelings of a fiery spirit were touched into immortality by the radiance of his intellect. It was only in times of absorbing interest, that the full scope of his amazing mind became developed, and all his powers swelled to a commensurate magnitude with the occasion. Thus, his speech against the Union, when his friends had to support him, weak and wasted into the midnight assembly, is described by every contemporary as producing an electric effect; and is still glowing with "words that burn;" and his speeches in the imperial parliament, on the Catholic claims, and against the Insurrection act, are efforts in modern eloquence to which we have no equal, either for the brilliant justice with which the subject is handled, or the severe grandeur of the moral elevation of its sentiments. But it is to Curran that we are to look for a true sample of the Irish school. That extraordinary man had all the Python inspiration of the god; and his language is more fraught with the freshness of the divinity, than all modern orators whatever. The predominance of imagination has been objected to in his speeches, and the frequency and brilliancy of its light seems to give force to the remark, but when we consider that eloquence is essentially an emanation of the fancy, and that all its power over the mind is derived from the deeper fascination which this quality gives to truth, we will be inclined to consider this rather an advantage than an error; and though the sternness of philosophical criticism may give the preference to abstract conviction, yet we must say, it is at worst a brilliant fault; the fault of genius alone, whose defects disappear, and are forgotten in its splendor. But even apart from this, Curran has so much of beauty in his pathos; such energy in his grandeur; such power in his wrath, that he must ever be ranked as one of the first of orators, and the remains of his mutilated speeches furnish us with the very best specimens of imaginative eloquence extant. Burgh, Bushe, and Plunkett, have a more chastened imagination, and have left behind them

specimens marked with nationality, and of such exceeding excellence that any country would have been honored by their production. Ireland, moreover, has this bright peculiarity over other nations, where eloquence has flourished. After the great priests who had kindled the fire upon the altar passed away, the flame did not become either extinct or dim, but has been kept alive in all its native brilliance, by successors worthy of their fallen mantle. Long after the exciting times which had called into existence the deathless efforts of Curran, her forums, and her courts, still rang with the lofty periods of Phillips and of North. The commanding genius of O'Connell has placed him at the head of popular orators; his mind seems to be exhaustless, and his illustrations infinite; at once rapid, vehement, sarcastic, and passionate; his style has the rare quality of being equally powerful with the most polished assembly in Europe, and the most undisciplined yet most sensitive mob in the world. Shiel, too, is allowed by general consent, to be the most finished orator of his time. This gentleman, at once a scholar and a critic, aware of the full advantage which the warm imagination of his country might give to eloquence, yet sensible of the deep injury which its over-use has been to some of its finest specimens, seems to have labored in his speeches, by its tasteful and regulated adaptation, to give his style the full force of its beautiful poetry, without a tinge of its extravagance; consequently, no orations of later times, have the same modelled and elaborate perfection; and yet Shiel, with all the precision of the Scholiast, has the fire of the Genius, and with Burke's, none of his speeches but can be recommended to the student as combining most of all the various requisites which constitute the very perfection of eloquence.

If abundance of the principles which constitute excellence in this noble faculty, should regulate our judgment, we must place the Irish at the head of the European schools of eloquence. In her numerous orators, though something distorted by extravagance and inflated with a characteristic verbiage, we certainly find more of the splendor of thought—more of the gorgeous finery of captivating diction, and more of the deep sublimity of inspired mind, than in the greatest of either the French or English speakers; and in conceding the palm of eloquence to this rude and singular people, we are only giving a willing assent to the recorded opinion of the celebrated Frenchman, "*Les Irlandois ne le cedent plus aux Anglois, ni en industrie, ni en lumieres.*"

A slight consideration of these brief remarks will give us to see that a school of eloquence, which would aim at a greater perfection than any we have enumerated, must judiciously combine the peculiarities of each, with as much of indigenous nationality as will give a tone and character to its productions; and this high destiny, without any bias from national predilection, seems evidently to await the AMERICAN.

The master spirits of the revolution were men of great abilities, whose political creed was founded upon the justest views of national right; and the speeches and addresses with which they ushered in that mighty event are imbued, not merely with a profound philosophy and a glowing eloquence, but are elevated with the grandeur of those startling doctrines, which then announced to the astonished world, with the solemnity of determined truth, that the classic visions of unalienable liberty and inborn right were realized, and were glorious theories no more. In those times, the thrilling oratory of Randolph, of Henry, and of Hamilton, stands foremost in the range of mind. John Adams, clear, impetuous, and convincing, is a model at once of the true severity of eloquence, and of terse yet masterly argumentation. In the speech of Wirt against A. Burr, where he refers to Blannerhasset, there is an example of how beautifully, eulogium, combined with description, and conveying a relative censure on another, may be made use of, perhaps the most felicitous in all modern eloquence, and what names can rank higher as orators, were we to form our judgment from the recorded specimens of their abilities, than Webster, Clay, Calhoun, McDuffie, or Story. The study of the noble efforts of mind, to which they have at times given birth, cannot be too much impressed upon our public; and will form one of the surest ways of confirming that character as a great school of eloquence which, excellencies so many and so various with which our great speakers abound, go so far to establish. We refer to the following passage from Grimke's beautiful and learned address on Peace, as a fine corroboration of the remark.

"Who ever heard of studying an American speech as part of education; and yet I cannot doubt that an intimate acquaintance with the best American speeches, from the revolution down to the present time, is incomparably more valuable to the American, whether as a public or private man, than a thorough acquaintance with Cicero and Demosthenes. And I build this opinion, not only on their peculiar value to us as Americans, but on their intrinsic merits. To instance a few, among very many, I scruple not to say, that, as *arguments*, the speeches of Chief Justice Marshall, on the case of Jonathan Robbins, in the House of Representatives of the United States, and of Roger Griswold, in the same House, on the Judiciary, are not surpassed by any thing in the Greek or Roman; and, as *orations*, they have produced nothing, in my estimation, superior to Ames's speech on the British treaty, to the Plymouth address of Mr. Webster, and the centennial address of Mr. Quincy."

There is nothing exaggerated, in these striking remarks. The course of America is onward. Having, in the short period of her separate existence, produced such orators as these, gives glorious promise for the future; and if even now she ranks as one of the

greatest modern schools of eloquence; what may we not expect when a more general diffusion of knowledge and of taste will enable our public orators to combine, in a splendor of perfect eloquence, the graceful elegance of the French, with the bright philosophy of the English, and the imaginative enthusiasm of the Irish?*

L I N E S

Adapted to the Air of "Montalambent,"—heard during a calm at sea.

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ. M.P.

We feel great pleasure in being enabled to make the pages of our Journal, the medium of communicating the following beautiful lines to the public. Their gifted author will ever hold a first rank among the distinguished men of this age. Whether as a traveller, a merchant, a politician, a patriot, a journalist, or an author, few men have labored more zealously and successfully in the great cause of enlightening the public. His efforts, as the apostle of free trade throughout the British empire, to abolish the East India monopoly, have had a powerful effect, and must materially influence that mighty question, on its approaching consideration. While the present proud position in which the confidence of his countrymen has placed him, as representative of Sheffield, warrants the belief that there is a still brighter career of eminence before him.

They were written in an album, belonging to James Emerson Tenant, Esq., M.P. for Belfast, the accomplished author of "Letters from the Egean," from which they were copied, with his permission, by a friend.—*Ed.*

"WHEN THE OCEAN STORMS ARE DONE."

When the ocean storms are done,
And all around is peaceful calm
As evening's blush, at setting sun,
Sheds o'er the scene a holier balm.

* In future numbers we hope to present our readers, from the same pen, with characteristic sketches of the style and peculiarities of the most celebrated orators of these different nations.

The soul instinctive turns to heaven,
Filled with a pure devotion's glow ;
And humbly hopes its sins forgiven,
Above the world of doubt and wo.

When the milder twilight dies,
And every billow sinks to rest,
Or stars begin to light the skies,
And day sinks deeper in the west—
Then the heart will homeward turn,
To distant, dear, and long-loved friends ;
And light, with fires that holy urn,
Whose incense pure to heaven ascends.

Then, at midnight's hallowed noon,
The rich cerulean vault above
Yields to the bright meridian moon
Her tranquil reign o'er night and love,
Bosoms then, Love's deep debt owing,
Pour their silent plaint along ;
Till, through every pulse are glowing,
Passion, music, sigh, and song.

Then, my pensive breast inspiring,
As o'er trackless deeps we steer ;
When the shore at eve retiring,
"Montalambent's" strains I hear ;
Thus can Music's magic power,
Lift the soul to realms above ;
And mingle in one silent hour,
Devotion, Friendship, Home, and Love.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

INCLUDING A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES; BY JAMES BOSWELL. A new Edition, with numerous Additions and Notes; BY JOHN WILSON CROKER, LL.D., F.R.S. New-York: George Dearborn. 2 vols. royal, 8vo.

This magnificent work is a decided credit to the literary enterprise of the country. It augurs well for the habits and taste of the community, that publishers are enabled to reprint, in a form at once so costly and so permanent, one of the great standard classics of the language. We think similar condensed editions of the other English authors of eminence, would be an undertaking equally valuable and useful, in which we hope the spirited gentleman who published the present and Lord Byron's works, will find worthy his attention to engage. The execution of these volumes is unexceptionable; the paper is clear and hard; the printing excellent; the labor bestowed to render the index accurate, is very praiseworthy; and the entire finish of the work creditable in the extreme. Where there is so much to praise, we feel sorry that it cannot be unqualified. It would have been, for instance, a great improvement, if the acknowledged inaccuracies of the London edition had not been reprinted verbatim: thus, Vol. I. p. 175, it is stated that Derrick, the poet, died in 1760; it should be, 1769. Vol. I., p. 327, we are informed that Sir William Forbes, author of the Life of Beattie, died in 1816; it should be, 1806: and in p. 285, Croker says, Lord Mansfield survived Johnson *full ten years*; which would have been more correct had it been put *nearten* years, as he happened to survive him just eight years and a quarter. After these specimens, it is needless to recapitulate any more, as we take it for granted, the other errors are all faithfully transplanted from the original, with the scrupulous fidelity of the simple painter, who, in copying from one of the great masters, transferred to his canvas, not only the cracks which age had made in the painting, but the flies who had happened to light on it at the time he was working. But the *insertion* of the following note is certainly much more tantalizing than any sin of *omission* we have mentioned. It refers to a fac-simile plate of the celebrated Round Robin, which Burke, Gibbon, Sheridan, and the other wits at Sir Joshua Reynolds', addressed to Johnson, on the subject of changing his epitaph on Goldsmith, from Latin into English.

“(The engraving published by Mr. Boswell was not an exact *fac-simile* of the *whole* of this curious paper, which is of the size called *foolscap*, and too large to be folded into an ordinary volume,) but of the *signatures* only; and, in later editions, even these have, by suc-

cessive copying, lost some of their original accuracy. By the favor of the Earl of Balcarras, (to whom the paper has descended from his aunt, Lady Anne, widow of the son of Bishop Barnard,) the editor has been enabled to present his readers with a fresh and more accurate fac-simile of the signatures..”

Surely there should have been some little sacrifice made to present the American public with an illustration so interesting.

Having made these remarks upon the mechanical part, we proceed to make a few general observations upon this great work itself; and here we must remark on the advantage which our position, as American critics gives us, as umpires in all questions in literature, of mere abstract taste. The mists of prejudice, or prepossession, which might possibly warp the judgment, or agitate the mind, of a native reviewer, are dissipated in the swell of the Atlantic; and political bias loses all its power to pervert, ere it crosses three thousand miles of ocean to an independent country. The history of the very work under consideration is a proof, at once melancholy and remarkable, of the two great factions which divide the British nation, both in politics and literature. The article on Croker's edition of Boswell, which appeared in the 107th number of the *Edinburgh Review*, is one of the most masterly which ever emanated from the cultivated genius of Macauley; and in its keen satire, deep research, just estimation of character, and felicity of phrase, is distinguished by all the powerful traits of his accomplished mind. But it was not to be expected that the book of Croker—the indefatigable leader of opposition—who, night after night, during all the stormy debates on the reform bill, revived the forgotten glories of Sheridan in the House of Commons, and exposed and detected the ministerial blunderings in a thousand displays of eloquence, equally brilliant and harrassing; it was not to be expected that the book of such a man would meet with common justice, or even respect, from the same reviewer, who, as ministerial advocate, had been so often foiled by the sallies of its author. Accordingly, we find the long array of his political sins is visited with signal severity on his book. Errors have been hunted out with the laborious patience of a commentator, that they may be paraded in triumphant exposure; his taste has been impugned with relentless rigor, and his very capacity for the duties of an editor utterly denied, with a pointed harshness, we believe without example, in that celebrated periodical. Again, in the *Quarterly*, the great organ of his party, the obligation of the Tories to the ex-secretary, were expressed by an unqualified panegyric on his talents, his conduct, and his book. The first were unrivalled, the second proudly meritorious, and the third the most wondrous effort of modern erudition. But *here*, the feelings which would induce decisions on the same subject, at once so anti-

thetical and so marked, are powerless to harm, and a community of language and literature, while they give us the same title to exercise our judgment, ought, without vanity, to assume a greater correctness for, if not deference to, our opinion. Thus, Channing's dissertations on Milton and Napoleon, are universally allowed in Great Britain, to be among the most masterly specimens of modern criticism; and the lucid propriety of his remarks have there received all the deference of general and undissembled respect; and the general tone of our two leading reviews, exercises an acknowledged influence upon the literature of the mother country.

Apart, then, from the extrinsic and undeserving considerations of political feeling, or party animosity, Croker's edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson is a work, not only of great merit and ability, but of such singular excellence, as to make it one of the greatest books of modern times. The task was become absolutely necessary, and the time he chose for its execution the most appropriate that could have been selected. The few survivors of that brilliant society in which Johnson flourished, were passing rapidly away, and in a short time not one would have survived, whose recollections would have carried him back to the time,

"When Reynolds painted and when Goldsmith sung,"

And numberless allusions and events of private history in the work, would have been lost forever. Mr. Croker's intimate acquaintance with the living remnants of that day of England's greatness; his accurate and extensive knowledge of general literature; his unwearying assiduity in research, and not least, his enthusiasm in the cause, made him; notwithstanding his own predilection, in favor of Sir James MacIntosh; by far the fittest gentleman in England to undertake it. He has certainly taken greater liberties with his original, than we ever recollect assumed; but that he was amply justified, the following extract from his preface will sufficiently prove.

"It appears from the LIFE, that Mr. Boswell visited England a dozen times during his acquaintance with Dr. Johnson, and that the number of days on which they met were about 180, to which is to be added the time of the TOUR, during which they met daily from the 18th August, to the 22d November, 1773; in the whole about 276 days. The number of pages in the late editions of the two works is 2528, of which 1320 are occupied by the history of these 276 days; so that *little less than an hundredth part* of Dr. Johnson's life occupies *above one half* of Mr. Boswell's works. Every one must regret that his personal intercourse with his great friend, was not more frequent or more continued; but the editor could do but little towards rectifying this disproportion, except by the insertion of the correspondence with Mrs. Thrale."

The value of his labors will be best estimated from the following list of the various works he has incorporated with this edition:

1. The whole of Mr. Malone's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, 4 vols. 8vo.

2. The whole of the first and most copious edition of Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, 1 vol. 8vo.
3. The whole (though differently arranged) of Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*, 1 vol. sm. 8vo.
4. The whole of Dr. Johnson's *Tour in Wales*, with notes, by R. Duppa, Esq., 1 vol. 12mo.
5. The whole of an *Account of the Early Life of Dr. Johnson, with his Correspondence with Miss Boothby*, 1 vol. 16mo.
6. A great portion of the *Letters to and from Dr. Johnson*, published by H. L. Piozzi, 2 vols. 8vo.
7. Large extracts from the *Life of Dr. Johnson*, by Sir J. Hawkins, 1 vol. 8vo.
8. All that had not been already anticipated by Mr. Boswell or Mrs. Piozzi, of the "*Apophthegms, Sentiments, and Opinions of Dr. Johnson*," published by Sir J. Hawkins, in his edition of Johnson's works.
9. Extracts from *Sketches of Dr. Johnson*, by Thomas Tyers, Esq., a pamphlet, in 8vo.
10. Extracts from Murphy's *Essay on the Life of Dr. Johnson*, from Mr. Nichols' and Mr. Stevens' contributions to the *Gentleman's* and *London Magazines*, and from the *Lives and Memoirs of Cumberland, Cradock, Miss Hawkins, Lord Charlemont, the Wartons*, and other friends and acquaintances of Dr. Johnson.
11. The whole of a *Poetical Review of the Character of Dr. Johnson*, by John Courtenay, Esq., in 4to.

The whole of his tour in Wales, as published by Mr. Duppa, and for which Boswell inquired in vain; likewise, *two thousand five hundred* notes of his own, explanatory of various circumstances and obscurities in the text, and three hundred original letters, never published in any other edition.

Here, then, we have at last, all that could be collected by successive biographers, of the long-famed "giant of literature." No man who ever occupied so much of the public attention, has had a more singular fortune in his fame. To no man of eminence did celebrity ever come so tardily, or in such profusion when it came at length; and no man ever better sustained the amazing, almost idolatrous, reputation which he acquired. More than two-thirds of his life were spent unnoticed and nearly unknown, in the harassing toils of unrewarded labor; and when he at length awoke to all the splendor of his renown, it came on him without gradation and without measure; and, in its wide enthusiasm, seemed to partake of anticipated immortality. It found Johnson an unaltered man. The long privations of a life, in which he had tasted the very depths of misery, had steeled his heart to all the courtesies of life, and gave him the rudeness of a savage in the midst of the most polished society in Europe. Yet, perhaps, to this very cause, he owed half the prodigious deference he received. His abilities, however great; his learning, however profound; his writings, however excellent; would never have given such universal indulgence, had not his habits, in the strong contrast which they afforded to the elegant manners of his friends, given to the opinions which he always, when uncontradicted, expressed so well, a sort of oracular weight, which more brilliant and certainly sounder conversations, such as Burke, or Sheridan, or Fox

delivered, in the common interchange of thought could not have obtained. It was fortunate for this social supremacy, that Johnson met such a biographer as Boswell. How contemptible would the great moralist have felt, could he have believed he would ever have owed so much of his posthumous celebrity to his historian—the cringing, the impertinent, the obtrusive—a man; the very secret of whose success, as a writer, lies in the happy obtuseness which closed his own eyes to weaknesses palpable to all others. The spy of every company, the betrayer of every confidence, whom no retort could rebut, no contempt deter, who is indebted for his very reputation to his meanness; for his very remembrance to his worthlessness: a fellow who, it has been remarked, with forcible truth, by a very accomplished critic, “would as infallibly have made his hero as contemptible as he made himself, had not his hero possessed some moral and intellectual qualities of a very high order. The best proof that Johnson was really a very extraordinary man, is, that his character, instead of being degraded, has, on the whole, been decidedly raised by a work in which all his vices and weaknesses are exposed more unsparingly than they ever were exposed by Churchill or by Kenrick.” It has now been accurately ascertained that Johnson’s powers were by his contemporaries immensely over-rated. In his own time, his criticisms and his opinions were bowed down to, with an almost superstitious deference. The mask has fallen, and they are now despised as utterly worthless. It is now acknowledged and perceived that his mind was walled in by unconquerable prejudices, and he set them up for the guide of his opinion. If these detestable feelings came in his way, he scrupled not to lay his strong and clear understanding aside, and even, contrary to the maxim of his own prologue,* at their bidding, to beat down the dead. The partialities of his time were shocked, by his avowed contempt for Swift, for Sterne, for Fielding. The public heard with astonishment, but with respect, his praise of Blackmore; his condemnation of Gray, and his qualified commendations of Thomson. They were startled by his criticisms on Shakspeare, and his observations on Milton; but the name of Johnson was omnipotent, and they were silent. With his generation, the mysteries of his name have passed; and those very works which his factitious caprices had exalted or depressed, have long resumed the place which they held before; and which they are destined to hold while human nature is the same. The fate of his talent as an author, too, has not been less strange than his discrimination as a critic. The elaborate philosophy of his *Rasselas*, has taken its place undisturbed on the dusty shelves of libraries: while the charming simplicity of the *Vicar*

* Vol. II. p. 94.

of Wakefield, which he despised, still delights its unnumbered readers. The ostentatious morality of his essays, is known indeed to the learned; but the history of the disabled soldier, and the Chinese letters are known to all. The *Vanity of Human Wishes* ranks little higher than the portentous stanzas of Sir Richard Blackmore, while the *Traveller*, the *Deserted Village*, the *Elegy in a churchyard*, the *Seasons*, and *Ossian*, are as popular as ever. The very style of his prose, which he flattered himself would be immortal, has never been re-attempted, and never can be used. It has been pointedly remarked, by the same accurate critic, whose words we have quoted before, „when he talked, he clothed his wit and his sense in forcible and natural expressions. As soon as he took his pen in his hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious. All his books are written in a learned language,—in a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse,—in a language in which nobody ever quarrels, or drives bargains, or makes love,—in a language in which nobody ever thinks. It is clear that Johnson himself did not think in the dialect in which he wrote. The expressions which came first to his tongue were simple, energetic, and picturesque. When he wrote for publication, he did his sentences out of English into *Johnsonese*.” The natural consequence of this was, it could not last. Its elaborate pomposity, its sounding terminations, its innumerable expletives, had their day, while the spell of his name lasted, but were never imitated, and are forgot. It is singular to observe how ridiculous this affectation of verbiage made him appear in his fiction. His chamber-maids and waiting-women out of place, talk as finely as his emperors and his sages; and, as Goldsmith wittily observed, “if he wrote a fable about little fishes, he would make them talk like whales.” Johnson himself seems to have been conscious how much of the importance with which he was treated depended upon his manner, and how little his principles were guided by the unerring certainty of philosophic rule; for when in the presence of the few men who were his acknowledged equals in learning, but whose logical accuracy of mind made them his immeasurable superiors in points of opinion, he felt cautious and abashed, and treated them with a deference and respect strongly contrasting with his towering contempt for others. Thus Burke he always regarded as almost a superior being;* yet, from his known character, we can place his reverence in this case only to his fear; or to that feeling so powerfully described in his own *Rambler*, which makes gratitude a species of revenge.† How strange has been the literary character of this man.

* See Vol. I. p. 212, 358, 392. Vol. II. p. 249, 255, 311.

† *Rambler*, No. 87.

It is all contrasts and antitheses. His gigantic and laborious mind in his dictionary, accomplished by its single effort, what in other nations, had been the task only of the aggregated toil of academies—that of fixing a fluctuating language. Yet that very language he debased with a preposterous admixture of idioms and Latinisms.* While he praised the pure model of the old English authors,† he attempted and accomplished a new style of composition, founded and formed on principles incompatible and irreconcilably different. With a mind soaring among the sublimest principles of morality, his predilections were grovelling among the basest superstitions;‡ and while in his writing he affected an elevated philanthropy, he was so bigotted in his feelings that he would not even allow an existence to the dissenters,§ nor a title to their ministers.¶ The character of his fame is not less extraordinary; and this we cannot describe more forcibly, nor close our article better, than in the striking words of the critic, some of whose accurate remarks we have already inserted: “What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man! To be regarded in his own age as a classic—and in ours as a companion—to receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have in general received only from posterity—to be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries! That kind of fame which is commonly the most transient, is, in his case, the most durable. The reputation of those writings, which he probably expected to be immortal, is every day fading; while those peculiarities of manner, and that careless table-talk, the memory of which, he probably thought, would die with him, are likely to be remembered as long as the English language is spoken in any quarter of the globe.”¶¶

* See his Dictionary, *passim*, and Courteney's review of his character.

† Vol. II. p. 253.

‡ See the notions about second sight in Boswell's tour; his prayers for his wife's soul, and refusal to eat buttered buns in lent, &c. &c. Prayers and Meditations.

§ See his observations to Lord Auhinleck—Boswell's Tour, Vol. I. p. 498.

¶ See Vol. II. p. 61.

¶¶ See the Edinburgh Review, Vol. LIV. Article I. to which we refer the reader (making ample deductions for the disgraceful political prejudices, as far as Croker is concerned,) for the ablest dissertation by far, which we have ever seen on the character of Johnson and his biographer.

FAIRY INVITATIONS.

Come to our land of living light,
Where the breeze is bland, and the sky is bright;
Where the vine-wreath laughs to meet the day,
And waters from living fountains play;
And the flowers are of lovelier hue, bright child,
Than e'er on thy native mountains smiled.

Come, for with us, are the shades of even,
And stars look out from their watching heaven;
The white-winged spirits of flowers are there,
And wanton abroad in the joyous air.
To the blissful haunts of our fairy home,
To our moonlight sports, and our gambols—come.

“I cannot come to that home with thee,
For I love to launch on the ruffled sea
My mimic bark, and the storm to brave,
When she proudly rides o'er the crested wave.
I ask not a breeze so soft and bland
As ye tell me breathes in that radiant land.”

Yet come—for the glory which gilds the day,
Is dim to the splendors that wait thy sway—
All the treasures of earth and sea,
Fair-haired boy, shall be poured for thee.
And gems shall circle thy locks of gold,
Brighter than central mines unfold.

“Oh, no! for I there could no more rejoice,
Nor bound at my gentle mother's voice;
I should miss her smile and her fireside tale,
Mid the gathering wind, and the tempest's wail;
And my home, and the sunset hour of play;
And my brothers to call me at break of day.

“And the green path that led to the house of prayer;
And the blessings shed o'er me while kneeling there.
What were your fountains and wreaths so bright,
And your gems that rival the stars of night.
Oh, take them all, with your treasures wide,
For my sunny home on the mountain side.

C. F. E.

SCRAPS AND MISCELLANIES.

BY WILLIAM DUNLAP, ESQ.

THOMAS DOWSE.

It is particularly gratifying to the professors of any of the Fine Arts, when they meet with knowledge and taste in the art they practise, in an individual of another profession, or who would, at first view, appear to be absorbed in the vulgar and sordid cares of life. Such gratification fell to the lot of the writer of this article a few years since, when he heard of, sought, and introduced himself, to the individual whose name heads this sketch.

A large portion of the treasures of art, in the possession of this individual, were the product of a prize in a lottery; a species of gambling which ought to be of all gambling the most infamous, because it is in its effects the most pernicious; yet there is a species of lottery which has some tolerance. This was the kind of lottery in which Mr. Dowse adventured, and was successful. In this description of lottery, the adventurers do not gamble for money; they risk a little, and they are always such as can spare a little, in the hope of gratifying a pure taste of successful, and, with the knowledge that if even unsuccessful, they contribute to the relief of the worthy. We mean such lotteries as are allowed by legislative wisdom, for the disposal of libraries or collections of pictures. For instance, the lottery for the relief of Alderman Boydell, in which the paintings collected for his Shakspeare gallery, and his superb edition of the poet, were the prizes; and the lottery in which the beautiful drawings from the old masters, whose pictures were collected by the British Institution, an association of gentlemen similar to the Boston Atheneum, and the institutions called Academies of the Fine Arts in New-York and Philadelphia; where pictures are exhibited without lectures or teaching. These drawings were executed at great expense and with exquisite skill, as models for the engravers employed by liberal publishers in London. Boydell's great project was carried through, but nearly ruined him; the other could not be carried on beyond a limited number of engravings.

Both these lotteries have served to promote the cause of the Fine Arts, which is the cause of refinement, purity, and taste in America; and such lotteries must be exonerated from the just stigma placed as the characteristic badge of gambling offices—the sources of idleness, vice, theft, and murder.

Robert Fulton, who studied painting under our great countryman, West, before he turned the energies of his active mind to mechanics, and became the benefactor of the human race—before he perfected navigation by steam to that degree which renders it the great agent in the intimate communica-

tion of man with man, and consequently the promoter of peace and goodwill—before he rendered us this great service—served the cause of taste by becoming an adventurer in the BoydeU lottery, and through it the possessor of three fine pictures, by Benjamin and Raphael West, which he sent to his native country, for his improvement in moral refinement. These pictures, painted for the Shakspeare Gallery, are the Madness of Lear; Ophelia and Laertes, before the guilty King and Queen; and Orlando rescuing his brother Oliver from the Lioness and Snake, as described in "As you like it." The first of these is one of Benjamin West's best compositions; the second is perhaps his worst; and the third is the only large picture from the pencil of his son Raphael.

Thomas Dowse, a leather-dresser at Cambridgeport, near Boston, became an adventurer in the second mentioned lottery, and was the fortunate cause of bringing to America fifty-two paintings in water colors; copies from the collection of the British Institution; invaluable for their beauty, and the truth with which they represent the style, the composition, the drawing, and the coloring of those masters, whose works are rarely seen on this side the Atlantic. Mr. Dowse drew No. 2 of this lottery, the second prize in value; and, in consequence, possesses not only these fifty-two beautiful drawings, but proof impressions of all the engravings, both in black and colors, that the publishers were enabled, by the *patronage* of the aristocracy of Great Britain, to issue for the public benefit and their own ruin.

Nothing would appear, at first sight, more misplaced than such a gift of fortune. The precious works of the best artists deposited in the hands of a leather-dresser, would appear to the European aristocrat, like pearl thrown to swine, or the jewel found by chanticleer. But it is very far from being so. Mr. Dowse, the Yankee leather-dresser, is a man of taste and information, delighting in books and pictures, and surrounding himself with both of the best, not only for his own gratification, but that of the public.

Long may his prize remain with him, and if he continues unmarried, (the only imputation on his good taste,) may it descend, when he can no longer enjoy it, to some institution devoted to the Arts he loves.

SPECIMEN OF INDIAN ELOQUENCE.*

Eloquence is not always truth, though truth is always eloquent. We give the following merely as eloquence. We believe that man, civilized or savage, has a right to remove the unproductive tree from the ground, to make room for the cultivation of the food necessary to his existence or his pleasure. We believe that the civilized cultivator has a right to those wastes over which the buffalo, the panther, and savage, in turn and at in-

This beautiful specimen of the eloquence of nature, will form an apt illustration to the remark in an essay in the present number, p. 260.—Ed.

tervals, roam in search of sustenance. We believe that it is much better that thousands should occupy, and make gardens and corn-fields, of the wide-spread regions of the west, for their own delight and the improvement of their species, than that the fields should be the habitations of snakes and wolves, or beaver, and deer; as the hunting-grounds of savages, who, while employed in seeking a precarious subsistence, can never rise to the level of the well-instructed man. But yet we contemplate with pleasure the out-breakings of the mind which has been displayed by the unfortunate children of our forest, sorrow for their fate, and sympathize in their sorrows.

"Look," said an old man, who had once been a warrior, and was now a Nestor in the councils of the Iroquois, to the agent of a land company—"look from this hill, over those meadows through which the Mohawk flows to the great stream that carries it to the ocean? Look north, over the lands our fathers gave to Sir William, and the town still called by his name? Look south—look west—all is lovely, all is fair; there the turkey, the pigeon, the buffalo, and the deer, were placed by the Great Spirit for the red man's use. All were his. The salmon lakes, and the trout streams, and the medicinal springs. All these were then our property, given by the master of life to his red men; and the red man, gave, as he received, freely. The white man said, 'I want but little,' took all, and then said, 'All is mine, my God has given all to me; you and yours shall serve me, and worship my God.' Did you not say so? Were not our fathers deceived, betrayed, cheated? Too late they found it out, and then, and not till then, they treated your fathers as enemies. But it was then too late; they were then too many, and too knowing; and the red man retired from the graves of his forefathers. He agreed to sell some, that he might not lose *all* his land. The white men told our fathers, and you tell us, that God, a man, died for us, and for all men; and taught love to all men, and taught you to return good for evil; but you have returned evil for the red man's good, and injury for his love. You said, 'our God teaches us to love one another;' yet you fought and killed each other; and reddened with each other's blood the soil you had gained from us. We asked, 'Why is this?' One said, 'I am French.' Another said, 'I am English.' 'But,' we asked, 'are you not all Christians?' 'Yes.' 'And all believe in Him who died for all on the cross, and who told you to return good for evil?' 'Yes.' So we had proof on proof that the language of white men is the language of lies. We fought the French many years. We were friends to the Dutch, and to the English. The Dutch and the French vanished. We were true to the English, though we saw our strength wasting like the tree of the forest, whose branches the locusts have poisoned. By-and-by all the white men were English, and, having no Frenchmen to kill, they began to kill each other. Then we asked again, 'Why is this?' and our red-coated father told us, 'We are the true English, but the others are Yankees.' So we believed the red-coats, and helped them. For when we saw that all were wrong, how should we know who were the most wrong? The Yankees were the strongest. The English fled, and left us to the wrath of your long knives. We were blasted, as when the thunder of heaven blasts the pine to its lowest bough.

Then you said, 'Bury the hatchet—let it be peace? We did so. The Yankees have been true, as far as white men can be true. The fathers of the land have not deceived us. They have had pity on us, and raised us up, and spread a sheltering blanket over us. But your bad men destroyed us with fire-water. When the Yankees shall learn to love the Great Spirit, and to speak the truth like Indians—when you shall unite your knowledge with our honesty, and worship the master of life in thankfulness and truth, then we shall be the children of one God, and we will love you as our fathers loved your fathers, when they first came over the sea; and imitate you, and receive your instructions, as our fathers would have done by your fathers, had they been true; and we will be your younger brothers in unity and peace, while the rivers run to the sea, and the dews and the rain fall to moisten the earth."

I have seen a speech of Red-Jacket's, the Seneca chief and orator, which for eloquence, may rival the speeches of Garangula; and the Mohawk speech of condolence, for the massacre at Schenectady, or even the celebrated speech of Logan, made immortal by Mr. Jefferson. Red-Jacket, as he is called by the whites, whose real name is *Sagwoaha*, takes the same ground in the speech I allude to, as that which is so finely imagined by Scott, for his Highland chief, Rhoderick Dhu, when standing on the mountain, and addressing Fitz James, previous to the combat. Still we rejoice that the Southrons have civilized, or driven the highland savage to the western world for civilization, and that the descendants of Europe, and more especially those who speak the language of Hampden, Vane, and Pym, and inherit their love of republicanism, will, and must occupy this great continent of North America; filling it with creatures to whom the highest degree of human happiness is necessary, and, is within reach, if pursued according to the dictates of wisdom and eternal truth.

THE MINIATURE.

When far away, though deep impressed,
 Thy form lies imaged on my mind;
This dear memento on my breast
 A place shall find.

When worn by age, or cold decay,
 For such, alas, is beauty's doom;
This oft shall wake, in bright array,
 Thy beauty's bloom.

When death—oh, can it ever be!—
That fair original shall blight,
These speaking eyes shall shed o'er me
 Their living light.

A L B U M V E R S E S .

No. I.—THE KISS.

BY J. ALRETEN, ESQ.

I ask not, Eliza, for jewels or gold,
 I ask not a braid of your hair;
 I ask not for pleasures, that dearly are sold,
 But I ask—oh, refuse not my prayer?—
 One kiss from thy lips—so sweet—so divine;
 And then, what delight can be equal to mine?

Winged with clouds of the night, in thy chamber I rest,
 To guard thee from danger or ill;
 I rise, yet unwearied, at morning's behest,
 But with thee am lingering still.
 Then say, while around thee I ceaselessly move,
 Wilt thou never afford me one token of love?

The fly, as it sports in the bright sunny ray,
 Will light on thy pure lips the while;
 And there will it sip of thy nectar away,
 While thou lookest on with a smile.
 Am I less deserving a kiss than a fly?
 Less worthy the glance of that soul-beaming eye?

Were the earth all mine own I would give it to thee,
 And the stars, as in heaven they meet;
 Yes, Eliza, the gems and the treasures of sea,
 I would glory to cast at thy feet.
 Then grant me, I pray thee, my modest request,
 And yield to my bosom the blessing of rest?

No. II.—UNDER THE PICTURE OF A BUTTERFLY.

BY JEHORAM BOWERS.

Restless, bright, and happy thing,
 Could I thy semblance take,
 On thy light and silky wing,
 I'd ceaseless circles make

Round and round her lovely form,
 Who sketched thy brilliant crest;
 And drew each colour, true and warm,
 That decks thy golden vest.

Fluttering far o'er flowery fields,
 With sunny skies above;
 I'd sip the bloom each blossom yields,
 And live my life of love;
 I'd be the angel of thy path,
 And warn off care or strife;
 And never pain, or never wrath,
 Should mar thy gentle life.

Softly floating, ever nigh,
 My life would happy be,
 If the dark radiance of thine eye
 Would sometimes light on me;
 And, as I held my glittering way,
 Oh, shouldst thou deign to smile;
 That look of rapture would repay
 My life of blissful toil.

NO. III.—SONG.

I LOVE THEE NOT FOR THE DARK, BRIGHT LOCKS.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

I love thee not for the dark bright locks,
 Thy moon-like brow that shade;
 Nor darker eye, in whose thrilling glance,
 Is all love's power conveyed.
 I love thee not for the virgin rose
 That blooms thy cheek upon;
 Nor for the tall, and queen-like form,
 That graces thee alone.

For Time will blanch thy shining locks,
 And dim thy young eye's light;
 The rose that blooms upon thy cheek,
 His withering breath will blight;
 And weight of years, with weight of cares,
 Thy queen-like form will bow;
 But the pure soul that waked my love,
 Will ever be as now.

SKETCHES OF THE AMERICAN BAR. No. I.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The celebrated statesman and lawyer, whose name stands at the head of the present article, needs no herald to blazon his reputation. It is not necessary—as is the case with some other *great men*—that we should tell our readers who and what he is. His name is one of the “household terms,” familiar in the mouth of every American; and his reputation is one of the common-places of the times.

Mr. Webster is regarded, in every part of the Union, with high respect; but in his native New-England, the admiration entertained for him, verges upon enthusiasm. Whatever may be his relative height, by the side of Clay, Calhoun, and those other champions with whom he comes in contact, at Washington; at home, he towers far above every competitor; and it is almost an article in the New-England creed, that Mr. Webster is the ablest man in the Union.

Rising, like most of our eminent men, from the bosom of the people, and having forced his way, without friends or patronage, by the mere power of his own talents, the earlier and obscurer part of his history is, in general, but little known. We shall be able perhaps, to furnish some anecdotes which have never before appeared in print; and, however apparently trifling in themselves, it is anecdotes of the lives of great men, in which we are principally interested. Bare chronological lists of offices held, cases argued, and books published—like those, for instance, so regularly digested according to the years of Rome, and prefixed to the Delphin Classics—have no charm for the general reader. Such sketches are but the skeletons of biography; the world wishes to see the living features, form, and gesture.

Daniel Webster was born in the year 1782, in Salisbury, a pleasant village in the interior of New-Hampshire, rather romantically situated in the vicinity of the Kersarge mountain, which rears its swelling and majestic form in full sight of his father's homestead. His father was one of those independent farmers, who, if we assent to the doctrine maintained by president Jackson, in one of his late messages, and so severely criticised by ex-president Adams, form the best part of our population. He was a shrewd, sensible man; and had been found worthy to serve his fellow-citizens in both a military and a civil capacity. He fought under Lord Amherst, in the war which ended in the conquest of Canada; and in the war of the revolution, he commanded a company, composed principally of his own neighbors and townfolks, which did good service at Bennington, at the White Plains, and on several other occasions. The war over, he was returned to Salisbury, and was appointed a judge of the court of common pleas, for the county of Rockingham, which office he held till the time of his

death. The profits of a New-Hampshire farm are not very exorbitant, nor are the emoluments of a New-Hampshire judge very great. Daniel, and his brother Ezekiel, who was a year or two older, had the benefit of the public schools of Salisbury; but when they aspired to a college education, the limited means of their father obliged them to depend very much on their own efforts. Ezekiel, who died a few years since, in a very sudden and remarkable manner, while arguing a case before the supreme court of New-Hampshire, was a man of good sense and excellent judgment; but he had not the quickness and brilliancy of Daniel. The father used to speak of both his boys with a good deal of complacency, but it was observed he dwelt principally upon the praises of Ezekiel. A friend, one day, inquired the reason; when the old gentleman replied, "Ezekiel is a bashful boy, who needs a word to be said for him; but Daniel, I warrant you, will take care of himself."

Mr. Webster completed an imperfect preparation for college, at Exeter Academy, at that time the only institution in the state, with the exception of Dartmouth College, above the rank of a district school. He entered Dartmouth College at the age of fifteen, and graduated in 1801. We have understood, that, during his college life, he maintained a high reputation among his classmates for wit and talent, and that he was a great admirer and constant reader of *Hudibras*—a work which he occasionally quotes in his speeches with the happiest effect; but we do not learn that he was remarkable for any very close application to study.

Immediately on leaving college, he would have commenced the study of the law, but his wishes were thwarted by the necessity of providing for his immediate support. To replenish his exhausted finances he was obliged to resort to school-keeping—an occupation which, at the earlier part of his career, has eked out the failing resources of almost every eminent professional man in New-England. Yet, in spite of the illustrious names which adorn the roll of New-England school-masters, we may justly observe, in the words of a celebrated German author, quoted by Cotton Mather—"*Sceptrum illud scholasticum plus habet solitudinis quam pulcritudinis, plus cura quam auri, plus impediementi quam argenti*," and so, we dare say, Mr. Webster found it; for, after one year spent as preceptor of a school, at Frigbrough, in Maine, he returned to Salisbury, and entered his name in the office of Mr. Thompson, an attorney of some eminence, and an extensive country practice.

Having learned all that could be learned in a country office, Mr. Webster's enterprising spirit sent him to Boston, there to complete his studies. He arrived at the metropolis of New-England an entire stranger. But as he sauntered up and down the streets, observing, over an office door, a name with which he was familiar, he made bold to introduce himself, and proposed to become a student in the office. But the gentleman to whom this application was addressed, not fancying the appearance of the young man, or being already overstocked with students, or for some other reason, excused himself from receiving Mr. Webster into his office. Nothing daunted by this repulse, this disciple in search of a master, next presented

himself at the office of Mr. Gore, at that time one of the principal lawyers, and among the most eminent men in the state, where his application was more favorably entertained.

It so happened, when Mr. Webster, many years afterwards, removed to Boston, to follow his profession there, that the gentleman who had declined receiving him as a student, standing at that time among the leaders of the Suffolk bar, was frequently pitted against the new comer. And from the contemptuous smile, with which Mr. Webster twisted him to pieces, there were some who concluded that his early adventures in Boston had not entirely faded from the memory of the New-Hampshire advocate.

Mr. Webster was admitted to the bar in 1805. About the time of his admission, he received a letter from his father, in which the old gentleman informed him, that by dint of great exertions, he had procured for his son the appointment of clerk of the courts for Rockingham county; and pressing him to hasten home and take possession of the office. His father evidently considered the appointment as a piece of very great good fortune; but Mr. Webster, before accepting it, thought it best to consult with Mr. Gore. The case being laid before him, Mr. Gore suggested that should he accept this office, he would probably remain a mere clerk of the courts all his life. "You are fit," he said, "for something better. You will arrive at something better. I advise you not to accept it." Mr. Webster, accordingly, to the great grief of his father, wrote back a letter declining the appointment; and about the same time having completed his studies, he left Boston, and opened an office in Boscawen, a small village in the neighborhood of Salisbury.

We have been informed, that while a student, Mr. Webster was apt, occasionally, to sacrifice to the muses; and it is said that compositions of his, both poetry and prose may be found in the periodicals of that day.

Mr. Webster, at the time of his commencing practice at Boscawen, has been described to us by a gentleman who knew him in this early part of his career, and who was present at the trial of one of his first cases, as a tall, gaunt young man, with rather a thin face, but all the peculiarities of feature and complexion by which he is now distinguished. The case above alluded to, was concerning the property of a certain sheep, of the value of thirty shillings, or thereabouts; and was tried in a long hall, before a justice of the peace, and the assembled idlers of the village. This case, as our informant assures us, was argued at great length, and though Mr. Webster, who had not yet become known, did not seem to attract any great attention, he spoke, and reasoned after the same fashion, with the same plainness, point, and force, for which he has since been so much celebrated.

After remaining two or three years at Boscawen, Mr. Webster removed to Portsmouth, the principal town in the state so far as respects wealth, population, and the reward of professional ability. Soon after his removal, he was employed to defend two prisoners, accused of counterfeiting; and though the cause of his clients was too desperate to be gained, he acquitted himself with such conspicuous ability, as to attract very general attention. Indeed, it has been thought by those who have had an opportunity for

judging, that this was an effort which he has never yet surpassed. From this time forward, his business and reputation rapidly increased.

Mr. Webster, from the earliest period, exhibited a decided taste for politics. He wrote much in the newspapers; and though he did not accept any of those state offices which form the stepping-stones of most of our politicians, he was distinguished as an admirable speaker in the local caucuses and conventions, which abounded in New-Hampshire during the stormy period, which preceded the late war; and about the time the war was declared, he was chosen a representative to Congress.

He continued a representative from the state of New-Hampshire for four years, and soon became known at Washington as one of the ablest members of the party then in opposition. His speeches on the re-charter of a National Bank, and the resumption of specie payments, delivered during this period, attracted great attention, and first made him known throughout the country.

In the year 1817, he removed to Boston, and for several years devoted himself very zealously, and almost exclusively, to his profession. His career at Washington had given him a reputation, and he came at once into a very extensive practice.

Mr. Webster had already made himself conspicuous throughout the Union, as an orator and a statesman; the great case of Dartmouth college, *versus* Woodard, which came on for argument in the supreme court of the United States, in the spring of 1818, afforded him an opportunity of proving, in the eyes of the nation, his ability as a lawyer. This was his first important case in that court. Ever since, his business there has been constantly increasing; and, of late years, he has relinquished his practice in the state courts almost entirely.

The first office to which Mr. Webster was appointed, after he became a citizen of Massachusetts, was that of one of the delegates from Boston, to the Convention held in 1820, for the revision of the State Constitution. This was, perhaps, the ablest and most venerable public body ever assembled in New-England; and during its session, Mr. Webster distinguished himself by several able speeches on most of the important points which came up for consideration.

As Mr. Webster's business began now to convey him regularly every winter, to Washington, a seat in Congress would be no great embarrassment to him. He was accordingly chosen to represent the city of Boston, in the seventeenth Congress, and took his seat in December, 1823. He continued in the House of Representatives till 1826, when he was chosen a senator from Massachusetts, an office which he still holds with increasing honor to his country and himself.

It is not our present purpose to enter into a detail of Mr. Webster's forensic or legislative exertions. We may observe, however, that it has not been solely to these species of eloquence that he has confined himself. To his talent as a caucus orator, we have before alluded; and Faneuil Hall, on more than one great occasion, when the predominance of the party with which he acted, was threatened, or some engrossing question of politics agitated

the public mind, has witnessed his wonderful ability in fixing the wavering judgment of his fellow-citizens. He has also occasionally exerted himself in that line of eloquence which the ancients called *panegyrical*. His most celebrated performances of this sort, are his *Discourse in commemoration of the Settlement of New-England*, his *Address on laying the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill Monument*—a monument, by the way, not yet finished, nor, to all appearance, ever like to be—and his *Eulogy on John Adams and Thomas Jefferson*. These are all able performances; but the genius of Webster seems to us, not so well adapted to success in a style of speaking, which requires not so much a clear and penetrating intellect, as a vivid fancy and a copious imagination.

During the last three or four years, Mr. Webster's fame has extended to the remotest districts of the country; his speeches on the subject of Nullification, having made him every where known as the great champion of the Constitution. He is now about fifty, and has reached the maturity of his powers, if not the climax of his fame. Let us exhibit an outline of his character and genius under the three-fold aspect of a statesman, an orator, and a lawyer.

As a statesman, Mr. Webster is distinguished for his just and comprehensive ideas of politics. He never suffers himself to be deceived and misled by his own imagination, or the cant of a party. With a keen and penetrating eye, he looks through the mists, in which popular delusion, or the arts of party leaders, may have enshrouded the public interests, and takes such views as are prompted by enlightened judgment and sound good sense. His ideas of politics are not only just, but there is a certain magnanimity—a sober magnificence about them; and, if placed in a situation of power, his administration would certainly be conspicuous for some great projects of public benefit. Such is the character of Mr. Webster's statesmanship, when he is left at liberty to act for himself. But he, like all other politicians, is sometimes obliged to yield the dictates of his own judgment to the decisions of inferior men, and to "give up to party what was meant for mankind." This is a misfortune, indeed, to which he seems peculiarly exposed; for with all the statesman-like qualities of his mind—with all his power over the people in their primary assemblies—he seems to lack certain of the gifts of a great practical politician. He seems better qualified to fight in the ranks, than at the head of the political array—more fit to be the *champion* than the *leader* of a party. He is content to obey, when he ought to command; and he asks the advice of a committee of his friends, at Boston, instead of forming his own plans, and carrying, as he might do, the people with him. Hence it is, that his personal influence is very limited, and that he is regarded at Washington rather as the advocate of New-England, than as a great political leader.

As an orator, Mr. Webster may justly claim to rank high above all his competitors. We do not mean that there are not other living orators, who have, perhaps, a greater temporary influence over their admirers, and excite a higher degree of momentary enthusiasm. There is more than one *Hortensius* to rival in the public estimation this New-England Cicero. Time,

however, will inevitably award the palm to the eloquence of Mr. Webster. In this respect, and in a few others, he resembles Burke. Both these great men were ill-qualified—whether by the peculiarities of their situation, or the character of their genius—for party leaders; both, on several important questions, relied upon the judgment of men far inferior to themselves; both are distinguished for a comprehensive and philosophical view of politics, no less striking in their written, than in their spoken speeches; and Webster, like Burke, will fill a greater space in the public eye, just in proportion as the temporary contests of party politics pass into obscurity. It is the just and general views embraced in a speech, that give it any permanent value. Such views have an interest, and an authority, at all times, and by such views are Mr. Webster's speeches remarkably distinguished. Compare, for instance, the speeches of Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay, on the tariff of 1824. Mr. Clay's speech was well adapted to the time and the occasion. But it was adapted almost solely to that particular time, and that particular occasion. His topics are, many of them, temporary; and through the whole speech, he relies more upon indefinite statements and general declamation, than on any great principles of political philosophy. Mr. Webster, on the other hand, with no less adaptation to the occasion, relied on general principles, and just argument. The rhetoric of Mr. Clay, as it appears on paper, has lost its power; but the clear reasoning, the keen logic, and the sound political wisdom of Mr. Webster's printed speech, will always insure for it readers and admirers.

The style of Mr. Webster's oratory is original and peculiar. He has nothing of round and swelling declamation; and little of playful fancy or poetical imagination. Few speakers of the present day deal so little in tropes and figures. His style is plain and strong, but remarkably clear and correct; and his argument has all the just arrangement and elegant simplicity of a demonstration in Euclid. "If you would teach your son to reason," said Locke, "let him read Chillingworth." If you would learn the full force of just argument, we would say to every American, read the speeches of Mr. Webster. But Mr. Webster's speeches, with all their logic, are by no means wanting in warmth and spirit. There is a way of addressing the passions through the medium of the understanding of which he is well aware, and of which he often avails himself. He has, too, a view of sarcasm, for which he is much celebrated; and which often adds a spice to the driest piece of argument. His sarcasm is, however, for the most part, only a peculiar modification of his logic. It is a specimen of that sort of reasoning, denominated by the schoolmen, a *reductio ad absurdum*. He takes the doctrine of his opponents for granted, and then shows to what ridiculous consequences it would lead.

From the peculiarities of Mr. Webster's oratory, it must be obvious to every one, how efficient he must be as a lawyer. If such eloquence as we have described, prevails with a caucus or a senate, when brought to bear upon a jury or a court, it is perfectly irresistible. But Mr. Webster is as remarkable in the management of a cause—in displaying its strong points, and concealing its weak ones—as in an argument. Whatever may be his

merits as a practical politician, as a practical lawyer he is unrivalled. He excels particularly in sifting testimony; and though sometimes too harsh with an honest but unfavorable witness, in the case of a witness dishonest or unwilling, his power of extracting the truth is truly admirable. He is not thought, however, to be very deep in what is called legal learning; and though no advocate has a greater weight with the court, he seems to rely not so much on cases and precedents, as on a just application of general principles to the particular facts of his case.

THE WAY TO WIN.

IMITATED FROM FONTENELLE.

[BY JOHN SMITH.]

Apollo erst, as Daphne fled,
 And swiftly after her he sped,
 Would fain have won the fair one's smile,
 And cried his merits all the while,
 Thus, one by one,—

“I am the gifted god of song,”—
 The fair one bounded still along—
 “I play the lute, I strike the lyre,
 I sing with all a seraph's fire.”

She would not stay.

“I know each healing root and flower,
 I'll teach them to thee in thy bower.”
 She did not deign to turn and see
 The learned god, but swifter she

Still kept her way.

“And I can heal thine every ill,
 Disease shall have no power to kill,
 Nor dim thine eye, nor parch thy skin,
 For I am god of medicine.”

She, screaming, fled.

But had he said, “Divinely fair!”
 She would have listened briefly there,—
 “Behold thy slave, a blooming youth!”
 She would have turned, to know the truth
 Of what he said,—

“And I am gay, gallant, and free,
 Come be my love, I love but thee!”
 She had perceived his great good sense,
 And known the god of eloquence,—
 She had been won.

DOINGS OF THE DEAD.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF A TRAVELLER.

"Coffins stood round like open presses,
That show'd the dead in their last dresses."—TAM O'SHANTER.

THE letter I received impressed me with the deepest melancholy. I wish I was in Boston, said I, with a sigh that spoke strongly of incredulity, whether that event would ever take place. It was almost warranted.—Vast masses of dun lurid clouds were hurrying past the half shrouded and sickly looking moon, partially revealing the gigantic undulations of the mountain, and savage scenery around. The dismal old inn where I was, though it looked far more like a bandit's den than a place of refuge, seemed comfortable, compared with the hideous prospect before me; and coupled with the terrors and dangers of last evening's journeyings, made me almost resolve not to attempt the journey any farther. "The last party that entered the mountain gorge, were never heard of," said a young English traveller, who had accompanied us from Lombardy; at the same time adjusting his cravat, and examining the locks of his pistols. "There are doings often perpetrated here, that make the very blood run cold, and for Englishmen and Republicans, the priests have no mercy." I knew it well. I had often before heard of their fearful deeds, and I made up my mind I would not stir until an escort arrived; when an old monk entered the apartment,—he was one of the most forbidding mortals I ever saw. Pale and sallow, yet withal, of a form bony and upright. I had seen him before in Venice, and I well remembered the disagreeable impression he produced upon me, strongly reminding me of the Inquisition vaults, and the Council of Ten. His appearance now did not at all add to my pleasant feelings; and when addressing the passengers, and fixing his terrible eye on me in particular, he said, "young man, go on this evening, you will not be allowed to remain here. I felt my mind completely overspread with the gloom of the most dismal forebodings, and why, or wherefore, I could not tell—seemed almost doomed to premeditated destruction. However, there was no remedy, so, buttoning up my coat with the utmost resolution I could muster, I prepared, though with strange misgivings, to encounter the hazards of the dreaded road. It was now about two o'clock in the morning, which, to use an Hibernicism, is the gloomiest hour of the night; and through the darkness, made visible, of the stage lamp, I could discover the heavy muddy diligence, and the horses, standing with heads drooping, and spiritless, waiting for me. I was hastened by another exclamation from the detested friar, and stumbled with the utmost reluctance into a corner of the front seat, the iron steps were put up with a clank, and the driver with a sleepy drawl to his horses, gave a crack of his whip, and on we trotted for Milan. The night was misty, but a dull light sufficed to show

me indistinctly, that the stage was full of passengers, and in spite of robbers, banditti, and terrors, sundry nasal sounds, that they were all asleep. My reflections made it impossible for me to follow their example, and I soon perceived, from the almost total darkness which overshadowed us, that we were in the deepest and most dangerous defiles of the mountain.

I had hardly become sensible of the change in the geography of the country, when I was aroused, in a most unwelcome manner, which instantly confirmed all my fears. Two men sprang from the side of the road, and while one, seizing the leaders by the reins with horrible oaths, presented a cocked pistol at the driver, the other opened the door of the diligence, and, pulling down the steps, took me by the arm without saying a word, abruptly drew me from my seat, and then, releasing me from his grasp, beckoned me to follow him. I was unwilling to do so, but was drawn along by some powerful and unaccountable attraction. The road had been at this place cut into the side of the mountain, and the precipice ran down very steep for some hundred feet, and then branched off into a forest. My companion, or guide, or whatever he was, hastily left the road, and preceding me, plunged into one of the deep ravines which ran down from its side. A brook was falling in mimic cascades down the gorge, and it was with much difficulty that we made our way through the thick under-brush. We continued descending for some time, when, taking a side path, almost impassable from brambles, and wild briar-vines, we at once stood before the door of a venerable Cathedral. My guide gave three loud knocks, and the door was opened by an unseen hand. We entered—I could see obscurely from the dim light of the wax candles on the altar, the vaulted roof—the shrines and monuments along the walls, and the banners of the various families which they were intended to commemorate, hanging over them in gloomy festoons. The moment that the cathedral door opened, my guide disappeared, but impelled by some mysterious impulse, I went up to the altar, and kneeling there, alone, endeavored to pray. It was so still that I could hear the half-aspirated whispers from my own lips, and now and then the rustling of the old blood-stained flags which swept drearily to and fro with the wind. Suddenly I was startled by a voice sounding from the other end of the edifice, cracked and trembling with extreme age, in fretful querulous tones, “why Geoffry, ye lazy varlet, why have ye not lit the church? ye loon,—and a stranger to see our bonny company, light up, ye villain—light up, the minute.” I had hardly time to turn—the words were scarcely uttered, when every chandelier glittered and shone as if it had been covered with fire,—the altar—the chancel—the shrines—every thing—every place was as plain as day. I gazed around me in admiration. The church was surrounded with pictures and shrines. I walked around and surveyed them. Here, with her offerings of flowers, and her wax candles burning bright and clear, was the Madonna—her lovely countenance beaming with celestial sweetness, as she gazed on the infant Saviour nestling in her arms; the Baptist standing at her knee, and Saint Elizabeth pressing the plump little foot to her lips—and then John in the island of Patmos, his bones staring from their scanty covering of

sack-cloth, and his gaunt features beaming with inspiration from among the cloud of scattered grey hair and venerable beard, as with upturned face he received from the flame-encircled trumpet above him, the holy Revelation. Armed, cap-a-pee, the cold marble figure of the Crusader, extended on its couch of stone, seemed to lack but breath to make it instinct with life, and prompt to fight the "Paynim proud," for the Holy Sepulchre,—to conquer, or vanquished, leave his bones to whiten on the arid deserts of Palestine. And here the cross of Constantine, richly emblazoned on its altar, was the crucifixion—the Saviour—extended on the cross, the thieves on each side of him—the head just bowed, and the awful "*it is finished!*" announced to the nations by frightful phenomena—the sun turned to blood, throwing a livid unnatural glare on the assembled multitude—the war-horses riderless, rearing and plunging with distended nostrils—the convulsion of the solid mountain—the affrighted gestures of the soldiery, horror-stricken, as they wildly lift their hands to ward off that toppling crag, which, torn from its foundation by the earthquake, in another instant will grind them to powder; and the Centurion, holding tighter in his grasp the crimson flag, which, shaken fiercely in the wild wind, seems to deride the coward Jew, even in that dread scene, with his abject slavery; and San Sebastian, his streaming eyes lifted to heaven in hope and resignation; and **** the tinkling of a bell attracted my attention. I turned again towards the altar. Boys clad in scarlet swung their censers to and fro, and the church was filled with incense. A train of monks in purple robes, embroidered with white crosses, were officiating in the mass. Their deep grave chaunt sounded low and solemn, and rising to deep bass, was at intervals taken up by a single female voice in the choir, which, high above the tones of the organ, with surpassing sweetness ascended higher and higher, until every nook in the lofty arches above, appeared filled and overflowing with the rich melody, which then again descended lower, lower, until the imagination would trace its tones in the sighing of the passing breeze. The holy wafer, and consecrated blood, were prepared at the altar. I stood almost entranced. The monks drew near me, and placing their extended hands upon my head, muttered benedictions over me; then crossing themselves, with genuflexions, and eyes lifted to heaven, uttered in loud voices—"Ora pro nobis, O mater dei, Ora pro illum qui periturus; Salvator hominum, filius Gloriz! ora pro illum."—"Ora pro illum," again arose from the choir, in that single female voice, rising with an intensity that made the old walls re-echo the petition, and then descending like the fluttering of a wounded bird, became less, less—and all was still. The monks passed, and crossing themselves, slowly retired. The lights began to grow dim—flickered—brightened—glimmered again, and then the whole church was wrapt in darkness. I stood a few moments bewildered and amazed, but again the silence was broken by the dissonant voice of the sexton giving orders to his assistant. I heard the dull clanking of iron, as the crow-bar was plied at the crumbling masonry; it gave way and the door of the vault grated harshly on its hinges. A lurid glare like that of a furnace burst from its mouth. The altar and shrine were

clothed in the savage glare that Carravaggio delights to throw upon his groups—how different from that which illumined its walls a moment before. I waited but a moment in suspense, and then endeavored to hide myself behind one of the columns, but the little withered figure of the sexton, the being of a previous century, came hobbling towards the place where I stood. On he came, bearing a torch in his hand, peering first this way, and then that, as if in search of something. Instinctively I knew that I was the object of his search. I pressed close against the side of the pillar, but I reckoned without my host. The withered atomy came to the place where I had ensconced myself, and holding his light within a few inches of my face, half spoke, half shrieked: “Yeer welcome, Sir, yeer welcome, we’ve been waiting for ye a long time, ye have come to look at yeer last lodgings, are ye? and ye have received the *unction*. We are all as comfortable as can be, only its a little damp, and the old lords make such a noise, cracking their jokes, and throwing dice on the tops of their coffins; ye’ll just recollect that its no improper, as they’ll all *hurra for hell!* at the sound of the first trumpet; but come along, come along. I knew ye’d be one of us before the week was through, and ye’ll see what a nice place I’ve fitted up for ye. I’ve kicked the coffins of the young bairns aside, and ye’ll have a bonny place, your honor; ye’ll not forget the sexton—let me show your honor down;” and saying this, the hateful being took me by the arm, and hobbling by my side, led me unwilling, helpless—“each particular hair standing on end,” towards the vault. We came to it, and then we went down, down—we stood on the bottom, and there I saw my future companions—Ugh! a fearful company. They say the dead lie still until the day of Judgment—’tis false! the moment the vault-doors are closed they all assume the same form and characteristics as when living. The vault was as light as day, but it was a strange light, a greenish haze—sickly—poisonous—as if the deadly miasma of the fens had turned to flame. The dead men were sitting on their coffins—their knees drawn up, and their chins resting upon their hands, which were placed upon them, and each had a silver lamp resting upon the lid at its feet. They all gazed with such a deadly cadaverous look upon me, that my blood ran cold, and stagnated in my veins. As I passed along the extended rows of coffins, their eyes all turned and fixed on me, in the same way that the eyes of a portrait appear to follow you. I looked in every quarter to avoid them, but for a hundred yards each side of me, the ghastly faces, blanched lips, and the deep sunken eyes, appearing more livid in their sockets, from the white muffers securing the lower jaw, surveyed me with frightful interest. The sexton had closed his mouth, the moment we entered the vault, and now preceded me a few steps, creeping slowly and stealthily, with his face turned towards me, over his shoulder—it was now as death-like and unmoved as any of them. I would have given worlds to have been out from among that ghastly crew—but a spell was on me. I kept making the circuit of that vault, like a wild beast in his cage. In one place I passed an old knight, sitting grim and ghastly, as if by constraint; his long beard flowing over his winding-sheet, on the

spot where he had been placed a century before. The mailed gauntlets, and long two-handed sword, lying by the hand which, palsied, could not clench them. How his cold grey eye glared on me! and near him, cut off in the budding bloom of her loveliness, rested the colorless image of her, whose beauty was proclaimed amid the shattering of spears, in jousts and tournaments, and in the high revelry of the wassail cup and banquet hall. And here, of later date, the sharp features of the lawyer appeared still sharper, as the pinching hand of death had passed over them; his casuistry could nought avail him. The assuming ignorance of the physician,—the hypocritical sanctity of the divine, were strong in the expression that the remorseless savage had frozen on them with his chilling touch. Did they find in that cold vault their theories realized? Childhood, manhood, old age, were staring on me; the faces of the dead became to me as neighbors. I thought myself buried before my time—hours and days appeared to pass over me—but tramp,—tramp, preceded by the indefatigable sexton, did I hurry around that den. A burst of music from the organ in the church, alone swept over me. Oh! it was most strange! It was touched by no earthly hand—it was grand—terrible—wild. First rose a scarce audible sound from the smallest pipe, and then a full burst, like a peal of thunder, poured in the whole mass of trumpets, and then rolling and rising, and falling, the most exquisite symphonies, playing in the intervals, it would grow fainter and fainter, till my heart sickened with its endeavor to catch it, exquisite as the morning hymn of the Cherubims in adoration: and these deafening, yelling roars, as if the fiends of hell were bursting from their confinement. The organ ceased. Another moment—the dead men arose from their coffins, and each grasping his light, held it in his extended hand, and leaning forward, stared fiercely and threatening at me. My time had come.—The sexton unresisted passed a cord around me, securing my arms to my body. The old grim knight slowly drew his sword—a hellish laugh rung around the vault,—he measured his distance,—he wielded it with both hands whistling around his head—another moment would have severed me from scalp to shoulder. I gasped, I endeavored to call out — — — — the fatal shock suddenly fell.

“Friend! Friend! hallo, what the deuce is the matter with you,”—and with a shake I opened my eyes, and never was man more rejoiced than I, when the rough shake of a fellow-passenger awoke me from a dream; and the horrors of decapitation was nothing but the pulling up the coach at the Tremont House.

It appeared that I had fallen asleep, and by the jolting of the stage had been thrown into a very uncomfortable position, and with my head sunk into my breast, had been breathing like a man in an apoplexy. My outcry roused the rest of the passengers from their slumbers. “Driver, driver, stop—stop the stage, here’s a man in a fit.” “We shall be all murdered,” screamed another, in the shrill tones of a woman’s voice.—“Woman, be still!” growled a third, “the man’s only dreaming.” “Sure enough,” said I, apologizing, for disturbing their slumbers. “I was but dreaming, but it was of the DOINGS OF THE DEAD!”

THE COMING IN OF SPRING.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

The voice of Spring—the voice of Spring,
I hear it from afar!—
He comes with sunlight on his wing,
And ray of morning star:
His impulse thrills through rill and flood,
It throbs along the main,—
'Tis stirring in the waking wood,
And trembling o'er the plain!

The Cuckoo's call from hill to hill,
Announces he is nigh;
The Nightingale has found the rill
She loved to warble by;
The Thrush to sing is all athirst,
But will not till he see
Some sign of Him—then out will burst
The treasured melody!

He comes—he comes! Behold, behold,
That glory in the East—
Of burning beams, of glowing gold,
And light by light increased!
The heavy clouds have rolled away,
That darkened sky and earth;
And blue and splendid breaks the day,
With universal mirth!

Already, to the skies the Lark
Mounts fast on dewy wings—
Already, round the heavens, hark!
His happy anthem rings—
Already, Earth unto her heart
Inhales the genial heat—
Already, see the flowers start,
To beautify his feet!

The Violet is sweetening now,
The air of hill and dell;

The Snow-drops, that from Winter's brow,
 As he retreated, fell,
 Have turned to flowers, and gem the bowers
 Where late the wild storm whirled ;
 And warmer rays, with lengthening days,
 Give verdure to the world.

The work is done ;—but there is One
 Who has the task assigned—
 Who guides the serviceable Sun,
 And gathers up the wind ;—
 Who showers down the needful rain,
 He measures in His hand ;
 And rears the tender-springing grain,
 That life may fill the land.

The pleasant Spring, the joyous Spring !
 His course is onward now ;—
 He comes with sunlight on his wing,
 And beauty on his brow ;
 His impulse thrills through rill and flood,
 And throbs along the main,—
 'Tis stirring in the waking wood,
 And trembling o'er the plain.

We cannot refrain from inserting the following extract from the letter of the gifted gentleman who sent us the above.

“LONDON, March 1, 1833.

***** “But perhaps this offer of mine may not be sufficient to tempt you ? Poetry certainly is a drug here, at which the reading public make most ludicrously wry faces ; but in America, where there is more simplicity of manners, and much more freshness of the feelings, it is, perhaps—nay, I have no doubt it is “in better adorn.” My rhymes may not be such as will “witch the western world with verse-manship,” but I send them to you on a venture. If you like them, the probability is, that your reading public may be like-minded ; if you do not, why, then I have only taken some little trouble to show you that I am willing to oblige you, and that I could not oblige you as much as I wished.”

It would indeed argue but little for the taste or feelings of any people, where verses so replete with many of the finest beauties of poetry and thought, as the specimen we have given, would not be appreciated. Our readers will have the gratification of occasionally perusing other pieces from the same pen.—Ed.

AMY DAYTON.

"The night of oppression shall end,
 The dawn of thy glory shall rise;
 And the star of thy hope shall ascend
 To its zenith again in the skies!"—Brooks.

At that period of our revolutionary struggle when the weak despaired, and even the most sanguine doubted, of the success of the cause in which they were engaged, the village of Mapleton—a beautiful little place on the ———, fell into the hands of a party of the enemy, under Major Fetherstone, an officer, whose profligacy and cruelty were less questionable than his courage. Scarcely had he taken possession of his new quarters, when Amy Dayton, the daughter of a respectable villager, who, like most of his neighbors, had gone to fight the battles of his country, became the "Cynthia of the minute." Though not strikingly beautiful, there was so much natural grace in every movement of her tall and commanding figure—something so delightful in the varied expression of her sunny countenance, and something so winning in the murmured music of her silvery voice, that no one could look upon her without admiring—if he felt not something warmer than mere admiration—and Major Fetherstone, who had long roved "from flower to flower," among the proudest beauties of his native land, became, upon the instant, deeply enamoured of this floweret of the wild, that seemed

—————"born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Had the intentions of the Major been as honorable as they were the contrary, or had he been fighting *for*, instead of *against*, her country, Amy Dayton would never have listened with a willing ear to his tale of love, for her young heart's affections had long been in the keeping of another, and with him, the young, the gifted, and the brave, whom her imagination had endowed with all the perfections of humanity, a far better man than Major Fetherstone must have suffered in comparison.

At an early hour one morning, a few weeks after the Major's occupation of the village, a creature of that officer's, known by the name of Sergeant Jack, bolted into the bar-room of the Indian Queen, and demanded admission to the apartment of his superior.

"Why," said the landlord, "as I han't heerd nothing of the Major this morning, I don't think he's up yet. Howsomnever, I'll send Joe up for to see. Here Joe, run up to the Major's room, and see if you can't hear any thing on him. Have you any petikelar business with him, Sergan?"

"Why, what is it to you, whether I have or not?" said the Sergeant.

"O, nothing, only ——"

"Well, for the gratification of your d——d Yankee curiosity, I'll tell you this once. I want to see him concerning some prisoners I without.

"Prisoners, Sergan?"

"Yes, a couple of your hot-headed rebels," was the answer.

"Officers, or privates?"

"Neither, I believe."

"What then, pray?"

"Why an officer and a private, I take it."

"You'm nice in your distinctions, Sergan."

"Officer-like, you know—Must regard distinction."

"Am they old or young?"

"Why, the oldest is young enough to be a son, and the youngest might easily be a father."

"You'm a dry joker, Sergan," observed the host.

"Reason good, my old boy! I've not had a drop to drink for the last hour; so hand me some of your usquebaugh, that being the most loyal liquor in this d——d rebellious country, and

"Chalk it on the barrel head, along with the old score,
And I'll pay you up my reckoning when the wars they are o'er."

The landlord did as he was required, and after finishing his potation, Sergeant Jack proceeded to the apartment of the Major, who, he had informed him, was ready to admit him.

"What now, Sergeant?" demanded the Major, as that worthy entered.

"Why, an't please your honor," he replied, bending his body, and sinking his voice to the most humble tone, "I have brought you a couple of prisoners."

"Fellows that resisted your attacks on their hen-roost, I suppose," said the Major, with a contemptuous laugh.

"No, your honor, no; but a couple of men that, though in the disguise of Indians, I have good reason to believe are spies?"

"Spies! say you? Where did you find them?"

"Skulking among the cedars about half a mile up the river."

"Did they surrender themselves peaceably to you?"

"O no, your honor; but though they fought it out bravely; having some of our brave fellows with me, we soon brought them to terms."

"I will see them," said the Major, rising. Then, followed by the Sergeant, he descended to the front of the inn, where he found the prisoners strongly guarded, and surrounded by a number of the white and black tatterdemalions of the village, who slunk away on the appearance of the dreaded Major.

The prisoners, as stated by Serjeant Jack, were in the disguise of Indians, and indeed, the younger, who was tall and rather slender, looked the very thing he pretended to be; but no one could, for a moment, mistake the elder for a son of the forest, so little were his short, rotund figure, and plump, merry-looking face in keeping with the character he had attempted to personate. After looking long and earnestly in the face of the former, who unshrinkingly returned his gaze, Major Fetherstone demanded of him who and what he was.

"A soldier of Freedom," was the reply.

"An officer of the rebel army. Am I not right?"

"My countryman have honored me with a commission."

"Which you have dishonored by assuming the dress of the lawless savage."

"Did a man's honor depend upon his dress," replied the prisoner, with a glance at the well-dressed person of the Major, "then would Major Fetherstone rank high among honorable men."

"And who dare say he does not?" demanded the Major, with eyes flashing fury.

"One that knows him well."

"Indeed!"

"Ay, even I—*Charles Harleigh*."

"Hah!" ejaculated the Major, while a thrill of fiendish joy shot through his frame, as he thought of the power he now held over Amy Dayton, by having the life of his rival in his hands. "You hold strange language, sir; he continued, "though you possess such a perfect knowledge of me, until this morning I do not think we ever met."

"Nor did we; but such men as Major Fetherstone are known to thousands by whom they were never seen."

"Insulting!" muttered the Major. Then, turning to the elder prisoner, he asked, "Who, sir, are you?"

"My name is Jonathan Dayton, for many years a resident of this village, and at present a soldier in the service of my country."

"In other words—a rebel."

"As you please, sir," said Dayton, coolly; "we shan't quarrel about terms."

"Well, Mr. Dayton, can you assign any reason for appearing in this disguise?"

"I think I can, and the very best reason in the world, too; I darn't appear without it. I had a kind a hankering arter home, and, as I knew this part of the country to be rather unsettled, I thought I mought reach it with greater safety by dressing myself up in disguise, which I now look upon as a blamed foolish notion. This 'ere chap, that you seem to have taken sich a fancy to, wanted to come with me,

and for my sake, rather than his own, he consented to dress himself like a redskin. So there's the why and the wherefore."

"You must be aware," said Major Fetherstone, with an unwonted assumption of dignity, "that the fact of your having been taken near our camp, in disguise, would naturally lead me to the conclusion that you came as spies, and should I act according to the precedent of one of your own generals, I might this instant hang you upon one of yonder trees; but a British officer can only punish where punishment is merited. You shall, therefore, be tried as soldiers should be; and according as your judges shall determine, so shall it be done unto you. Sergeant, to your care I commit the prisoners; and see that they want nothing consistent with your duty to grant. Here the Major left them, and proceeded immediately to the dwelling of Dayton's wife, in which, fortunately as he conceived, he found Amy alone.

"Good morrow to you, my fair one," said the Major, gaily, as he approached the blooming daughter of him whom he had just consigned to prison.

"Good morning, sir," said Amy, coldly; as she rose to offer him a seat.

"I hope you do not consider my visit ill-timed, Miss Dayton;" said he, in a tone of witching softness, "knowing, as you do, that it has been prompted purely by the longings of a lover to hear the voice of her in whom his soul delighteth."

"You know well, sir," returned Amy, with a dash of bitterness in her tone, "that at what time soever your visits are made, they *must* be received."

"How unkind this is of you, Amy! when you know that it gives me more pleasure to look upon that lovely, but ah! unkind countenance, than, with all my devotion to my royal master, I could feel at beholding Washington, and his rebel host, at the foot of the throne, suing for pardon."

"And O, that we might never meet till then."

"In faith, my fair one, that would not be long. Already your deeply infatuated countrymen are aware of the desperate nature of the game they are playing, and only wait a fitting opportunity to throw it up; and when they shall abandon the cause——"

"Abandon the cause!" exclaimed the maiden, the fire of enthusiasm lighting up her whole countenance; "abandon the cause for which a Washington fights—a Warren bled! They may be beaten, crushed, exterminated!—but while life beats in the bosoms of my countrymen, that cause they never can—they never will abandon!"

"You are an incorrigible rebel, Amy," said the Major, smiling; "but a truce to the ungentle subject. Now let us talk of love."

"How can he, Major Fetherstone, who breathes nothing but hatred to my country, talk of love to me?"

"I do not hate your country, my fair Amy; and though circumstances have obliged me to war with your countrymen, there is one at least of the fair daughters of your country whom I love as——"

"The wolf loves the lamb."

"How well you know your power! But, come—I have no time for further trifling—will you, by becoming mine, render happy the heart that adores you?"

"Major Fetherstone," said Amy, resuming her former coldness of manner, "I have told you over and over—and I now repeat it—that on no conditions can I, nor will I, ever become yours."

"By heavens!" exclaimed the Major, in a tone and manner more consonant to his natural character than the gentle ones he had hitherto used to her, "you shall!"

"*Shall*, Major Fetherstone?" said she, while the spirit of her country flashed from her eyes?"

"Yes, *shall*! I have long known for whom I was rejected, and fortune has now kindly placed him in my power. One word of mine restores him to life and liberty, or sends him to a felon's death. You smile incredulously, Amy; but it is well known to all the village, that Harleigh—the favored Harleigh—and your father, are now my prisoners."

"If it has pleased heaven," said Amy, in a voice which she meant to be firm, while the bloodless hue of her cheek, and the slight quivering of her lip betrayed her inward struggle; "to place at your disposal the lives of those dearest to me, it is my duty to submit; but beware how thou sheddest innocent blood, for assuredly it will be required of thee." So saying, she retreated to an inner apartment, to which the Major made an attempt to follow, but the sudden manner in which she closed the door in his face, obliged him to desist.

The prison to which Harleigh and Dayton had been conducted, was a substantial farm-house that the soldiers of Fetherstone had possessed themselves of, and, to his surprise, Harleigh soon discovered that the room in which they were incarcerated was the parlor, or "best room," of his paternal home.

"O!" said Dayton, as he stamped up and down the large and cheerless room, in which no fire had been lighted for months, "that I should have lived to see the day that I, who love so well to breathe the fresh air that was meant for all God's critters, should be cooped up like a setting hen! O, Martha, had I but taken your advice I might have kept out of this hobble! My poor, old gal! must I never see you more! or you, my noble, my darling Amy! How little did I think, when I began the life of a soldier, that I should end it, by dying the death of a dog!"

"I have it! I have it!" exclaimed Harleigh, starting from the seat he had occupied in seeming despondence since the moment of his entrance.

"You have it?" said Dayton, stopping short, and staring at his companion, "Why, what the dickens have you got?"

"Hush!" said Harleigh—then sinking his voice to a whisper, he added, "Do you wish to be free?"

—"Wish to be free? Would I eat when I'm hungry, or drink when I'm dry, think you? Heaven only knows how I wish to be free, for, old as I am, I ha'n't lived so long as to wish to die yet; but it's folly to fret!" said the old man, with a deep sigh, as he resumed his walk.

"Listen to me!" said Harleigh, following him. "This house was built by my grandfather, soon after the massacre at Schenectady, and that its occupants might be enabled to make their escape in case of an attack from the Indians, he contrived a secret passage from each room to the cellar, and thence to the river. Behold!" he continued, opening the door of a large clothes-press, the bottom of which, upon his touching a secret spring, flew up, and disclosed to the eyes of Dayton, an uninterrupted passage to the cellar.

"By Golly, that's fine!" exclaimed the old man, rubbing his hands together with delight. "Now, s'pose we clear ourselves?"

"Not yet!" returned Harleigh; "it is by many hours too early; for, should our flight be discovered before we have crossed the river, nothing could save us from falling again into the hands of the enemy."

With the reason of his companion, Dayton was perfectly satisfied; and, as his prospects brightened, the natural gaiety of his heart returned, and he gave vent to the exuberance of his feelings in the following song, in which he made up in noise, what it wanted in melody.

"How blest a life the soldier leads,
From care and trouble free;
He's plagued not with or brats or wife,
And that's the life for me.
With knapsacks light, and full canteen,
O, who so rich as he!
Or who so gay as the soldier lad—
The soldier of 'Liberty.'

He does not fear that storms will rise,
While he in sunshine lives;
He loves his friends and to his foes,
A warm reception gives.
And when he dies where die the brave,
Blest even in death is he,
For hallowed's the spot where in peace is laid,
The soldier of Liberty!"

Scarce was the song concluded, when Sergeant Jack entered.

"You are merry, my old boy," said he.

"As well be merry as sad, you know," was the reply.

"Particularly while the gallows is erecting."

"Then we are to be hanged?"

"To be sure you are. What else, as rebels and spies, could you expect?"

"O, nothing, certainly. But when?"

"To-morrow—at twelve."

"I'm glad of *that!*" said the old man, in a kind of theatrical *aside*.

"Glad of what?" asked the Sergeant, quickly.

"That we're to be hanged, to be sure. But I should like to see you swing first, as I know you would do it more nateral like."

"You're an old fool!" said the Sergeant, gruffly.

"May be, there's a pair of us, Sergeant?" said Dayton, with a short, dry laugh.

"But your fellow-bird, here," said the Sergeant, "does not seem to like his cage as well as you—or, perhaps, he don't like the amusement of hanging as well."

"O, poor fellow, he's but young yet. By the time he has risked his neck as often as you and I, Sergeant, he'll think quite as little of it."

"Captain Harleigh," said Sergeant Jack, respectfully addressing the younger prisoner, "I beg to speak a word with you. Mr. Merryman, take yourself to the other end of the room. I come from Major Fetherstone, sir, who, thinking it a pity that a young gentleman of such promise should be thus early lost to the world, and, as the only means of saving a life already forfeited, wishes you to consider well of the noble offer of General Howe, and promises, in case you submit to our royal master, God bless him! to exert his interest to procure for you an office in his majesty's service, superior even to that you have held in the rebel army."

"My life," said Harleigh, without rising from the seat to which he had returned on the entrance of the Sergeant, "is in the hands of HIM that gave it; my honor he hath entrusted to my own keeping. Return to Major Fetherstone, with such thanks as the kindness of his motive, evinced by his *honorable* proposal, may deserve; and tell him, that valueless as my services may be to my country, I will never desert it."

"But, sir ——"

"You have my answer," returned Harleigh, waving him from him; and the Sergeant, like a dog that had gone upon a wrong scent, slunk sneakingly back to his master.

From the time of the Sergeant's departure on his mission to Har-

leigh until his return, Major Fetherstone continued to pace his chamber with quick and unequal steps, while every gesture betrayed the workings of a perturbed mind. "Fool that I am!" he mentally exclaimed, "to suffer the conduct of this Yankee maiden to chafe my pride; yet, in good sooth, such a girl as she might well make a fool of a wiser man than I, whose motto has ever been—'*Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle!*' and possess her I will, and that, too, by means of him for whom my offer has been scorned. I know, that, much as she loves this Harleigh, she loves her country more; and, by detaching her lover from the cause to which her soul is devoted, I detach her from him. That he will accede to my proposal—when the gallows is the only alternative—I will not for a moment doubt; and if he does, his power over her affections is gone forever. And then——" He stopped. "At any rate," he continued, "whether or not, her heart is to be caught in the rebound; his she shall never be."

"Well, Sergeant, what success?" he demanded, as his familiar now made his appearance; and, on receiving the required answer, his face became livid with passion, as he muttered through his clenched teeth, "then he shall die, by heaven!"

"Stay a moment, Jack," said the Major, as the worthy Sergeant was quitting the apartment. "It is doubtless as well known to you, as to every body else, the interest that Dayton's daughter takes in this Harleigh; and though I have but little reason to respect her feelings, I would not willingly wound them by hanging her lover at her very door. Now I wish you to hit upon some plan for getting her out of the village to-night, without exciting the suspicions of the villagers against me."

"There's nothing easier, your honor," said the Sergeant. "There's a number of scoundrelly Indians, and other outcasts of nature, now hanging about the village, that, for a trifling consideration, would to-night prevent the execution of her lover giving her the slightest uneasiness to-morrow."

"But, understand me. I wish to spare her life as well as her feelings."

"Well, your honor, I will give them to understand that they are to bear her off, without injury to her person; and, my life for it, they'll do it without rumpling her bedgown."

"Very well," said the Major, and the Sergeant departed.

The movements of Time are proverbially slow to those that wish his pace accelerated, but never to the mariner in sight of home, to the fevered wretch upon his bed of suffering, or lover in expectation of a meeting with her that first awoke the passion in his heart, were they slower than to the impatient Dayton, while waiting for the moment, in which he hoped again to breathe the air of freedom. At

length the seemingly interminable day came to a close, and, with a degree of trepidation he had never felt, when placed in the van of battle, the old man prepared to follow Harleigh through the darksome passage that was to conduct them beyond the power of the enemy ; and, when he found himself on the western bank of the river, he turned towards Mapleton, and apostrophizing the distant Fetherstone, exultingly exclaimed, "Ha, ha ! my cute one, ha'n't we played you a nice trick ! But, bless me, Charles, what can be the meaning of that ?

The young man turned, and beheld a dense cloud faintly tinged with flame color, hanging over his native village. It became brighter and more bright until it floated away to the south, when a fierce bright flame rushed up to the very heavens, shedding its lurid light upon the surrounding country, and to their horror they perceived that it proceeded from the burning of Dayton's dwelling.

"My wife ! my child !" burst from the heart of the agonized old man.

"They shall be saved !" said Harleigh, as he flew, rather than ran, across the glassy covering of the river. But though he far outstripped his companion, he arrived not at the scene of devastation until too late. Mother and daughter had disappeared, and of the late comfortable dwelling of the Daytons, nothing but a heap of burning ruins remained ; and in aggravation of the misery of the husband, and father, and lover, they soon found they had uselessly thrown themselves into the power of those from whom they had so lately escaped.

Dame Dayton had early retired to rest, and was in the enjoyment of a quiet slumber, when the terrific yells of many voices, burst startlingly upon her ear. She sprang from her bed. But when, to the horror of finding herself surrounded by savage men, was added the sight of the fierce flames careering wildly round her, the eyes of the old woman closed in utter insensibility, and apparently lifeless, she was borne from the scene of destruction.

When restored to consciousness, she was lying before a crackling fire, within a miserable hovel, upon a mat made of the husks of the maize. She rose, and looked cautiously round her, but no human form was near ; she went to the door, and looked out into the night ; but nothing, save a dark mass of forest, with the dark blue heavens above, studded with a countless multitude of stars met her gaze. But feeling the utter impossibility of making her way back to the village in her present state of bewilderment, she sat down at the fire to wait the return of day ; and, as its cold, grey light, shed over the surrounding trees, she rose and departed.

After wandering for hours, until despair had begun to take possession of her heart, she ascended a woody eminence, at the base of which, she saw her own sweet village of Mapleton, but not in its

usual state of repose ; for some unwonted circumstance had brought the young and the old of the place to the green, in front of the small white meeting-house ; and, on arriving amongst them, she found in a strangely constructed thing, formed of two upright posts, with a beam across the top of them, from which a couple of ropes were dangling in the wind, the object of their curiosity.

The sudden appearance of Dame Dayton amongst them, excited little surprise less in the minds of the assembled villagers, than if she had actually returned from the world of spirits, to which they had concluded they had been despatched the night before. Each, as was natural, was anxious to hear all that had happened to their old neighbor, and her daughter, who had disappeared at the same time with her mother. But though she had little to tell them of herself, she had less to tell of Amy, of whom she knew absolutely nothing ; and the impression was strong on every mind that Amy Dayton had perished in the flames.

The hearty indulgence of her grief, for the loss of her child, could not repress the spirit of curiosity stirring within her ; and pointing to the strange thing before her, asked, "What is that there for?" No one answered. "I say, neighbor Parsons," addressing a venerable old man, "what is that there thing for?"

"Ah, dame!" he replied, with a sorrowful shake of the head, "you will know that soon enough!"

"Look! look! they're coming!" shouted a number of tiny voices. The dame looked, as every body else did, and beheld, under an escort of armed men, her husband and Harleigh, chained together like a couple of malefactors. Instantly the horrid use for which that thing was intended, flashed upon her mind, and, uttering a shrill cry, like one in sudden pain, she sunk upon the ground.

"O, that this might have been spared me!" said Dayton, as a hot tear rolled down his aged cheek ; and he quickened his pace in the hope of reaching the gallows before his wife should recover from her swoon. But at that moment, a shout of irrepressible joy broke from the crowd of villagers, which was instantly responded to by a body of hunting-shirted soldiers that rushed upon the scene. Confusion indescribable ensued, which was soon terminated, however, in the liberation of Harleigh and Dayton, and the surrender of the enemy, with the exception of a few that were killed in the fray, among whom were Major Fetherstone and his creature, Sergeant Jack.

Though the news that Major Fetherstone had imparted to her, was to Amy Dayton, a blow as severe as unexpected, yet she went about her ordinary avocations with a countenance as little indicative of human suffering, as if nothing had occurred to cloud its wonted serenity, and neither by word or look, did she betray to her mother the peril of her father's situation.

After revolving in her mind a number of plans for the liberation of her father and lover, she could settle on but one that seemed to promise the possibility of success, and from this she shrunk at first as something incompatible with the delicacy of her sex. But when she thought of it as the only means of saving the lives of those so dear to her, she instantly banished all scruples from her mind, and as soon as her mother had retired for the night, she set about putting it into execution. For this purpose she left the house, and fearing to be observed, took a circuitous path to the river, which she crossed without having met with the slightest interruption. But now, with all her knowledge of the country, she soon found herself involved in the most perplexing difficulties, which seemed every moment increasing; until, fatigued and disheartened, she was about to abandon the attempt, when a bright light shining round her, showed far to the right the valley through which her course lay, and which she hastened to regain; and as the tops of the neighboring mountains were gilded with the beams of the rising sun, Amy Dayton entered the American camp.

An opportunity was immediately afforded her of preferring her suit to the General, who listened with affectionate interest to the story of the maiden, and unhesitatingly granted her request, by sending a detachment of soldiers to the relief of the prisoners; and, notwithstanding her harassed condition, she insisted upon returning with it, and was among the first to congratulate her father and lover on their escape from the ignominious death destined for them by Fetherstone.

PATRICK'S LETTER TO HIS KINSFOLK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAYINGS AND DOINGS AT THE TREMONT HOUSE."

New-York, April 3, 1833.

Praised be all the saints! Thady, my dear brother, we have got here at last. Oh, of all born places in the big world, America is the land for the poor and disolate man to come to. Barring ould Ireland, it's the paradise of the earth. We'd a pleasant passage enough, save now and then, when the sea put on airs, and made a big swell of itself. No deaths on board, except two pigs, five sheep, and twenty-two fowls, which were all kilt to find a grave in the stomachs of the cabin passengers. Our father bore the passage mighty well, considering his grey hairs; but Lion (poor dog) didn't seem to like his berth at all, at all. He suffered much from say-sickness, and barked a good dale at nights; but 'twas moon-light, and, you know, he never could abide the moon. Well, New-York is (barring Cork) the city

of the universal world. There's a street in it, Thady, called Broadway, which runs five miles and a half, and then don't stop; and the beautifullest pigs ever you laid your eyes on, running through the streets, without an owner; and as the sargeant tould Barney, (thru enough,) squealing as if they were saying, "Come and catch me." It's full of handsome shops, and iligant ladies. Oh, Thady, Thady, if ye want to see delicate shapes, coal-black eyes, and nate ancles, you must come to New-York. By the powers, the bare sight of 'em has made the ould man quite young again. Only think! he said to me yesterday, ('twas after dinner,") "Pat," says he, "I hear there's a bushel of fresh widows in this town; and plaze goodness, I'll be afther giving ye a second modher, my lad, before long." Ha! ha! Thady, how odd if we should get an American mother, and we twins, too! We have put up at a boarding-house, in the upper part of the city, (for 'twas there, the captain said, they let lodging chapest,) and find ourselves comfortable enough. There are more than twenty fellow-boarders, to keep us company, and we go on as regularly and pleasantly together, as if we were playing a game of leap-frog. There is one ould gentleman who has taken father's heart intirely; he'd had mine, too, but his daughter, the delicate little thief, stole it before him. Poor little Alice—the cratur! Thady, to fill up my sheet, I'll tell you a morsel of a story about little Alice. From the first, then, it was quite apparent, both to father and myself, that something was continually breaking the dear innocent's heart. There she sat—at dinner, and at tay, and at breakfast, so woful and melancholy, that it made one's eyes ache to look at her. As pale, Thady, she was—ay, as pale as a new laid egg; and a look from her large, dark eyes, showed you that Despair had appropriated them to himself, for looking-glasses. You know, Thady, where the fair sex is concerned, I'm a mighty tunder subject. My heart is sure to take fire at the sight of one of the sweet sows, and so did my father's before me—if our poor mother's word, and there's no earthly reason for doubting it, is to be believed.

I was mightily concerned for this sweet cratur, and I longed to know the cause of her grief. "May be," thought I, "she may be wishing for a husband—why not?" And then—but I recollected the vow of fidelity I gave to my own dear Norah across the big wathers, and I said to myself, "*Charity*, Pat, *charity* should always begin at home." Her father—his name, by the way, is Whipple—was sorely afraid that she was about going into a consumption, or getting a liver complaint; and frequent and long were the chats he had with father and myself touching poor little Alice's supposed ailments. But it wasn't consumption, Thady, nor any soreness about the liver that affected her. There was no need to feel her pulse to find out that. You could see in her eyes that it was her *heart* which was constantly sending out signals of distress, and I made up my mind, to find out, if possible, the cause. Well, yesterday morning, I happened to enter her private sitting-room, to return a book which the ould gentlemen had lent to father, when I found the young lady engaged in sitting for her pictur, to as smooth a cheeked brush handler as you'd like to see on the other side. By the holy Saint whose name I bear, I saw how it was in a shake, which

is one less than a brace of 'em ;—the two sows were loving one another, Thady, without *knowing it* ; or, may be, if they did know it, they reckon- ed, no doubt, that ould Whipple—who is as rich as the bank—would never give his consent to their joining hands and going into a life-partner- ship. “Well,” says I, to myself, “it’s always my luck to see into things farther and deeper than other people ;” and I made up my mind, on the spot, to spake to father to spake to the ould gentleman, as delicately as possible, on the subject, taking the first opportunity. And — But Thady, my man, the packet don’t sail for four days and more, so I’ll break off here, and begin the *finish* by and by.

P. S. They’ve a mighty fine breed of pigs in this city, and ’tis as good as a play to see the poor dumb bastes strutting about, as free as lords, in the streets. See that !

April 4.

Well, Thady, I was telling you, before I left off, what I intinded to do about little Alice. And here, let me call to your mind that fine ould saying of Orator Grattan, that “*hell is paved with good intintions.*” Thru enough, that ! for I’d like to have got more than one finger in the *fire* for meddling wid other people’s matthers. You must know, then, that last night, after I broke off writing, we, that is, father and myself, went to a play-house, called the Park—why they call it the *Park* I didn’t ask, but it’s very like a house. The play was called the Merchant of Venus, and funny enough, troth ! It is all about an ould jew butcher who gives a heap of duck hats (what queer names, Thady, those mounseers give to their money, and every thing else) for a pound of man’s flesh. The cannibal ! However, ’twas against the law, (thank goodness !) as a lady in a large black gown told them, and the butcher, as rigilar a built savage as ever I saw, barely escaped hanging for making such a bargain. During the play, father and I were much plazed at an instance of the purdigious spirit of these fine people. All of a sudden the boys in the pit set up a divel of a shout at a dandy in the boxes, who turned his back, instead of his face, to the stage. “A trollop—a trollop !” bawled they ; which soon brought little mister to the rightabout ! A mighty nate way, that, Thady, my boy, of teaching the craturs manners in good company. But as I was going to tell you, after the play, the ould man and I made the best of our way to a grog shop—which we had to go under ground to get into—for ’twas a cellar ; and faith, who should be there, but ould Whipple himself. And by and by he begins to talk about his daughter, and her lap-full of complaints. “Now then,” thought I, “for to come out wid the little dishcovery I made yestherday forenoon.” “Mr. Whipple,” says I, “it wasn’t my luck to be brought up to the docthoring business ; but I’ve a way of *seeing* into things,” says I, “and between ourselves, I think I’ve found out her disorther, sir,” says I ; “and, if you’ll give me lave, I’ll make bould to give you my opinion aboest it, sir,” says I.

“Well, sir ; your opinion, sir,” says he.

"Why then, sir," says I, "'tis my own rale, original, and individual opinion, that your daughter is dape in love, sir;" says I.

"In what, sir?" says he.

"In LOVE, sir," says I.

"In love, sir?" says he; "with whom, sir?" says he.

"Fair and softly, Mr. Whipple," quo' your own natural born twin brother Pat, Thady dear; "fair and softly, sir," says I, "'tis a delicate subject to tread upon; yet I'll give ye my private idea of the original merits of the case, if ye'll order another glass of whiskey punch all round, sir," says I. And he ordered it! "Now, sir," says I, to the ould boy, "your daughter, sir, and it's a secret I'll niver minton to mortal man—*is in love*; and I have reason to believe that I know the *man*."

"*Yourself*, perhaps?" said ould Whipple, with a sneer all round his mouth, thicker and uglier than a pair of sandy mustachios, "you mane *yourself*, no doubt, sir?" repeated he, with a grin of scorn, that set all my blood in such a *boil* that a beef-stake might have been *roasted* outside me.

"If Time and Wickedness hadn't dropt some specks of white upon your head, out of their painting brushes" says I, "ould Whipple, I'd be after trating your nose to some lessons of moral knockology."

"You would?" says he.

"Yes, would I—I'd give you such a dose of red hot Irish knuckles, that there shouldn't be left out of that ugly looking fuzzboll of yours" (he takes snuff, Thady, twelve times a minute) a stump sufficiently high for a fly to rest his game leg upon—ye blackguard!"

Upon that, ould Whipple gave me a punch in the left eye, that had like to have sent it out of the back door of my head. My father cried "thieves!" and I bellowed "murther," for the sight was gone out from me intirely—far away—out and out. But I jumped up, and hit and kicked right and left, like a nate Irish lad, until one big blow, given by fifty fists, at the laste, sent me sprawling, and drove the sinse out of me. It seems, Thady, my twin, your darling brother has since seen the inside of a watch-house on this side the large ditch; but poor Pat wasn't conscious of it, for, by my soul, I didn't open my eyes till sivin o'clock this morning; when I found myself in bed at our lodging-place. Since that, it's all smoothed over; but I'll niver spake to ould Whipple again, unless it is to give him a big thump on the left eye. What d'ye think, Thady, that little divel in petticoats, Alice, won't look at me since the row, and it all for her good!

My father is looking about the best way how to lay out the twelve hunder. He begs his love and duty to you, and all friends. So no more at present, from your loving twin,

PATRICK O'DWYER.

LITERARY AND CRITICAL NOTICES

OF NEW WORKS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN, CONSIDERED IN RELATION TO EXTERNAL OBJECTS;
by George Combe. Boston, Allen and Ticknor.

WHAT an age do we live in? All the beautiful thoughts, and standard opinions of the Ancients, which delighted our youth, and our progenitor's whole lives so long, are, by the light of modern science, turning into sophisms, or melting into fictions before our eyes; and in our days we question whether even the dervise of old, who pored for several days upon the skull, that in answer to the Sultan's question, he might administer that celebrated lesson of salutary equality: "I have been exerting all my sagacity in vain to discover whether this skull belonged to an illustrious monarch, like your majesty, or to a poor dervise like myself," would not have been laughed at for his ignorance by half the school-boys in the country; and the most backward apprentice behind an apothecary's counter, would have undertaken to inform him whether the deceased owner was a genius or a blockhead, a conqueror, or a coward.

Phrenology is certainly one of the peculiar traits of the age. It was already sufficiently distinguished by daring scientific and mechanical inventions. Spurzheim put the crown upon its eminence in subverting all former metaphysical systems, by the promulgation of a discovery which reduced the subtle and varying theories of mind, to the certainty of geometrical precision, and which astonished the world of philosophers, by the felicitous novelty of commencing its inquiries at the uninviting point, where the less ambitious, but more plausible physiognomists had precisely ended. This certainly had its effect. The sages of Germany were dazzled for a time with the bold features and lofty pretensions of this new "Lion." But custom, and doubtless some philosophical misgivings, soon wore off its attractions; and, in "Vater land," craniology, and its promulgators, were soon voted a bore. But this only gave that saying of the highest possible authority,—*οτι προφήτης ει τη ιδία πατριδι τιμη ουκ εχει* which long truth has turned into a maxim another and forcible illustration. Some lucky wind wafted the doctrine to Edinburgh, and the indignant shades of Hutcheson, and Reid, and Brown, saw their established reputation sinking

away from its foundation; and the whole merit of their sublime discoveries in mental philosophy, unblushingly transferred to the laurels of a rival and merely organic science. Much of this result, and indeed of the continued standing of phrenology, must be placed to the zeal and talents of one of its earliest converts. The author of this work; who from being a very Saul against its innovations, has turned a Paul in its favor, and has ever since continued to propagate its doctrines, with the diligence and the enthusiasm of an apostle.

It was, however, by slow degrees, that it rose to the elevation, which is claimed for it in the present volume, of being a complete and absolute system of metaphysics. Its progress to this dignity has been curious, but characteristic; and strongly resembles the ingenuity and effrontery with which rogues, in a thousand instances, gradually convert connivance, at any usurpation, into a ground of right, until interpreting tacit admission into precedents, they establish a property where no one ever dreamt before they had a claim.

At first, its votaries and inventors (for it is an invention, and we therefore prefer this word to discoverers) were content with the excitement which it created—well satisfied that the astonishment and abuse with which it was assailed, had shoved it into a place among the wonders of the age.

At this stage it was little else than an anatomical demonstration of the brain, in elucidation of its organs. They next produced an elaborate exposition of its principles, in which its separate pretensions and plausibilities were laboriously defined.—When the public had thus become acquainted with its general character and minute features, they found their highest triumph in establishing its perfect adaptation to truth and life, by a thousand ingenious illustrations, derived from inspecting the skulls of all the notorious culprits throughout Great Britain, which doubtless furnished coincidences enough to remove the utter incredulity of its opponents; and to obtain for it the general admission that many of its striking hypotheses were based on truth. In this state it reposed until, in the fulness of its fame, its great advocate and professor, Mr. Combe, comes out with the present smart volume, in which, under the imposing title of the Constitution of Man, he has boldly assumed for it all the rights of a separate system of Mental Philosophy; and has labored assiduously to reconcile all the phenomena of nature to its principles. It now remains to be examined, far more briefly than we

could wish, whether its claims to this honor are such as can be recognized.

Mr. Combe, like all others, who have a theory to support, argues with the dexterity of a casuist, and hopes that his system of ethics will be equally relished, both by the friends and opponents of phrenology. He says, with great candor,

"But the practical value of the views now to be unfolded, does not depend on phrenology. This theory of mind itself is valuable, only in so far as it is a just exposition of what previously existed in human nature. We are physical, organic, and moral beings, acting under the sanction of general laws, let the merits of phrenology be what they may."

This syllogistic reasoning will not do.—Though it will not affect the quality of light to say that it arises not from the sun, but from the atmosphere, still it materially deviates from the fact; and though whether America was discovered by Columbus or Vesputio, could not affect the climate, the productions, the inhabitants of the country, it was a point of vital importance with the respective governments of the claimants. In like manner, though it cannot alter our moral relations, and our intellectual organization, whether mental impulses spring from phrenology or not, it is all in all as a matter of metaphysical truth. Like others, we must bow down in deference to the elaborate subtlety of the reasoning of the phrenologists—their deductions are evident—their illustrations infinite—their applications irresistible and conclusive; their premises alone are untenable and undemonstrated by any of those physical reasons which alone can give authenticity to a point of such importance; and it is not till after we have wandered through the spacious apartments, and admired the fine proportion of the imposing edifice, that we look to its foundation, and find that it is an enchanted palace—a creation of the fancy. In this respect we laugh to see such a strong resemblance between them and the scholiasts of the old philosophy, and their followers in the middle ages, whose arguments in favor of some baseless theory are intellectual prodigies, abounding with masterly reasons and refined distinctions; but which only excite our wonder how minds that could argue so ably on a given subject, should be utterly blind to discover the defects of that subject itself. Here, too, in Mr. Combe's treatise we are constantly meeting, adapted to the new principles of phrenology, the old discoveries of the moral philosophers—though somewhat disguised in their new dress; and our

school-boy recollections are continually refreshed with the beautiful morality of Berkeley; the moral axioms of Bacon and of Locke, and the brilliant metaphysical discoveries of Hutcheson, and Reid, and Stewart, all hung, with the most graceful adaptation, upon the bumps of phrenology, reminding us of the Roman consul's banquet in Greece, at which the guests were astonished by a profuse display of delicacies which they imagined could not have been procured, until they were told by Flaminius, "Truly, friends, all you see is only pork, which the art of the cook has fashioned into the resemblance of so many different rarities of flesh, fish, and fowl."

Mr. Combe, has, however, given the most effectual refutation of his own book, by the absurdity of some of his doctrines. He is fully entitled to all the merit of the discovery of the *Phrenology of Nations*—which he has, certainly, very elaborately established. In this, however, we think he has gone too far—he has furnished the *reductio ad absurdum* with a vengeance. We wonder Mr. Combe's sagacity would have led him into this, for, as was remarked by Sheridan, we can easily conceive of a man's knocking out his brains against a wall, but think it scarcely credible he would build a wall expressly for the purpose. We are sorry our limited space obliges us merely to sketch this very interesting subject. Phrenology only wants some master hand, like Jeffrey, to lay it on its back; and, like the tortoise, it may sprawl and kick, but will never be able to rise again. =

AN ESSAY ON WOMAN. IN THREE PARTS. With other Poems. By Nicholas Mitchell.—London, Effingham Wilson.

THIS poem is not as yet published in London, but by the kindness of our correspondent we have received a proof copy, for which we return our thanks. We confess it highly raised our hopes—with what delight, at this moment, would men hail the birth of a piece of genuine poetry—pure, beautiful, refined, which, like the Pleasures of Memory and Hope, would, the moment it was born, gracefully soar to immortality, amid the plaudits of an admiring world. The comparatively long interval that has elapsed since the production of a great work of genius, causes every eye to watch the horizon of mind with anxiety, for the rising of some star of intellect, which upon our age will shed that radiance which the muse of Rogers and

Campbell, Moore or Byron, has flung with such splendid profusion upon that now passing away. The "Siege of Constantinople," published by this author, some time since, almost justified, as it created this hope. It was distinguished by great power and energy, and indicated talents of a superior order, which gave high promise for the future. The ambitious tone too, which he assumes in his preface, evidencing so strongly the self-confidence of genius; and then the inspiring theme which he had chosen—with poetry in its very name, and to which a thousand exquisite illustrations start up in every mind, in instantaneous array. All, we confess, made us feel, in opening it, that nameless sort of delight which we may suppose a man would experience, when he gazes first upon a treasure which would be afterwards admired of all.

These hopes were certainly buoyed up by the first eight lines.

The bird more sweetly hymned in Eden's bow;
Soflier the zephyr kissed the summer flower;

The new-born sun diffused a brighter beam;
With gentler murmur rolled the amber stream;
The angel, crossing heaven on wings of light,
Stooped to admire, and paused upon his flight;
As Woman rose in beauty on the plain,
The last and loveliest link of Being's chain.

These certainly are majestic and mellifluous. Though we staggered at *Soflier*, yet we felt inclined to forgive, that, as one of the brilliant eccentricities of genius, in return for the delight which such a commencement seemed to promise; but, alas! there it stopped—the following ones dashed every hope in an instant, and explained to us, by the sudden precipitancy of their falling off, how very short a distance it was from the sublime to the ridiculous—in this case, from the beautiful to the paltry.

Awake, O Man! behold her guileless charms,
Formed for thy joy, and destined for thy arms;
Quaff Pleasure's sparkling cup, ere mingle there

The taint of sin, the gall of strife and care.

The first quotation is certainly fine, if not excellent; but than these, nothing, by any implication, could be possibly worse; and give us to see what a marked difference there is between the tolerable and the detestable. Eclipse is first, the rest no-where. After this specimen we went through the remainder with patience, but with pain. In it there is no poetry, not even connection as a mere subject. If it formed an essay in prose, lighting the candle with it would be giving it a brilliancy it did not deserve. Its illustrations are meagre and hackneyed,

such as no poet would have used. There is not a single thought in it which we have not seen better expressed a thousand times. Nor a single beauty which has not been perjured, and mauled by the transposition. Even the very individual lines have got no more connection than grains of sand in a heap; they are stuck together like skewers on a tinker's hoop; and so, as such words as *lore, shore; young, sung; slave, gave; s'ring, thing; verse, curse*, are joined at the end, he little cares, how wide may be the radius of the other extremity. His silly parade of learning too, reminds us of a cock chuckling in a barnyard. He must have supposed all his readers were as ignorant as himself, or he never would have pinned to his text such recondite notes as the following:

Ninus, king of Nineveh, subdued and added to his own, the empire of Babylon, which had been founded by Nimrod.

Chaderlaomer, king of the Elamites or Persians, famous for his robberies.

Juvenal's Sixth Satire, is the most severe philippic against women perhaps ever penned.

The rise of chivalry is a momentous event in the history of Woman.

Sometimes this ignorance is annoying; for instance, in p. 75, he informs us that the celebrated Grotius (as if no one ever heard of such a person but himself) was sentenced to be imprisoned for life; and that he was liberated by his wife. Yet, both in his poetry and prose, forgets to tell the exquisitely interesting manner in which she effected it.

We have said enough of this. As a poem of pretension it deserves no place. The author, in this, has convinced us that there are many persons of sufficient ability to pen a graceful sonnet, or a very sweet lyric, who, in a more ambitious effort, signally and utterly fail. Of this, we have many examples in this very book. In mere narrative, or song, where his course is plain, he is generally forcible and pretty. To show that we are willing to do him the full justice that he deserves, we will prove this by extracting two of these pieces. The first is an episode from the long poem, and is decidedly the best thing in it.

THE FISHERMAN.

A TALE OF THE HEBRIDES.

The skiff was launched, the kind adieu was
given,
The white sail wooed the balmy breath of
heaven;
So calm her course, the shallop seemed to rest,
Lulled like a babe, on Ocean's fondling breast;
The sun with glory fired the horizon's brim,

Like Hope, more bright as all around grows dim—

The sea-bird's note, the splash of billows near,
The fisher's song, were all that met the ear ;
Peace, like a halcyon, mantled earth and sky,
And bade in Man each warring passion die.

And Edith watched her Consort's distant sail,

Till lost in clouds, then sought the broomwood vale ;

There, as she decked her cot, with busy care,
Oft for his safety rose the heart-felt prayer ;
Yet nought she feared, so calm the twilight deep,

But wove a song, then rocked her babe to sleep.—

Behold ! that flash ! more bright than falling star ;

And hark ! hoarse thunder murmurs from afar !

She starts, and tow'rd dark Kilda* casts her eye ;

Clouds ranked on clouds career along the sky ;
Massy, fire-charged, and sullen as the gale—
Alas, for him who toils upon the wave !

She seeks the shore, and now, 'mid gathering night,

The tempest bursts in awfulness and might ;
The winds like fiends from heaven's black chambers sweep,

Howl through the caves, and rock the echoing deep ;

Roused element meets element in ire ;

Cloud darts to cloud the bolt of living fire ;
The stars have shrunk away in depths of gloom ;

Darkness seems shrouding earth as in a tomb ;
While the loud blast and hoarse-resounding surge

Anthem to lowering skies her funeral dirge.

With streaming hair, and pale uplifted hands
In wo and terror, trembling Edith stands—

Oh ! for a glimpse of Arnold's fragile bark !
Wide o'er the wave she looks, but all is dark ;

Now on the cliff she wakes the beacon's blaze.
Bends o'er the dizzy height to weep and gaze.

He comes not yet !—will Heaven neglect to save

The father—spouse—the constant, and the brave ?

The thunders peal, the torrents drench her limb—

She hears not—feels not—only thinks of him ?
And is he lost ? the sun 'round which her love,

Her hopes, her joys, harmonious planets move ?

Hark to that shout !—and see ! the lightning's glare

Reveals a bark—'t is Arnold ! Arnold there !

With shivered mast the skiff is onward hurled,

Struggling like Worth amidst a bitter world ;
Toss'd like a feather on the maddening foam,

It rides, it bounds, as true to love and home—
Oh ! why, as near it drew, thou ruthless wave !

* St. Kilda, or Hirt, the most westerly isle of the Hebrides.

And joyful Edith stretched her arms to save,
Plunged'st thou that bark to dreary gulfs below,

Dooming one soul to darkness and to wo ?

The lightning's glare, the winds more wildly sweep,

Still the strong swimmer breasts the raging deep ;

His eye is tow'rd that blazing beacon cast,
He hears his consort's shriek upon the blast ;

Love, thoughts of death, uphold him like a charm,

Inspire his soul, invigorate his arm ;
But, lo ! the breakers boil—his strength is o'er—

A groan—a spasm—a struggle—and no more !

And Edith saw, and wrung her pallid hands,
And beat her breast, and sank upon the sands—

But, tracing now those wailings of despair,
The hamlet sires with torches gather there ;

And, whilst they gaze, the surges gather on shore

The form of him who loves and breathes no more—

Slow-paced and sad, they bear him up the vale,

Where his white cottage fronts the western gale,

Ply every art to animate that frame,
Where yet may linger life's suspended flame.

But who is she, though terror, wo, enthral
Her sinking heart, more active than they all ?

Chafes that dear form so pale and powerless now,

Breathes on his lips, and warms his icy brow ?
Oh, Woman ! Nature gave thee for thy dower

Skill, patience, hope, in dark affliction's hour—
Hark to that sigh !—he breathes—life's purple streak

Dies his white lip, and flutters on his cheek ;
And, like pale flowers long closed by chilling skies,

He opens in mute amaze his languid eyes.

And Arnold sinks in Edith's rapturous arms,
Blesses her care, and calms her wild alarms ;

She asks no thanks for all her toil and love,
But wafts her prayers of gratitude above ;

The Seaman, worn by lengthened pains and woes,

Now on her bosom drops in calm repose ;
And o'er him Edith bends with many a smile,

And fondly sings to charm his dreams the while.—

“ Sleep on, dear love ! no baleful visions rise,
Of foaming floods, and tempest darkened skies ;

Dream how our vale is smiling bright with flowers,

And hear the spring-birds warbling in their bowers ;

Dream of thy little field, thy goats, thy corn,
The feast at evening, and the chase at morn ;

How friends will greet thee, all thy dangers o'er,

And Edith soaks, read, and love thee more.”

The next is a lighter piece from the end, and is distinguished by much lively beauty.

THE EVENING STAR.

(FOR MUSIC.)

Hail! lamp of beauty, burning
O'er perished Daylight's bier!
To thee Love's brow is turning,
The light he deems most dear.

Sparkle, thou gem, the rarest
Hewn from the mines of space!
Of all the diamonds fairest
Night's coronet that grace.

Unclose, thou eye of brightness!
Whose lids have shut all day;
Smile through those locks of lightness,
The clouds that 'round thee stray.

How sweet to watch thee beaming,
Fair Star! in von abyss;
Thou seem'st to Fancy's dreaming,
A lovelier world than this.

Thou sooth'st the lonely-hearted,
And memory dost restore
Of friends whom fate has parted,
And joys for ever o'er.

It is a pity that the writer of such specimens as these would not be contented with the legitimate celebrity of a newspaper corner; and it is really vexatious, that he should forsake a sphere where he might shine, for one where his failure has been so ignominious. In the remarks which have been made, we have been actuated by no other feeling than the duty which we owe to the American public, in taking care that no casual influence of trade or speculation, will palm upon them such a book, as legitimate poetry, without at least a warning voice, informing them of its nature. ==

THE THREE HISTORIES.—THE HISTORY OF AN ENTHUSIAST—THE HISTORY OF A NONCHALANT—THE HISTORY OF A REALIST; by Mrs. Fletcher. London: Westley and Davis.

"Mrs. Fletcher" is, as yet, a new name in literature; but its owner has been long and popularly known as Miss Jewsbury; and, un'til she has effectually transplanted her maiden glories to her married cognomen, she is obliged, like the painter who lettered his daub with "This is a lion," to put "late Miss Jewsbury," under the legitimate name in which her lord and master rejoices. Now, with all due respect to the unquestioned talents of this fair lady, we must protest, on the part of the male sex, that this is too bad, and forces us to lay it down as an axiom, that literary ladies, like the Amazons, should never marry; or, that at least, they should adopt in the youth of

their fame, a signature or specific mark, that the nuptial rite would be impotent to alter. At all events, as far as we are concerned, we would not like to be *Cara Sposa* to the best of them. Zounds, to be eclipsed by your rib—to be smothered by a petticoat—to have it mentioned in some future biography, that "on the — day of" — (time minutely specified, or perhaps the period which any other woman would cherish as a sacred epoch, utterly forgotten,) "she was married to a Mr. Smothermind"—or some such despatching sentence. The thought is unsupportable. Who ever heard of *Mr. Hemans*? Is he tall or short? Is he stout or slender?—living or dead? Such a being must be a curiosity. Who ever thought of asking whether *Lady Morgan* derived her title from a knight, or a baronet, or a lord? and above all, who would not be sorry to see the peerless *Letitia Emilia Landon*—the cynosure of a thousand minds, the delight of every heart—whose magic initials call up such varied, such instant emotions, coldly married, and changing the deathless wreath that flashes, sanctis ignis, round her virgin name, into the unpoetic "*Mrs.*" of some city money-changer or office underling. Oh, no, the charm would be broken, the talisman destroyed; and even we can't help thinking that half of *Miss Edgeworth's* popularity is owing to the unsuspected gallantry in every breast which prompts us to be doubly pleased, when the gratification is administered by one whose "charmed helplessness," give her a patent to our goodwill. But these remarks, however just and appropriate, are leading us from our more immediate duty of noticing the *Three Histories*. Our opinion of it will be well understood when we say, that it deserves to be more popular than it is likely to be. The history of the *Enthusiast*, is the best of the three. A rich girl, left only to the care of a doating grandmother, develops, in spite of her relatives horror for genius—talents of the most brilliant description; and her *enthusiasm* after every species of knowledge, and in every passion and pursuit is highly and powerfully sustained. A neighboring clergyman takes great pains in the cultivation of her mind, and to his son *Cecil* she becomes unconsciously attached—the effect of this on her mind affords scope for many touches of beautiful painting. In the maturity of her talents she becomes an author, and in the first flush of her fame, her grandmother's death leaves her a rich heiress;—she removes to London, and drinks to the bottom the intoxicating cup of universal applause. Years roll on, and in the prey-

ing of a vigorous mind upon itself, she becomes sick of the world, and turns with fondness to the love of her early days. She at length sees Cecil, but the unambitious student is married; and she endeavors to dissipate her uneasiness in travel. The outline of the sketch is meagre and ineffective, but it is filled up with great power, delicacy, and truth. The other two are more stirring, but less ably sustained. A cultivated mind will derive great pleasure from the perusal of the volume, but the incidents are not sufficiently striking, nor the narrative of that dramatic interest, which is necessary to render such a work generally popular. —

PICTURES OF PRIVATE LIFE. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

This volume is, we believe, written by Sarah Stickney, and has the rare merit of being exactly what it professes. So cautious indeed, has the author been of coloring too highly, that the reserve with which she has worked out her picture, forms the greatest drawback to its excellence. She seems to have no confidence in powers which certainly are of a high order of excellence; and consequently, she generally mars the full effect of her painting, by softening down her tints, and subduing her figures too much. This is more particularly observable in her first tale, called the *Hall and the Cottage*; and which, allowing for this slight defect, is one of the most charming stories we have ever read. It is full of the warm interest of life—an interest, not arising from the fictitious circumstances of high-wrought style, or complicated plot—but from the beautiful development of engaging character. We are not sure if there are any finer points in fiction, than the scene in the little Highland inn, between Miss Clare and Frederic Langley, in this unpretending volume. Mary, too, is a character throughout of great and striking beauty, simply from the dignity of its moral influence, and the delicate accuracy with which it is supported.

The little story of Ellen Eskdale is one of touching truth, which no one can peruse without being strongly affected. The author, without obtruding principles of any kind, has made it subservient to a religious feeling. We strongly recommend the reprint of this volume to some of our publishers. It must be highly popular with all whose hearts and minds are uncorrupted with the morbid desire for excitement, so prevalent at present in the literary world. It is embellished with an engraving

of Ellen Eskdale, one of the most exquisite gems of modern art, which, we are afraid, cannot, like the text, be transplanted to an American soil, without losing much of the beauty which it possesses, as a specimen of engraving. —

VICTORIA; by Mrs. Sherwood; Author of *THE ORPHAN OF NORMANDY, &c. &c.* London: Hatchard & Son.

Mrs. Sherwood is one of the most popular writers for children; but we greatly question the utility or the necessity of such a work as the present. It is a sort of religious novel—a class of books which we most decisively condemn; and is, moreover, steeped in the deepest mysteries of the catholic controversy. The story is founded upon a little child, who, left by the neglect of her fashionable parents, to the care of a catholic nurse, is nearly converted by her to that faith. It is throughout imbued with the most rancorous bigotry, against every thing papistical, and possesses little general merit; being precisely most meagre and unsatisfactory at the only place in the whole book where a full narrative would be necessary or interesting, that where Victoria meets her father when recovering. We cannot possibly imagine what advantage such a book would be to a child. —

LECTURES ON RHETORIC, AND BELLES LETTRES; chiefly from the Lectures of Dr. Blair. By Abraham Mills, A.M. pp. 360. New-York—J. Conner.

THE writer of the present work has, for many years, been well known as one of our most accomplished teachers; more especially in those departments of instruction which relate to morals, intellectual philosophy, and polite literature. On these subjects, we doubt not, the happy influence of his labors will be long acknowledged and felt by those numerous females, whose taste and moral sentiments have been the special objects of his instructions; and whose education and fortune gives them rank in the highest circles of society. His knowledge and experience well fitted him for the accomplishment of a work like the one before us.

Mr. Mills has appeared, with much credit to himself, and no small benefit to the public, in several previous productions of a similar nature; particularly in his corrected edition of *Alison on Taste*. In the present publication, we consider him to have been no less felicitous than in his preceding ones; and that he has presented

our higher seminaries with a better text-book for lecturers of Rhetoric, and Belles Lettres, than can elsewhere be readily found. He lays no claim, as he informs us in his preface, to originality; his principal object having been to give his readers, without the omission of any thing important, a condensed view of what Blair, and other authors, have written more diffusively on the subject, in a neat and perspicuous style. In this, we conceive, one of the most prominent excellences of the book consists. Compared with the original authors whence it was derived, it may truly be said to contain *multum in parvo*. Yet it is far from being a dry, spiritless abridgment. It will be found throughout, to sustain the spirit in which those eminent writers have originally expressed their thoughts. Dr. Blair is by far the best of modern writers on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. No latent beauty, or striking thought in the countless productions of ancient and modern orators, has escaped his profound research, or been unperceived by his cultivated taste. And the peculiarities of every style, he has elucidated with a happiness of diction, and propriety of remark, which has long placed his great work decidedly at the head of every similar production. Yet his ideas, from being delivered as *lectures*, are necessarily diffuse; and this certainly diminishes their value as a text-book, while it adds greatly to their bulk.

The present work, faithful to the end proposed, entirely removes this property of the original lectures, without, as we conceive, diminishing ought of their intrinsic value. It contains, substantially, the whole matter, in somewhat less than half of its original limits; a great improvement in a work so important, and likely to command an extensive circulation. It affords a material advantage in the saving of time,—of toil in reading; and, what is not to be overlooked in this book-making age, of money also. Though we consider this as one among the excellencies of the book, we have no wish to connive at wanton spoliations on the labors of authors, either living or dead; but an evident distinction will readily suggest itself, with regard to a work like the present. When an author's merit consists mainly in the display of his fancy, his imagination, and his power of moving the passions, his style has an influence upon his thoughts, so essential to their effect upon the mind, that the one cannot be materially altered, without greatly weakening the force of the other. Break down the heroic measure of the epic poet,

and still, if he be worthy of the name, you may find the *disjecta membra poetæ*; yet your poet lies mangled, and bleeding, and lifeless at your feet, nor can you impart to him celestial vigor until you have restored him to his native form. What should we think of a prosaic abridgement of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, or Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, or Dryden's *Cecilia*?

The case, we conceive, is widely different with didactic writers of prose. The main point which these authors have in view, is to instruct by the truth and weight of their sentiments, and the clearness of their method; while, to please by the beauties and graces of their style, is a mere secondary object. When such writers have deeply and extensively investigated their subject, their work becomes a great storehouse, to which all subsequent writers of the same class resort for materials at their pleasure. It is often amusing to men of extensive reading, and retentive memories, while perusing the works of recent authors, to trace out the sources whence their best thoughts were derived; and thus see how many great men of old it usually takes to make one little author of modern date.

The length of our remarks leaves us but a brief space for enumerating some other commendable properties of the work. To its mechanical execution no objection can be made by the most fastidious taste. The paper, printing, and binding, do much credit to the publisher, and enable them to present it to the public in the most attractive form. We may notice, also, the uncommon accuracy of the work throughout in its orthography and punctuation. And what has afforded us particular pleasure, in all the Latin quotations, where we are wont to find so many mistakes in recent editions of books, we have found but a single one, and that arising merely from the exchange of one vowel for another. The questions, and the analyses, to be found at the bottom of the pages, constitute another of its valuable properties, and are fitted, in no small degree, to accelerate the progress of those engaged in the study of this science. The questions, being thrown into the margin, neither disfigure the text, nor afford the least objection to cursory readers. They are uniformly well-framed and comprehensive. The introduction of an analysis of the subject, at the end of each division, we believe to be an original conception of Mr. Mills; indeed we hardly know any thing more useful, in the perusal of a scientific writer, than such an analysis.—Among other good properties of the book,

we must not omit to notice several original criticisms and remarks upon eminent authors who have flourished since the days of Dr. Blair, which afford very creditable specimens of the good taste and judgment of Mr. Mills, as well as of the elegance of his style. Specimens of these may be found, pp. 298, 300, and in various other parts of the work. Upon the whole, we consider Mr. Mills as having conferred a distinguished favor upon the public, and we hope to see his useful labors as an author still continued. We hope also, that both he and his publisher will reap, from the present publication, an abundant reward of praise and emolument.

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.—No. III.—WALTHAM, A NOVEL. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Standing, as we do, like janitors at the gate of literature, to see that nothing passes without some merit to recommend it, our opinion of the present work will be perfectly categorical—viz. *Waltham* is utterly worthless. In invention it is second-hand; and even then very inferior. In description it is tame, as a third-rate school-boy exhibition. In character it is neither original or striking. In style it is dull, prosaic, and unimaginative. Even the very little of the plot which may be called the author's own, betrays the weakness of the mind which gave it birth, by its stark improbability, its causeless deviation from nature. The materials for a novel of this kind, are as well known as the ingredients of a plum-pudding. Could it be manufactured without a noble youth in obscurity? a beautiful young lady in disguise?—contrasted by a polished villain, and relieved by a talkative servant and an oracular old gentleman? We almost expected the three drops of blood, or the warning voice; but this happens to be of a different kind. It aims at the plausible—accordingly, all the evil designs against the hero or heroine, are felicitously discovered in time—the inuendos explained, and the mysteries unravelled—after the approved method, just as they are wanted—winding up with the established denouement of marriage, prosperity, &c. in conformity with the established practice, in such cases made and provided, from the time of "Cleopatra" and the "Fated Lovers" to the present. If the *Library of Romance*, which projected a sweeping reform in literature, is to be made the vehicle for satisfying the public appetite with such productions as the present, we must protest against its further counte-

nance, at least in this country. The first volume was an excellent one; and though it was wrung from the miseries of suffering genius, it bore the stamp of genius still; and was popular accordingly. Upon the strength of the celebrity of poor *Banim's* tale, we have already had two foisted upon us, neither of them good for any thing; and it has every prospect, if it continues to usher into notice such specimens as the present, of materially deteriorating the current literature of the day, and decidedly injuring, instead of improving, the public taste. This facility of production, unless from the resources of an inexhaustible mind, must, of necessity, engender rank overgrowth or sickly semblances of life, forced into premature existence. An author's head is not a hot-house. Mind is not, as yet, within the dominion of the mechanic arts, though four thousand newspapers may be printed in an hour, and twenty thousand stockings woven in a day. As yet, however, novels cannot be generated by steam, nor poems by machinery; and we might, using the forcible simile of *Burke*, as well expect that an engineer could contrive to shorten the period of an elephant's gestation into that of a rabbit's, as that works requiring talent and ability, and application, can be calculated to a paragraph, or produced by the month. The experiment may be tried, but such as *Waltham* will be the result. —

FINE ARTS.

Small as is our space, we cannot allow this number to go to press without noticing the American Portrait Gallery in the terms of high praise which it deserves. Our public will now have their taste for the Fine Arts brought to the test. Here is a work got up in this city by native artists, where the engravings, in fineness of finish, and beauty of execution, fully equal those productions of a similar class in England, which have been so generally admired. *Forest's* engraving of *McDonough* does him infinite credit; the elegant ease of the attitude, and the heroic magnanimity of the countenance, are admirably expressed. *Carroll*, of *Carrollton*, by *Durand*, is very carefully finished, but is somewhat hard in its general effect. And *Samuel Latham Mitchell*, by *Dick*, is an engraving of which any artist might be proud.—We anticipate a wide fame for this gentleman, if he only continues to produce such specimens of his powers as the present.

The descriptive memoirs are very ably written, and the whole is decidedly creditable to the state of Art in the country. We trust a liberal encouragement will remunerate the spirited publishers for the great expense with which this work has been evidently prepared. —

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DUNLAP BENEFIT.

We feel great pleasure, though at the inconvenience of adding an extra half sheet to our number, in assenting to the wish of some of the public spirited gentlemen who originated the festival to William Dunlap, Esq. in publishing the following interesting correspondence relative to that event. To Dr. Hosack and the other friends of Mr. Dunlap, it must ever be a source of gratification and pride, that their honorable feelings were responded to so liberally by the public, and that they were thus the means of affording to an amiable and deserving individual the means of adding comfort to the retirement, to which the lot of all had consigned him. Of the conduct of the distinguished strangers who have so long delighted the American community, it is unnecessary to speak. The letters from Mr. Kemble in this collection, form the noblest illustration of the feelings, with which he and his accomplished daughter regard the continued admiration of our fellow citizens of all ranks—and the whole series will be valuable, as shewing to other nations, that in this country at least, merit will be certainly appreciated and rewarded.

At a large and highly respectable meeting of the friends of Literature and the Drama, held pursuant to public notice, on the 14th inst. the *Hon. William T. McCunn* was called to the chair, and *Mr. George P. Morris*, appointed secretary. The meeting being organized, Dr. Hosack remarked, "That we were called upon at this time to offer a tribute of respect and gratitude, to one of our fellow citizens to whom we are all deeply indebted—not, only as among the most prominent in the promotion of dramatic, but an eminent contributor to general literature, and a cultivator of the Fine Arts.

While we do justice to the merits of those whose writings have done signal honor to our country,* Dr. H. remarked, let us not incur the charge of neglecting the services of some others of our native citizens, who have also added to the general stock of American Literature; among these, William Dunlap holds a conspicuous place; as such, he hoped his late and former services will not only be duly appreciated by those whom he had the honor to address, but that they may receive through the exertions of those present, a liberal reward from the citizens of New York."

After which, it was unanimously Resolved, That as a testimony of respect for the character of WILLIAM DUNLAP, Esq. and of our esteem for the evidence with which his dramatic works have furnished of the moral influence of the stage, a complimentary benefit be offered him at such one of our Theatres as a sub-committee of management may select for that purpose. And that we will in individually use our best endeavors to produce a result which will be serviceable to him, satisfactory to ourselves, and in accordance with the literary and dramatic taste of this community."

A numerous committee was then appointed for the purpose of carrying the foregoing resolution into effect, and for completing all the necessary arrangements.

The meeting was then addressed by F. B. Cutting, Esq. and several other gentlemen. Various other business was transacted, and the meeting adjourned to meet again on Monday Evening, the 18th inst. at 5 o'clock, at the Shakespeare Hotel, to hear the report of the sub-committee, &c.

* Alluding to those of Washington Irving, Gulian C. Verplanck, Paulding, Bryant, Howard Payne, and others.

New-York, January 21st, 1833.

Dear Sir,

At a numerous meeting of a committee of our fellow-citizens, appointed to make arrangements for a benefit proposed to be given to Mr. William Dunlap, expressive of their respect and gratitude for his long and important services rendered to the Drama and to Literature, it has been given in charge to the undersigned as a *sub-committee* to solicit from you a suitable poetical address or prologue to be delivered on the evening of the benefit. In this request permit us to say, it was the unanimous and ardent wish of all present that the aid of your talents should be requested for the preparation of such address and to add, that we shall be particularly gratified to know and to announce to the committee that you will kindly acquiesce with their wishes on this occasion. We are, dear sir, with sentiments of great respect and esteem,

Yours,

To F. G. Halleck, Esq.

D. HOSACK,
PHILIP HONE, } *on behalf of the committee.*
New York, 28th January, 1833.

Gentlemen,

In reply to the letter with which you have honored me, dated the 21st inst. but not received until this morning, I must beg you to pardon my inability to undertake the task so flattering assigned me. I do so with the less regret, because I leave it to others whose names as well as merits, will more essentially serve the good cause you are embarked in, and because there are modes in which I can better aid it. In common with thousands, I am in the opportunity afforded us of expressing our admiration of Mr. Dunlap, a gentleman whose highly estimable personal character, adds lustre to his talents as an author and an artist, and in proof, (if proof were wanting,) that an attachment for the Drama, either in the green room or the closet, before or behind the curtain, is not incompatible with the purest mental culture, and the most exemplary moral worth. Please tender to the gentlemen of your committee, and accept for yourselves individually, my grateful acknowledgements of the honor done me, and believe me dear sirs,

Very respectfully, your friend and servant,

F. G. HALLECK.

To David Hosack and Philip Hone, Esq's, on behalf of the committee.

Dear Sir,

At a numerous meeting of the citizens of New York, it has been resolved to give a benefit to Mr. William Dunlap, whose talents and public services have done signal honor to the dramatic and general literature of our city and country. The undersigned, a sub-committee appointed to make the necessary arrangements for the benefit referred to, consider it expedient to obtain an appropriate prologue or poetical address, for this purpose we beg leave to solicit the aid of your talents in preparing the same, to be delivered on the evening of his benefit. Your compliance with our request will essentially contribute to the interests of Mr. Dunlap and be peculiarly gratifying to the public, and to your friends the undersigned.

To Wm. C. Bryant, Esq.

D. HOSACK,
PHILIP HONE, } *on behalf of the Committee.*
New York, Feb. 1, 1833.

Gentlemen,

I duly appreciate the compliment contained in your request, that I should prepare a poetical address to be spoken at Mr. Dunlap's benefit; and I would do much to serve a man of so much merit, and for whom I entertain so high a regard.

I find, however, that my engagements will not give me the opportunity of composing any thing with which I should be satisfied, or which would do credit to the occasion. I must, therefore, beg that you will select for the purpose, some person of more leisure, and of a happier talent for occasional compositions.

I am, gentlemen, with sentiments of high respect, your obedient servant,

W. C. BRYANT.

To Messrs. David Hosack and Philip Hone, on behalf of the committee.

After the above reply, Mr. Geo. P. Morris consented to write the address.

New York, January 21st, 1833.

Dear Sir,

At a numerous meeting of a committee of the citizens of New York, it has been resolved to give a benefit to Mr. Wm. Dunlap, as an expression of their respect and gratitude for the the important services he has rendered to the drama and to literature.

The same committee have given it in charge to the undersigned to solicit the aid of your talents and those of Miss Kemble on that night, by the performance of some characters which you may select as most suitable to the occasion and agreeable to yourselves.

We are aware that in this application to you, although unan imously suggested at the meeting referred to, we cannot solicit your services, without tendering to you such remuneration as you may consider proper, and as far as it may be in the power of the committee to render. We shall be particularly gratified to know and to announce to the committee that you will kindly acquiesce in their wishes on the occasion referred to. Your reply at as early a date as may suit your convenience and the circumstances which will govern your compliance, will greatly oblige your friends.

To Charles Kemble, Esq. DAVID HOSACK, } *on behalf of the committee.*
 PHILIP HONE, }
 P. S. It is proposed to give the benefit between the 24th and 28th of February.

Philadelphia, February 2nd, 1833.

Gentlemen,

Your favor of January the 21st, having followed me from Washington is now before me; and I regret to inform you that from certain negotiations now pending, I am no means sure that it will be in my power to comply with the request of Mr. Dunlap's committee at the period at present proposed. On Wednesday next, it is my intention to be in New York, and in a day or two after my arrival, I expect to be able to make you a communication upon the subject; in the mean time, I beg you to believe that both I and my daughter, shall esteem it a great pleasure to contribute by any means in our power to the object which you have in view.

I am, with great respect, gentlemen, your obliged and obedient servant,

C. KEMBLE.

To David Hosack and Philip Hone, Esq's. on behalf of the committee.

Dramatic Festival at the Park Theatre, in honor of William Dunlap, Esq.

At a meeting of the General Committee held at the Shakspeare Hotel, on Friday evening, the 18th Jan. pursuant to public notice, Dr. David Hosack was called to the chair, and Charles King, Esq. appointed Secretary.

The following preamble was offered, and unanimously adopted :

This meeting having been called for the purpose of resolving upon the most proper and expedient mode of publicly expressing their estimation of the claims of the oldest living Dramatist of our country, and of giving a tangible evidence of the high consideration in which are held pioneers of American Literature, have deemed it advisable to present their views for the confirmation of their fellow citizens.

It is nearly "sixty years ago" since Mr. Dunlap removed to this city from his birth-place in a neighboring state; some of us remember his early dramatic productions: to others of us, they are dear from having heard our fathers say, "what was *their* gratification in witnessing the representation of the first efforts of the youthful dramatist, and most of us can turn to his last work and find "*our very souls restored again*," when perusing this record of the performance on the first night that found us "sitting at a play."

The whole life of Mr. Dunlap has been undeviatingly devoted to literature and the fine arts: to the cultivation of that which is the glory and safeguard of a nation—knowledge. From his last literary labor, the "History of the American Theatre," with the very existence of which he is identified, we learn that the stage may "*hail him father*," not only "*of an only child*," but of more than FIFTY PRODUCTIONS, including every offspring of the dramatic family—Tragedy, Comedy, Melo-Drama, Opera, Farce, and Interlude, besides Prologues, Epilogues, and Addresses, to an extent of which the courtesy of a gentleman, and the pen of a ready writer, never fail to con

tribute. In addition to this long list of dramatic productions, Mr. Dunlap may probably point to other literary works of general interest and instruction, which for the possession of these qualities, are unsurpassed by any similar books in any country. The principal of these are the memoirs of *George Frederick Cooke*, the biography of *Charles Brockden Brown*, with whose personal friendship his early days were connected, and the recently completed *History of the American Theatre*. It is also worthy of remark, that in addition to the services which Mr. Dunlap has rendered this country in the field of Letters, he has likewise served her cause in the "tented field" when called upon by the invasion of her enemies. As an *Artist*, Mr. Dunlap has produced *numerous Historical Pictures*, which have been from time to time exhibited, and have placed his name (that fact alone a triumph of genius!) high on the list of *American Painters*, added to which he has long been known as a benefactor of the *Fine Arts*, by his labor in teaching and giving gratuitous lectures to the students of the *Academy*.

As lessee and director of the Park Theatre, of which he was the *first Manager*, and in which he labored for nearly *fifteen years*, with no thought of private interest unconnected with public improvement, his efforts resulted in the total loss of all his patrimonial property, and rendered those exertions in the cause of science, which were formerly the offspring of his good will towards men, a *necessary* employment of his time.

We repeat, his whole life has been devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, which is the glory and safeguard of a nation.

In pursuance of these considerations,

Resolved, That as a testimony of our respect for the talents, character, and literary labors of WILLIAM DUNLAP, Esq. and of our esteem for the evidence which his dramatic works have furnished of the *moral influence* of the stage, a complimentary benefit be offered him in this city; and that we will individually use our best endeavors to produce a result that shall be serviceable to him, and in accordance with the literary and dramatic taste of this city.

The following gentlemen compose the committee for the purpose of carrying the objects of the meeting into effect

☞ Here follows a list of 110 of the principles citizens of New York.

The following account of the Performance is copied from the N. Y. American.

THE DUNLAP BENEFIT exceeded our hopes. Notwithstanding the severity of a snow storm, the pit and boxes were early filled with ladies and gentlemen, and though the weather doubtless prevented some from attending, the array altogether was brilliant and numerous. Of the performances we have only to speak in praise, for all made efforts to excel, and if all did not succeed in like degree, the good will, in a good cause, was universal. After the tragedy, an occasional address, was admirably delivered by Mrs. Sharpe. Music then followed. Mr. Jones sang well. Mr. Trust played with great execution on the harp a brilliant, and what on such an occasion, is equally essential, a brief *Fantasia*. Mr. Hanna on the flute, and Mr. St. Luke on the violin, were both admirable, really so, but immeasurably too long. They did not seem to remember that much had gone before, and much was yet to follow. In the after piece, Anderson made a capital Irishman, Placide and Mrs. Wheatley, as usual, good in all they undertake; and Barry seeming quite at home as a soldier.

The performances did credit to the occasion and to the feelings as well as talents of the actors. The Kembles, upon whom as strangers no call could justly be made to contribute their unpaid efforts on the occasion, were engaged at the price of \$100.

The following correspondence will show how generously these eminent foreign performers have conducted themselves in regard to a deserving American. We assure them, that their course in the whole matter is fully appreciated by the Committee, as it must be by the community.

American Hotel, 29th Feb. 1833.

Gentlemen,

As I shall leave New York very early to-morrow, and may not have an opportunity of seeing any of the Committee previously, allow me, in my own and my daughter's name, to request that you will receive from Mr. Simpson the sum stipulated

by him as the remuneration for our services this evening; and apply it to the use of Mr. Dunlap; in whose behalf you have shewn so much zeal; and who, from all I have heard of him, is so highly deserving of the interest which you all take in him:—that the results of the evening may fully answer your expectations and largely contribute to his comforts, is the sincere wish of—

Gentlemen, your obliged and obedient servant,

C. KEMBLE.

To David Hosack and Philip Hone, Esq's. of the Dunlap Committee.

New York, Feb. 28th. 1833.

Dear Sir,

In the name of the Committee of the citizens of New York friendly to Literature and the Drama, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your very kind communication, in which you decline to receive the remuneration tendered for the services of yourself and Miss Kemble, at the benefit set apart for Mr. Dunlap.

The committee beg leave unanimously to express to you and your daughter their high sense of your kindness and liberality in the contribution of your united talents on this occasion. In this acknowledgement, not only the immediate friends of Mr. Dunlap, but his fellow citizens friendly to dramatic literature, cordially unite, adding their best wishes for the happiness and prosperity of yourself and daughter,

I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

DAVID HOSACK,

Chairman of the Committee.

To Charles Kemble, Esq.

AN ADDRESS,

*Spoken by Mrs. Sharpe, at the Park Theatre, on the Evening of the
DRAMATIC FESTIVAL, IN HONOR OF WILLIAM DUNLAP, ESQ.*

What gay assemblage greets my wondering sight!
 What scene of splendor—conjured here to night!
 What voices murmur, and what glances gleam!
 Sure 'tis some flattering, unsubstantial dream.
 The house is crowded—everybody's here
 For beauty famous, or to science dear;
 Doctors and lawyers, judges, belles and beaux,
 Poets and painters—and heaven only knows
 Whom else beside—and, see, gay ladies sit,
 Lighting with smiles that fearful place, the pit—
 (A fairy change—ah, pray continue it.)
 Gray heads are here too, listening to my rhymes,
 Full of the spirit of departed times;
 Grave men and studious, strangers to my sight,
 All gather round me on this brilliant night.
 And welcome are ye all. Not now ye come
 To speak some trembling poet's awful doom;
 With frowning eyes a "want of mind" to trace
 In some new actor's inexperienced face,
 Or e'en us old ones (oh, for shame!) to rate
 "With study good—in time—but—never great:"
 Not like yon travel'd *nativè*, just to say
 "Folks in this country cannot act a play,
 They can't 'pon honor!" How the creature starts!
 His wit and whiskers came from foreign parts!
 Nay, madam, spare your blushes—you mean—
 There—close beside him—oh, you're full sixteen—

You need not shake your flowing locks at me—
 The man, your sweetheart—then I'me dumb, you see ;
 I'll let him off—you'll punish him in time,
 Or I've no skill in prophecy or rhyme :
 Nor like that knot of surly critics yonder,
 Who wield the press, that modern bolt of thunder,
 To "cut us up," when from this house they lollop,
 With no more mercy than fair *Mrs. Trollope!*
 A nobler motive fills your bosoms now,
 To wreath the laurel round the silver'd brow
 Of one who merits it—if any can,
 The artist, author, and the honest man.
 With equal charms his pen and pencil drew
 Rich scenes, to nature and to virtue true.
 Full oft upon these boards hath youth appear'd,
 And oft these smiles his faltering footsteps cheer'd ;
 But not alone on budding genius smile,
 Leaving the ripen'd sheaf unown'd the while ;
 To boyish hope not every bounty give,
 And only youth and beauty bid to live.
 Will you forget the services long past,
 Turn the old war-horse out to die at last ?
 When, his proud strength and noble fleetness o'er,
 His faithful bosom dares the charge no more ?
 Ah, no—the sun that loves his beams to shed
 Round every opening flowret's tender head,
 With smiles as kind his genial radiance throws
 To cheer the sadness of the fading rose :
 Thus he, whose merit claims this dazzling crow'd,
 Points to the past, and has his claims allowed,
 Looks brightly forth, his faithful journey done,
 And rests in triumph—like the setting sun.

DUNLAP BENEFIT.

At a numerous meeting of the friends of literature and the drama, of the city of New York, held pursuant to public notice, at the Shakspeare Hotel, on Wednesday afternoon, the sixth instant, the Hon. Richard Riker was called to the chair, and Dr. John W. Francis appointed secretary. The meeting being organized, the chairman stated its objects, which were to complete all unfinished business growing out of the late Dramatic Festival, given in honor of *William Dunlap, Esq.*

The treasurer being called upon for his report, submitted the following, which was approved :

<i>Treasurer in account with the Dunlap Committee.</i>		Dr.
To cash paid the Park Theatre for hire of the house, and expense of fitting up the pit for the evening,.....		\$561 04
Expense incurred by the committee for printing,.....		65 87
Mercantile Advertiser, half price for advertising,.....		19 13
Sundry small charges, incurred by committee,.....		30 93
Balance paid Mr. Dunlap,.....		2517 54
	Cr.	\$3194 50
By cash received for tickets, &c.....		\$3144 50
Cash received from Edmund Simpson, manager of the theatre, as a contribution to the fund,.....		50 00
		\$3194 50

Charles King, Esq. then read the following correspondence:

New York, March 5, 1833.

Dear Sir,

It has become my pleasing duty, as chairman of the committee appointed by the citizens of New York, who were convened to express their deep sense of the services rendered by you to the promotion of the Fine Arts, and to the dramatic literature of our country, to inform you, that a benefit has been appropriated, in which many of your fellow citizens have had an opportunity of expressing their estimate of those services, and of bearing their testimony to your character as a private citizen: for the proceeds I refer you to the Hon. William T. McCoun, the treasurer. Allow me, in the name of the committee, to congratulate you upon the success that has attended their efforts, and to add their fervent wishes, that the evening of your life, may be as happy, as the former part of it has been usefully and honorably employed, in the advancement of the cause of virtue and of literature.

Accept, dear sir, the expression of my personal regard and respect,

To William Dunlap, Esq.

DAVID HOSACK, *Chairman.*

To which Mr. Dunlap replied:

New York, March 5, 1833.

Dear Sir,

It is with great pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this morning, from the hands of my meritorious young friend, William Sidney McCoun.

Of the many gratifying testimonials connected with the event you allude to which I have received, evincing the good opinion of my fellow citizens, none will be valued more highly by me than the approbation of my conduct through life, manifested by the large and highly respectable committee appointed by the citizens of New York, who were convened to express their appreciation of the services I had rendered to the fine arts and dramatic literature of our country.

I must beg you, sir, to find language wherewith to communicate my heartfelt thanks for the honor the committee have done me. I cannot find words to express my sense of the feeling shown towards me. For yourself, dear sir, accept my thanks and best wishes for your future welfare.

Dr. David Hosack, *Chairman.*

WILLIAM DUNLAP.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We thank "Fiat Justitia," for the three newspapers containing articles copied from the Knickerbacker, without acknowledgement. We have only to say in answer, that editors throughout the country are entirely welcome to any thing in our pages which may suit them. With the exception of the Journals in question, where it very probably was an oversight, we have little to complain of at the press, generally, for not doing extracts from the Knickerbacker the usual courtesy of credit.

If some other good resolution does not come in the way, we intend to rise every morning at 6 o'clock, for the next three weeks, that we may get through before June, the ponderous Essay from the West, "On the Expediency of removing the Capital of the United States, and encouraging a general Emigration from the European Kingdoms to the Oregon Territory;" what a pity this ingenious gentleman did not live in the time of Berkeley.

We will be very happy to hear again from the author of the able "Remarks on Mr. Tytlers Historical View of the Progress of Discovery;" and likewise from the accomplished "E. F. E." whose letter gave us unequivocal delight.

We suppose we must notice the "Poems by a Collegian," in our next number. To make us pay postage, however, to the tune of more than treble its value, is an Irish method of making a present we do not like. But as every "Genius" is either poor, or absent in mind, we forgive him.

We wish "C. D." or "C. L." for the writing is so very curious, we cannot exactly tell which, would try his powers once more. The pieces he sent contain some good thoughts, but were not written in his happiest mood.

The communication of "A." "L." "Eliza," "Atwater," and "Vixen," are held over. That on Irish affairs, though well written, does not suit us. The French verses to the author of Stock-am-eisen, are an honor which our correspondent will doubtless appreciate. The writer, however, is wrong in supposing the character of Napoleon is lessened in the tale. We have forwarded them to the author.

We will be obliged to the author of the "Philosophy of Human Greatness," if he will give us a call.

We hoped to have found room in our present number to have inserted the interesting paper respecting the American Lyceum, but were unable; and likewise an article on the annual exhibition of the Peithologian Society, from which we derived high gratification. The opening and closing addresses were the best. To say that the former was admirable, would be but a cold and unworthy expression, to characterize its various excellencies. The general effect of the meeting would have been better without the harping of the music, and the unacademic "exhibition" which one of the reciters made of himself. The ladies of New-York do themselves honor by a tending such assemblies.

The letter of our esteemed correspondent in Philadelphia, containing "Recollections of a Bachelor," chapters II. and III., came to hand too late for the present Number.

The Knickerbacker.

Vol. I.

JUNE, 1833.

No. VI.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE,

AS INFLUENCED BY THE CHARACTER AND GENIUS OF ROBERT HALL.*

BEFORE entering upon the obvious remarks which our title may suggest, we must express our sense of the service which the Messrs. Harper have conferred upon the American public, by the publication of these valuable volumes, in a form at once so permanent and so elegant. It is certainly great, and it must give pleasure to see a press usually so prolific in the lighter productions of mind, enriching the standard literature of our country by works of such lasting benefit as the present.

It may be thought that the consideration of a book of this description is foreign to the character of this magazine, and should be left to those periodicals which devote themselves exclusively to religious subjects. We hold a far different opinion. Viewing this work merely in a relative light, as likely to exert an influence upon the literature of the English language, it becomes our duty to estimate the nature and character of that influence, without any regard to conventional habits, or sectarian feeling. We despise the mysteries of priestcraft. It has ever been the marked effect of this narrow system of professional wrangling about polemic trifles, to withdraw the attention of mankind from the more splendid attributes of truth, and to elevate the immaterial dogmas of the angry scholiast into an importance superior to the immortal and universal principles they were meant only to define. To use the words of Junius, "such works as this are meant for men and their experience; and not for the little sneering sophistries of the collegian."[†] We can conceive that a man of genius may "to party give up what was meant for mankind;"

* The complete works of the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M., with a memoir of his life, by Dr. Gregory, and the Rev. John Foster, under the superintendance of Olinthus Gregory, LL.D. F.R.A.S. 3 vols. 8vo. London. New-York: J. & J. Harper.

† Letter LIII.

but we know, that no party can appropriate the gift. The reputation of any eminent man, at a certain point expands beyond the contraction of sect, or faction, or nation ; and, like the exhalations of the marsh, when its elevation lifts it above the narrow atmosphere of prescribed opinion, it finds itself the native of a purer and more universal region, where it

Becomes enthroned in upper air,
And turns to sun-bright glories there.

As well might the English attempt the confinement to their little island, of the vast discoveries of a Newton—or the Americans appropriate to their own republic, the limitless benefits of a Franklin's research—as the Baptists to pare down to the pale of their creed the influence and the fame of Robert Hall.

The history of pulpit eloquence is strikingly the inverse of all that speculation might have ventured to predict for it, and it is a just observation of the rhetorical critics, that the peculiar advantages of the clerical over the secular orator, ought to have warranted to the former, a splendor of perfection in the art of eloquence, which it certainly never has attained. Can we amuse ourselves, for instance, by reflecting how any of the great orators of antiquity, who have so sedulously recorded every adventitious circumstance which might possibly add interest to their orations, would have improved such opportunities as modern preachers possess. Their theme,—a religion abounding with the sublimest principles of philosophy—the most affecting manifestations of mercy ;—whose exalted object is universal benevolence to man ; and to which the whole range of science—the boundless speculations of genius,—the diversified face of nature—the varied developements of character—afford illustrations as infinite as appropriate,—their audience impressed with the supreme conviction, that this very religion is of the most vital importance to their eternal welfare,—that the man who discourses of it is by the very fact invested, for the moment, with the dignity of a superior rank, and assumes the sacred character of an ambassador of God ; add to all this, the uncontradicted deference with which all his opinions are received—the undisputed respect with which he is listened to, and the prescriptive homage which the habits of society have ever paid to the assumed greater sanctity of his life and manners ; all conspire to give the preacher an advantage over orators of every other description, which theory would be justified in supposing, might be improved to an excellence which would leave all other examples of eloquence behind. Yet how very far is this from the fact. The press, since its invention, has given birth to an innumerable multitude of sermons, and what a small proportion do they form of the

millions which have been preached in the same period; yet, rari nantes in gurgite vasto, how easily can we enumerate all the excellent in the number; and of all the successive thousands who have followed the church as a profession, since the introduction of christianity, there are very few who have been preserved from oblivion as excelling their contemporaries in eloquence; and not one who has obtained a classic reputation, like some of the great secular orators. Imagination, indeed, kindling from the dim light of history, can picture to herself in the early annals of the church, scenes more wondrous of its new-born power than ever were before recorded, or have since occurred. We speak not of the miraculous inspiration of the apostles; for in the unexampled success of Augustine, St. Patrick, and Colombo, we have proofs of its influence, corresponding with our loftiest expectations of its power, and in the far-famed council of Clermont, perhaps the most august assembly ever addressed by man, the lover of eloquence is delighted to read that the crowd of kings, and princes, and potentates, archbishops, bishops, abbots, and dignitaries of every description, were so wrought upon by the enthusiastic eloquence of Urban, that the feelings of the whole assembly became, as it were, fused into one glow of simultaneous excitement, and the simple historians of the time, in attributing their universal shout of *Deus Vult, Deus Vult*, to a miraculous unanimity, have paid an unconscious compliment to the art, the greatest ever it received. Nor are we without examples in the later history of the Roman church. Some of the effects recorded of Sixtus the Fifth's preaching, fill us with astonishment; and the Bishop of Narni's, thundering before Gregory XV., upon the non-residence of the clergy, driving thirty of the dissolute bishops of his court to their dioceses on the following day, is still more remarkable. But the true triumph of pulpit eloquence in the Roman catholic church, is to be found in France, in the period when the successful piety of the Huguenots had stirred up the gifted prelates of the Ascendant church to a noble emulation. Then arose those names of storied excellence whose wondrous sermons, or rather rhapsodies, have been so unmercifully panegyricized by the historians of the time. The testimony of the elegant and cautious Rapin, as to the effects of the eloquence of De Lingendes,

“ Mais rein ne parloit plus à son avantage que le profond silence de son auditoire quand il avoit achevé son sermon. On voyoit ses auditeurs se lever de leurs chaises, le visage pâle, les yeux baissés, et sortir tout émus et pensifs de l'Eglise, sans dire un seul mot, sur tout dans les matieres touchantes, et quand il avoit trouvé lieu de faire le terrible, ce qu'il faisoit fort souvent,”

is one of the greatest tributes extant to successful eloquence. But a still higher, because forced and unsuspected, record of its power, is that which Voltaire has awarded to that amazing passage in Masilon's celebrated sermon :

“ Je suppose que ce soit ici notre dernière heure à tous ; que les cieux vont s'ouvrir sur nos têtes ; que le temps est passé, et que l'éternité commence ; que Jésus-Christ va paraître pour nous juger, selon nos œuvres, et que nous sommes tous ici pour attendre de lui l'arrêt de la vie ou de la mort éternelle ! Je vous le demande, frappé de terreur comme vous, ne séparant point mon sort du votre, et me mettant dans la même situation ou nous devous tous paraître un jour devant Dieu notre Juge ; si Jésus-Christ, dis-je, paraissait des à présent, pour faire la terrible séparation des justes et des pécheurs, croyez-vous que le plus grand nombre fut sauvé ? Croyez-vous que le nombre des justes fût au moins égal à celui des pécheurs ? Croyez-vous que, s'il faisait maintenant la discussion des œuvres du grand nombre qui est dans cette église, il trouvât seulement des justes parmi nous ? En trouverait-il un seul ? ”

The great infidel places this among the finest strokes in all ancient and modern eloquence, and characterizes the figure which forms its basis, as the boldest and most appropriate ever employed. The whole congregation starting in terror to their feet as he pronounced the words, form a convincing illustration of its power. Passages such as this, indeed, are very rare among the preachers of the time ; the generality of their discourses contain numberless specimens of inflated rhapsody, and metaphors, strained into the most unnatural distension.

Such as they are, however, the great protestant churches have produced no ministers their equals in celebrity. The beautiful discourses of Jeremy Taylor scarcely belong to the class of actual eloquence ; and the didactic mannerism of Tillotson and Andrews, is very far from deserving the title ; while the court preachers of the Restoration continually disgust us in their most elaborate specimens, with the most shameless adulation of the profligate princes of the time. It is to the well-known Whitefield that we are to look for the first real manifestation of its energy and might. This celebrated preacher, though none of his sermons will read, had in his eloquence all the majesty of its full possession. His calling the Sun as a living witness of his truth—his appeal to the *present* God, and his remanding the angel on his way to heaven, that he might bring the news of one repentant soul—are sublime and mighty illustrations which none but eloquence of the first character would have dared to use. Franklin's testimony, too, with regard to him is as valuable as that of Voltaire's to Massillon. Kirwan, a later, is a still more powerful and marked instance of pulpit eloquence. Had not the extraordinary effects of this man's preaching occurred within our own day, we might almost refuse our credence. Churches filled for hours before the time—guards of soldiers to prevent an overwhelming crowd—themselves smitten with the contagion and struck down by his power,—collections for charity unexampled in amount, with shrieks and sobs, while he was preaching. The resolutions of the city of Dublin, with the presents and addresses from corporations and public bodies which he received, all attest the magic power which the preacher, when master of true eloquence, can command.

Kirwan* brings us into contact with Robert Hall. We are inclined to believe that this man, though more comparatively obscure, will exert a far greater influence as an orator, than any who have gone before him; and for this the solution is simple. Of the great names we have mentioned, few have left any writings behind them, commensurate with the extent of their reputation for eloquence. We speak not of the polished examples of the French school, where the effect is generally marred by an elaborate overfinish; but of the protestant divines who have been distinguished. The specimens we have of Whitefield's sermons are even unusually imperfect and lame; and Kirwan's, though abounding in passages of exceeding beauty, would not indicate, by any means, the extraordinary effects which are recorded of their delivery. With Mr. Hall the case is different. His reputation throughout England was great as either; his popularity was continued and amazing; and the immediate influence of his sermons, as marked as any modern examples. Yet his sermons and other writings have the rare quality of being equal in their intrinsic excellence, to the full measure of his vast ability. His capacious intellect, stored with knowledge, and elevated by genius, invested every subject with attractions of undying interest, and gave a freshness to his thoughts which preserved them in force and beauty, when the tones and feeling which had such deep effect in their delivery, had ceased to operate. In this is to be found the true secret of his great celebrity. Pathos or enthusiasm in the spell of its excitement may throw a fascination over language the most homely, and ideas the most trite: and genius in its pride of power, may command the passions at its will—may steep the soul in terror, and call forth the tear or evoke the sigh; but Time will fling his mist of coldness over the memory, and when the phrenzy of imagination has subsided, we start to see the formless and unbreathing skeleton which so moved our feelings. Great, indeed, must be the ability which, in the closet, can exercise the same commanding power over the reason which a thousand living influences had before wielded so deeply over the senses. We will now proceed to cull out for our readers some *disjecta membra* from these discourses, which evidence still more powerfully the deep truth of this remark. His celebrated sermon upon modern infidelity was preached and published at a time when its profound thoughts and eloquent reasoning exerted an amazing influence. It was the time of the triumph; of the apotheosis of atheism; when revolution whetted her vulture beak upon the touchstone of philosophy, ere it took wing in its demon flight of desolation and destruction. This solemn appeal of Mr. Hall called

* This extraordinary man killed himself by his exertions in 1807. The king of England settled three hundred pounds a year on each of his daughters. See General Biography.

back the wandering reason of England, and outshone the dark brightness of the infidel's success, by the deeper radiance of its immortal principles. The obligation under which he laid the world by this great effort was readily acknowledged by every party in the nation, and the bitter storm of rancor which it provoked from the astounded proselytes of the creed he proscribed, gave a surer proof of the soreness of the blow he had dealt. It was to this sermon that Dr. Parr characteristically applied what Photius said of the *λειμωναριον* of Johannes Moschus, *ἐξ ἀπαντων το χρησιμων ὁ συντομος και ὁ βίσιφιλος ἀνερ δρασηματος, ουκ ἂν ται συντεταγμαται κορον καταγωγαι.* And Sir James Macintosh declared his high opinion, "that it was every way entitled to rank among the first productions of the age." This great sermon must be read, to judge of its perfect excellence. One passage we will extract as, in our opinion, fully equal to the more celebrated one we have already given from Massillon :

"More than all, their infatuated eagerness, their parricidal zeal to extinguish a sense of Deity, must excite astonishment and horror. Is the idea of an Almighty and perfect Ruler unfriendly to any passion which is consistent with innocence, or an obstruction to any design which it is not shameful to avow? Eternal God, on what arethine enemies intent! What are those enterprises of guilt and horror, that, for the safety of their performers, require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of heaven must not pierce! Miserable men! Proud of being the offspring of chance; in love with universal disorder; whose happiness is involved in the belief of their being no witness to their designs, and who are at ease only because they suppose themselves inhabitants of a forsaken and fatherless world!"

In the rapid but sublime interrogations of this pungent sentence, what fearful accusations are conveyed. Nothing can be more palpable—nothing more powerful. Respecting the use of the strong and admirably applied word *pierce* in the above, a singular and interesting anecdote is related by the editor, p. 22, which strikingly exhibits Mr. Hall's accurate sense of the relative propriety of words in the English language. It originally stood *penetrate*, and when in intervals of great pain, he was writing out the sermon for the press, he asked Doctor Gregory,

"Did I say *penetrate*, sir, when I preached it?" "Yes." "Do you think, sir, I may venture to alter it? for no man who considered the force of the English language would use a word of three syllables there, but from absolute necessity." "You are doubtless at liberty to alter it, if you think well." "Then be so good, sir, to take your pencil, and for *penetrate* put *pierce*; *pierce* is the word, sir, and the only word to be used there." I have now the evidence of this before me, in the entire manuscript, which I carefully preserve among my richest literary treasures.

In an article like this we only wish to exhibit examples of a pure and elegant style; and in the following passage from his sermon upon war, there is an expressive beauty which every one must acknowledge, yet rendered more touching from the conclusive illustration of its philosophy.

“To descant on the evils of poverty might seem entirely unnecessary (for what with most is the great business of life, but to remove it to the greatest possible distance?) were it not, that besides its being the most common of all evils, there are circumstances peculiar to itself, which expose it to neglect. The seat of its sufferings are the appetites, not the passions; appetites which are common to all, and which, being capable of no peculiar combinations, confer no distinction. There are kinds of distress founded on the passions, which, if not applauded, are at least admired in their excess, as implying a peculiar refinement of sensibility in the mind of the sufferer. Embellished by taste, and wrought by the magic of genius into innumerable forms, they turn grief into a luxury, and draw from the eyes of millions delicious tears. But no muse ever ventured to adorn the distresses of poverty or the sorrows of hunger. Disgusting taste and delicacy, and presenting nothing pleasing to the imagination, they are mere misery in all its nakedness and deformity.”

The language can certainly boast no finer. In the peroration he seems to have taken as his model, and improved, an admired passage from Bossuet's sermon, *Sur l'impenitence finale*. But our space being too limited for extracts, we must refer to the book, Vol. I. p. 75. His sermon on the “Present Crisis,” delivered at a time when the national excitement was at its height, in dread of an invasion, will rank among the best in any language; and the arguments which the christian moralist uses to rouse the energies of a whole people in defence of their liberty and their homes, gives a depth of grandeur to incitement peculiar as it is great. The conclusion alone is all we can extract. How noble are his apostrophes—how strong his appeals:

“It remains with you, then, to decide, whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in every thing great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders; it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapped in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country,* accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in your success not to lend you her aid; she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shouts of battle and the shock of arms.

While you have every thing to fear from the success of the enemy, you have every means of preventing that success, so that it is next to impossible for victory not to crown your exertions. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allot-

* A company of volunteers attended public worship on this occasion.—Ed.

ted to man) of having performed your part; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity, to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period, (and they will incessantly revolve them,) will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favorable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals! Your mantle fell when you ascended; and thousands inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to swear by him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever, they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labors and cemented with your blood. And thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, gird on thy sword, thou Most Mighty: go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valor, that confidence of success which springs from thy presence! Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes! Inspire them with thine own; and, while led by thy hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire! *Then shall the strong men be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.*

The sublime apostrophe, "Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals!" and the preceding sentence, is one of those grand, but dangerous exertions of the imagination, which none but an orator of the highest rank would presume to use, without the risk of making a ridiculous absurdity, and strikes us as being a fine improvement on figures nearly similar, profusely but rather awkwardly used in Bossuet's great sermon, upon the death of Queen Henrietta Maria. The French preacher appears to disadvantage in apostrophising the clemency of Charles the First and the conjugal virtues of his departed Queen; but more especially so in his prayer to the angels for the preservation of her daughter, at the time he was preaching, the admired and popular wife of Phillippe of Orleans, but who, by an unwarrantable species of virgilian license, he supposes to be in her infancy, and in the power of the parliamentarians.

Princesse! dont la destinée est si grande et si glorieuse, faut-il que vous naissiez en la puissance des ennemis de votré maison. O Eternel! Voelez sur elle; anges saints! ranger à l'enlour vos escadrons invisibles, et faites la garde autour du berceau d'une Princesse si grande et si delaisée."

How great is the superiority of Mr. Hall's passage over this, simply because, by a just elevation of genius, he has seized the natural probabilities of the future, instead of, like the Frenchman, recurring to the past, and inventing a gratuitous possibility, which under the circumstances appears exceedingly absurd.

We could willingly extend to our readers the gratification of additional extracts; but our space prescribes a limit where taste would be unwilling to stop. Yet, in closing these volumes, we cannot but feel how great is the treasure, which, in their publication, has been added to the English language. It is not the divine alone who will be benefitted by their perusal; every one, who wishes to attain an

accurate knowledge of the power and the beauty of the English tongue; every one, who can admire the brightest reasoning, arranged in the most charming propriety of diction; who would wish to see the pure philosophy of revelation illustrated by the thousand lights of cultivated mind; and arrayed in deeper fascination by the collateral beauties of ancient and modern learning—will find in the works of this gifted writer, a mine of abounding excellence where every taste will be gratified, and gratified to delight.

The surest evidence of Robert Hall's greatness is to be found in the very fact of his celebrity. That, in a nation, such as England, abounding not merely with intellect and intelligence, but with men distinguished in every walk of literature, and every branch of science; where the grades of society are so closely knit and reticulated together, that there is but little access to fame, save by the beaten roads of influence and power, and where a stately and pensioned church, secure in the smiles of royalty, and reposing in dignity, on the fame of its mighty names, had haughtily excluded all dissenting sects from its pale, and operating, by its influence, upon public opinion, had almost proscribed them; till men of genius had no chance of eminence, save in the renunciation of their previous opinions and the adoption of the favored creed.* That in such a country, the obscure pastor of a dissenting congregation, residing in a provincial town, beyond the reach of the rays of favor; and of habits, singularly retiring and unobtrusive, should have filled the land with his fame, and raised himself to an illustrious station in the aristocracy of mind, is in itself a striking evidence of amazing talent; but that his works, after the transient subjects which had called them into existence have been forgotten, should still retain the power and the splendor of creative genius, and enchant not less in the closet by their excellence, than they did from the pulpit by their eloquence, is a fact that must place him among the first ornaments of the age; and forms, of itself, a brighter halo of practical glory than all the elaborate commendations delighted criticism could confer.

The chief excellence of Robert Hall's writings is to be found, not in those isolated passages of lofty beauty which frequently dazzle us in our popular authors, but to arrive at which we must wade through long pages of comparative sterility. It consists not in daring flights of thought which we sometimes pursue with wonder, till, like the arrow in the *Æneid*, they turn to fire from their own sublimity: nor does it derive any charms from a studied parade of aggregated quotations, which men of learning too often transplant to their works, like specimens in a collection, to coldly glitter, without giving any idea of

* To go no farther, witness the two striking examples of O'Brien, Bishop of Limerick, and Kirwan, Dean of Killala; both originally papists.

the mine of richness from whence they sprung ; but it is to be found in a sustained energy and expanded grandeur throughout. It never blinds us by an oppressive splendor, but is always attractive in its clear and steady light. He has studied the ancients with a just perception—a proper effect—and his works evince not a classic imagery without its life ; but a transfusion of its spirit—an exquisite blending of the classic richness, and the classic taste. Here, perhaps, in a greater degree than any work with which we are acquainted, will be evidenced the great value which a just and accurate knowledge of his native language gives to any author. Mr. Hall, studied English with a laborious application, but to an admirable purpose ; delicately alive to the propriety of words, he has adapted them in his writings with a nicety which seems to have destroyed the doctrine of synonymes, and strikes us with the fine effect of a finished painting, where distinct and brilliant colors blend into a delicious harmony, which captivates the attention before taste has had leisure to analyze the reason. Nor is this difficult beauty more perceptible than the depth of his thoughts, or the power of his imagination. In the splendid language which he himself applied to Burke, we are unable to withstand the magic and fascination of his eloquence. The excursions of his genius are immense. His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and collected stores from every scene of the creation, and every walk of art. So select are his images—so fraught with tenderness, and so rich in colors “dipped in heaven,” that he who can read without rapture may have merit as a reasoner, but must resign all pretensions to taste and sensibility.

Such is Robert Hall. The destiny of his fame is as certain as his glory was remarkable. If, without effort, and almost without intention, to have risen to be one of the first authors in his native language—if to have the happy art of combining the profoundest thought with the sweetest eloquence—if to have attained the widest celebrity as a pulpit orator, and to have sustained that celebrity, by leaving to posterity sermons equalling the most finished productions of any age ; if, attached to an obscure and uninfluential sect, he has risen till the grandeur of his genius is bright upon the world, and has yet, undazzled by fame, and untainted by celebrity, left a record of the lofty purity of his principles, which has given to the deepest religion, the blended charms of a faultless philosophy, and a noble literature—if these be any evidences of a great and lasting reputation, Robert Hall will be known to distant times as familiarly as to us, and his usefulness be only bounded by the duration of the language he has adorned.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY E. C. LINDEN, GENT.

CANTO FIRST.

Ombre, deliri.
Sogni, follie son nostre cure; e quando
Il vergognoso errore.—*Metastasio*. Demofonte, A. Terzo, S. II.

I.

Who does not love the land of dreams,
The land of gently flowing streams—
For e'en the rippling of a rill,
Falls on the ear more softened still
When Night and Fancy hold their sway,
Than mid the busy hum of day—
The land where gentle twilight steals
Her way through sweetly perfumed bowers,
And when the chill of night she feels,
Or notes the dew-drop on the flowers;
Bride of the sun, she seeks her rest,
His couch of glory in the west?

II.

Land of delight! in thee to roam
The spirit leaves her earthly home!
She casts aside her mortal coil,
And, unoppressed, by care or toil,
Throughout thy boundless regions free,
Wanders in chainless liberty!
There Fancy paints the varied scene,
With rays from heaven streaming o'er it;
But ever and anon are seen,
Dark shadows from the earth before it;
Recalling, by their hues of night,
The Spirit from her path of light.

III.

Home of the troubled soul, 'tis sweet
Departed friends in thee to meet!
In thy blest haunts, to feel the grasp,
The look, the sigh, the thrilling clasp
Of fond affection, as in truth
We never felt them, but in youth.
To gaze on those we have not met
For many years of fruitless sorrow;
To see them thus, and yet—and yet
To dream that we shall meet to-morrow;
And part without a pang; oh, this
Oft have I felt; 'tis bliss! 'tis bliss!

IV.

Oh, tell me not that 'twill not last,
A dream like this, of pleasure past.
Oh, tell me not, that when 'tis o'er,
A dream like this can only pour
A cup of galling sorrow more
Upon a heart too full before.
'Tis but a type of human life,
Where all is bright-eyed joy at starting;
But soon—too soon must come the strife,
The agony of soul at parting.
Then what is joy's declining beam,
Or what is life? A dream! a dream!

V.

We tread upon a fragile crust,
Nor heed the truth, that die we must;
It breaks, and lo, the fate of all,
The hoary sire and youth must fall
Alike into the gulph beneath,
The all-absorbing gulph of death!
Yet, who that turns his dying eyes
To childhood's paths, where all was brightness;
Where erst he roved 'neath brilliant skies,
And every step was one of lightness;
But—feeling he was happy then—
Would dream that dream of bliss again.

VI.

Oh, no, the widow'd mourner weeps
When waking, but unconscious sleeps.
Or if she dreams, the moment's spell
Will stern reality dispel,
And with her veil conceal the thought
That ne'er on earth can be forgot.
Then on bright, buoyant wing she bears
Her spirit to that place of meeting,
Where oft they met in other years,
And never felt that time was fleeting ;
That Hope was like the meteor's flame—
Youth, Love, and Beauty, but a name !

VII.

Once more in the sweet dreaming land,
Her loved one with her—hand in hand ;
Through scenes of happiness they rove ;
Again he tells his tale of love ;
Again he wins her grateful smile,
Who, happy then, ne'er thinks the while
That all is but a pleasing dream
To vanish with the morrow's waking.
A fleeting ray, a fitful gleam,
A flash of light through darkness breaking,
Which only serves to show how black,
The darkness that surrounds its track !

VIII.

And yet that single ray of light,
Bursting from blacken'd clouds by night,
Whose very darkness to the sight,
Shows it but more intensely bright ;
Who that has marked it but will say,
" 'Tis brighter than the light of day."
Who would not sooner, if he durst,
Embrace the lightning's vivid flashes ;
Than that dark cloud from which they burst,
Or clasp the white foam as it dashes
On high its thousand sparkling crests,
Than yon dull wave on which it rests.

IX.

Land of repose! Worn out by toil—
Long severed from his native soil—
The galley-slave, who tugs the oar,
In moslem chains along the shore,
Hails with delight the setting sun,
Bright signal of his labor done.
And when he seeks his needed rest,
His body on the deck reclining,
In thee—in thee his spirit blest
Sees not the crescent o'er him shining,
Hears not the rushing of the tide,
Or rude chain clanking by his side.

X.

For now, beside his cottage door,
As he was wont in days of yore,
Reclining on a rustic seat
He listens to the prattle sweet
Of all his little ones, in glee
Assembled round their father's knee ;
And ere they seek their humble beds,
His hand, with fond emotion pressing,
Upon their lovely, youthful heads ;
He gives them each and all his blessing ;
But, waken'd by his heavy chain,
Turns, drops a tear, and sleeps again.

XI.

And now, perhaps, his blazing hearth
Looks cheerful, and the sound of mirth
Re-echoes from his lowly cot,
The sound of mirth—delightful lot,
That those who sit around him there
Have welcome and a hearty cheer.
He draws his seat, and tells his joke,
His jolly friends and neighbors laughing ;
And heartily, through clouds of smoke,
Their drink from wooden goblets quaffing.
What meets his open vision now ?
A scimitar ! a turban'd brow !

XII.

How vast, how grand the mighty sea
Of fathomless eternity !
And Time, how like a single wave,
Which, rolling o'er a mighty grave,
Bears on its breast a brilliant gem,
That, like a despot's diadem,
Brings to its wearer nought but care,
And wo, and pain, and toil, and trouble ;
With mingled scenes of hope and fear !
That gem is life,—at best a bubble,
It bursts, and ah, not e'en a trace
Is left us of its resting place.

XIII.

But now 'twas here, and now 'tis gone,
And yet we love to dwell upon
Its fleeting beauties though they fade
Before us as a passing shade ;
Beneath the rays by Phoebus cast
Upon it when a cloud has passed !
Those varied shades, and gorgeous hues,
That for a moment stream so brightly,
Throughout life's early avenues,
Where ardent Youth is tripping lightly ;
All heedless of the clouds of grief,
That hang above in bold relief.

XIV.

Sweet Ada ! Life to her had been
As yet but an enchanting scene.
As yet in Youth's gay wildness free
She roamed beside the Congaree ;
Or in its bosom loved to lave
A form that Venus' self might crave !
As yet her life had never known,
A single day of care or sorrow ;
Time, with light wings had borne her on,
All reckless of the coming morrow ;
And she had never felt a tear
Bedew her cheek, but joy was there.

XV.

Among a race of hardy men,
She wander'd in her native glen,
A gentle being to their sight,
Appearing as a star of light;
Her mildness shedding forth a ray
That cheered them on life's rugged way!
A cherub form in mercy sent
To weary mortals, tempest driven;
Too bright to stay, and only lent
To point them out the path of heaven;
She seemed not of the earth she trod,
But a bright link 'twixt man and God!

XVI.

She walked the path of life, and met
No evil; lo, the sun hath set!
But, now 'twas day—its lovely light
Hath passed away, and all is night;
And thus, o'er Ada's early bloom
Hath sorrow flung the shades of gloom.
At dawn in Orran's humble cot,
Did every heart beat high with gladness;
'Tis eve, how changed that happy lot!
Reflection's chord is stretched to madness,
For Orran answers not her call,
In brake, or bower, or lighted hall.

XVII.

In vain, alas, from hill to hill,
Does Ada seek her father still.
The tidings told—the torch's glare,
From every cot or hamlet near;
Proclaims the love their inmates bore
To Orran, but to Ada more.
The one they loved as man may love
A boon companion, friend or brother,
But then they turned their looks above
With adoration on the other;
As one who only linger'd here
On journey to some brighter sphere.

XVIII.

But Love can nought avail thee now,
And sorrow clouds each manly brow !
In vain the brake and mountain glen,
Are trodden o'er and o'er again ;
And Orran's name, on every breeze,
Re-echoes through primeval trees.
In vain from lip to lip the cry
Caught up with eagerness, is pealing
And lamentations rend the sky ;
For Orran now his way is stealing
In terror through a distant wood,
With foes all eager for his blood.

XIX.

Returning, one by one, they come,
Each huntsman sadly to his home ;
With lingering steps, afraid to tell,
The tale that all but know too well.
At dawn of day, the merry horn,
Had usher'd in the rosy morn,
And Ada left her humble home
To gaze upon the waters, gushing
Over their rocky bed in foam,
And listen to the hurried rushing
Of hunters, and the stirring sound
Of wild halloo, and baying hound.

XX.

How happy was young Ada then !
Now he is gone, and ne'er again
Can Ada know a father's love
Or feel a joy, all joys above—
The sweet delight—the thrilling sense
Of bliss unspeakable—intense,
Which bursts upon us, when we think,
That, though the stream of Time is bearing
Our light barks onward, and the brink
Of dread eternity we're nearing ;
Aye, though the sun of life be set,
One heart will love—adore us yet.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

MY AUNT BARBARA.

BY COUNSELLOR EMERSON.

"I am one-and-forty this tenth of April," said I this morning, as I finished the last paragraph of the Knickerbacker, rested my feet on the fender, and filled out my second cup of coffee. Birth-days are a bore, for I detest all visits of congratulation, or even of condolence, since there is never one particle of either feeling or sincerity in the studied speeches with which the intruders pour in upon you; so I resolved to be out for the day, and was only pondering where I should dispose of myself, when the following note came opportunely to decide my movements:

"My Dear George—The bearer will hand you two jars of preserved Mogul plums, a case of potted hare, and a dozen and a half of my nine year old ginger wine, which you will accept as a remembrance on your birth-day. I hope you will not move out this damp weather, without putting on your India-rubber galloches; they are inestimable preservatives. If it clears up about twelve or one o'clock, I should like to see you on particular business; but if this hour be inconvenient you need not come till later, as I shall be at home all day with the servants, cleaning and putting to rights your affectionate aunt, Barbara Gregory."

Now it is by no means to be inferred from this document, that my aunt was so untidy in her person as to require the united exertions of her whole household to prepare her for visitors; but as she always writes her notes on slips, torn from the spare leaves of her voluminous receipt book, her communications generally run to the full limits of her paper, and her epistles are either despatched anonymously, or with the signature attached, as in the present instance, to the closing sentence.

My aunt Gregory is the relict of my father's eldest brother, and as her only son, Charles, was killed in the war near twenty years ago, the freehold property of the family descended to me as heir at law. There still remained enough, however, to settle a handsome fortune on my eldest cousin, Anne, who eloped with the Baron Boursouffe, from Paris; and as her younger sister, Mary, died of a broken heart some years afterwards, (a story I may perhaps advert to at another time,) my aunt is now in the enjoyment of a very comfortable income. She was born and educated in the country, and so deeply are all her associations and prejudices connected with it, that she could not bear, even during my uncle's life, to live in town, and certainly her good taste is eminently displayed in the selection she had made in a residence; nor do I know a more delicious room than her parlor, opening out at one side on the lawn and shrubbery, at the other, on the garden, and perfumed from morning till night by the cool air that always

breathes through the conservatory into which you enter by a glass door, beside the mantle-piece. Of all delicate repasts, give me a breakfast in spring, in that little parlor.

My father died when I was very young, so that I lived almost from a child, to the period of going to college, with my aunt. I slept in the next room to hers, and so regular were all her habits, that her anneeze on getting out of bed each morning, always announced to me that it wanted exactly twenty minutes of nine o'clock. By some minutes after it, we were all at the breakfast-table, and I have no more pleasant pictures of my childhood, than my recollections of my aunt, as she used to walk in "with shining morning face," from her stroll in the shrubbery. In these walks she always carried in her hand a soft cambric handkerchief, and the perfume which it imbibed from the early exhalation of the flower-pots, was, in her opinion, more delicate than all the *eaux* and *esprits* of Delcroix. My aunt Barbara is about fifty-seven, or perhaps fifty-nine years of age; she invariably professes that she is not sixty; and I am sure when she does turn that venerable corner, the chagrin of having to own to such an age, will shake her a little, though her constitution is antideluvian. She is perfectly the lady in her manners—I mean the lady of the old school—"sixty years since." She is kind, affectionate, charitable, and benevolent, to a degree. She is well-informed, shrewd in judgment, clear in difficulties, mild in reproving, kind in advising; in a word, she is a paragon of an aunt; but she has one fault—*she is a deadly and inveterate housekeeper*. In my aunt's education, she had been taught to consider housekeeping, not as a medium of making life convenient and comfortable, but as a science, to which every other comfort and convenience were to bow. It was composed of general rules, to which no particular circumstance could warrant an exception. During my uncle's life time, she had been remarkable only as a correct and accomplished woman, whose house was a model of elegance and taste; she then associated much with the world, especially as she had daughters to marry; but when my volatile cousin, the baroness, made her unfortunate speculation, when poor Mary had passed into the grave, and Charles perished in the war, she was left totally alone. Her sole occupation became the regulation of her establishment; her only business consisted of a series of experiments in the quantum of reduction which she could make in shop-keeper's prices, in keeping a register of market rates, and reducing to practice all the maxims of housewifery extant, from Tasser to Meg Doda.

I have spoken previously of the comforts of my aunt Barbara's parlor; but the drawing-room is quite a different place, I assure you, from the apartment occupied by the family. Like the chapels we read of, attached to old baronial castles, my aunt Barbara's drawing-room is a place to be looked at, not inhabited; she calls it, "*a decent spot to show a stranger into*;" but it is a place with which the inmates of her own family have no connexion. It is cleaned, and polished, and dusted, and settled, and aired, and warmed, at fixed and stated days; for one would suppose that my aunt keeps a calendar of the household duties for every day in the year, so regular is their occurrence: thus—the tenth of March, as her note states, is the anniversary

of a general arrangement of the whole establishment, from the cellars to the loftiest garret. This, my aunt Barbara calls *settling the house*. This *settling* is one of my aunt's most leading propensities: *every thing, she is fond of saying, has a place, and she has a place for every thing*. It used to break my heart entirely, during the short time I resided with her, after my return from college, to find her eternally on the look-out for opportunities to *settle* my books, and my papers, and prints. If, by chance, I rose from some unfinished investigation, and left the room but for a few minutes, I was sure to find, on my return, that my aunt had been *settling* the table, and that all my calculations and arrangements were confused and confounded, in consequence of my books being closed, and my papers piled in heaps on the shelf or chiffonier. If I chanced to leave the most trifling article in any situation which was most convenient to me, but which either interfered with the place assigned by my aunt to something else, or which was not the exact place she thought it ought to have, why she *settled* it instantly, by putting it somewhere unknown to me. The drawing-room was the grand scene of my aunt's *settling* exploits: it was a luxury in which she allowed no one to participate; and as soon as a visitor took his departure, there would she sit for hours to see its furniture polished and replaced with the most mathematical precision. It was in vain that we frequently tried to convince her of the absurdity of the practice of thus shutting up the very best room in her house, after stocking it with her best furniture and adorning it with her choicest prints; her only reply was, "My dear George, you know there will be many people calling on us, and we must have a decent spot to show a stranger into: besides, we ought to sacrifice a little comfort to *support appearances*."

This latter is another favorite maxim of my aunt Barbara's, though I never could divine the vast advantages resulting from its observance. It seems, however, that the necessity of *supporting appearances*, is a principle admitted by all housekeepers, and means, literally, to make a show of style and opulence, from five to one hundred per cent., according to the taste of the individual, beyond his real means. It is a necessity that never ceases to operate, however the wealth of the parties may vary: thus the wife of a farmer considers herself bound to *support the appearances* of the lady of the squire—the lady of the squire, the lady of the manor—and the lady of the manor the nearest great lady; and so on in heraldic progression to the lady of the president.

The *supporting of appearance* resembles, in some degree, the shield which miners use in driving their shafts and tunnels, and which keeps ahead of the excavator to the very end of his enterprise. My aunt is a sedulous observer of this popular dogma, though I really never could see either the advantage or necessity of it, in her case: she neither associates nor wishes to associate with people of a higher rank than herself, and her fortune is more than adequate to all her show of style, as well as her positive expenses: so that all my aunt Barbara gains by banishing herself and her family from the drawing-room, is merely the depriving herself of the comforts of an apartment, which, besides being by far the best in the house, is not one whit more splendid than every one admits ought to be enjoyed by

a person in her rank of life. In conversation, my aunt Barbara is particularly fond of dealing in maxims, sage phrases, and proverbs; which are, however, all strictly original and her own. Her correspondence is in general couched much in the same style, no two sentences being consecutive, yet all are important. As a specimen I shall transcribe one of her first letters to me, on my departure for college. It was arranged that I was to reside in the house of another of my aunts, sister to my father, who had married a professional gentleman.

GREGORY COTTAGE, NOV. 25.

My Dear George.—I was delighted to hear of your safe arrival at your uncle's. I trust, as this is your first visit from home, and as you are now beginning to assume the character of a man, that you will cease to pursue the frivolous occupations of a boy. Pay particular attention to your carving at table; it is always a test of a gentleman to carve neatly. A good address, George, is merely the judicious combination of modesty and assurance. Always break your eggs at the small end; there is less danger of soiling the shell thus. In your dress, seek what is becoming, and never wear an article that is awkward, solely because it is fashionable. In grating a nutmeg begin at the dark end, else you will have a hollow throughout its entire extent. When you carve a pheasant, take off its wings first. I have thought much on this point, and am decidedly of opinion that this is most correct. True politeness is nothing more than good sense combined with good feeling, and based on utility; if you are ever at a loss on a point of etiquette, just consider a moment whether it be useful, or agreeable, or ornamental. If it is neither of these, it is contrary to good sense, and you should never conform to a foolish custom solely because other people follow it. French mustard is very apt to catch you by the nose and bring the tears to your eyes; when this occurs, merely inhale your breath through your nostrils and the irritation ceases instantly. It is rather early to speak to you of love affairs, but I do sincerely wish to see you well settled: remember it is quite of fashion nowadays to be dirty or slovenly when in love; it is much better to be a fop in such a predicament. In sealing your letters never let your wax kindle into a blaze, the camphor which it contains will blacken it; always hold it above the flame till it is melting. In matters of taste it is better to be abusive than laudatory; in the latter instance you may be accused of following fashion, or becoming common-place in your predilections; in the latter even your errors pass for fastidiousness. When eating preserved plums or damsons, or any similar fruit, never put the stones into your mouth, as you would have to replace them on your plate, and there is always enough to satisfy your appetite without securing the small portion that could adhere to a peach stone. Never be a mere slave to custom; but remember that there is more credit in the judicious infringement of an established rule than in its monotonous observance. In putting salt on the edge of your plate just touch the spot previously with a little gravy, it will prevent it slipping into the centre. In cutting a pine, remember that a cross slice is the most esteemed. Present my regards to your uncle and aunt, and to Maria. Inquire at the arcade the lowest cost of green baize carpet rugs, and let me know, when you write, for what you can procure me a few hundreds of crushed sugar, such as will answer for gooseberry wine. God bless you, my dear, be attentive to your studies, and believe me, your affectionate aunt, B. G.

P. S. I enclose a check for \$500.

P. P. S. Do not act yet a little, upon my suggestion as to the pheasant's wing, for I find I still have a doubt.

Postscripts are said to be the most valuable part of ladies' letters, and certainly my aunt Barbara's were always so to me.

I could never well understand my aunt Barbara's real notion of economy, though it is a word which is constantly in her mouth. One thing I can plainly discover, however, that in all her purchases, she makes a clear distinction between the words "cheap" and "low-priced." My aunt will buy nothing solely because it is cheap, that is to say, when other people can get it at the same money; but she will buy all that comes before her, if she can either get or make what she considers a good bargain. She delights to tell me that she gets eggs one or two cents lower than the lady next door, and in buying them, she must always have permission to pick the largest, although, in the contents of a dozen ordinary eggs there could not possibly be a tea-spoon-full of difference between the largest and the least. My aunt has always her fish, vegetables, and dessert, at least three or four cents a day lower than any of her acquaintances. I never quarrel with this, because I find it absolutely improves her appetite, when she dines on one of these nicely calculated dinners; but I must confess it is a paltry habit at best. Whenever there is an opportunity of being generous, my aunt Gregory is so to an excess; she seems to know not only the value but the uses of money; and she delights in bestowing it in proper quarters, when she can do so voluntarily; but her foible is, that she considers it a merit to avoid, as far as possible, paying money for things that other people must pay it for. Thus she patronizes Monongahela, instead of Ennishowen, at her table, as a cordial, because it pays no duty; and though she morally detests French wine, she once actually drank a glass of chablis, because she purchased a smuggled lot some shillings below market price. She is fond of reading, and occasionally commissions me to purchase some "invaluable works" for her, as she terms them; but then my directions are never to buy these inestimable treasures, unless at considerable reduction from publication cost. She keeps three kinds of sugars constantly at hand—lump for strangers, and punch; fine scale for the family, and brown for the servants; by this, she calculates that she saves eighteen pence in the year.

When I was studying for the bar, some years ago, my two cousins and their brother paid a visit to the city, on the occasion of Charles embarking for India. This was a glorious opportunity for the display of my aunt's economy and saving money. She insisted on packing a paper of genuine Pekoe, and a quantity of sugar in the girl's trunks, as it would save them *laying out money* in lodgings in town. Before she closed the lid she slipped in a bottle of her five year old currant wine, and she compelled Charles, in like manner, to open his portmanteau, till she placed in it a case of smuggled Ennishowen. I was waiting by the pier when the party arrived in the steamer; and, after the usual congratulations, assisted the girls to have their trunks examined by the custom-house officer. Charles was standing by, but nothing could exceed the chagrin of the ladies on discovering that the wine had burst in the passage, had melted the sugar, and moistened the tea, and that all their silk dresses and finery were dripping with syrup. Charles was enraged beyond measure at the foolish anxiety of his mother, and was

pouring out his resentment to me, when the steward of the steamer tapped him on the shoulder, and advised him to be off without delay, as the officer of the customs, having found some unpermitted spirits in the portmanteau, had placed it under seizure, and was now inquiring for the owner. "Don't attempt to claim it," said the steward, in alarm; "for as sure as you do, you will subject yourself to a legal process, and be liable to a very heavy fine!" Here was a pretty mess we had got into, by my aunt's economy. The steward's advice, however, was very correct; my cousins hastily closed their package of candied finery, and Charles, casting a look of mingled indignation and regret at his captive property, as it was borne off by the excise harpies, stepped at last into the boat, and we pulled on shore.

My aunt Barbara has an idea that no one should ever send a letter by post, who can forward it by hand, even with the drawback of a month's delay. Her letters to me used always to arrive at least three weeks after their date; and then their contents (except enclosures) were useless, in consequence of having already reached me by fifty other sources. It was in vain that I represented this to her, and told her that she put herself under an obligation to the person who carried the letter, whilst, at the same time, she was destroying half its interest by its delay. To this she would only reply that she had no idea of giving money to a post man, for what she could get for nothing from a friend. After the marriage of my cousin Anne, with the Baron Boursouffe, she resided a little while at a village a few miles off. The postage by the mail, which went in an hour, was six cents, but my aunt always sent her letters by the carrier, who was a day on the road, and who got a dram on receiving them, and another on their delivery, and occasionally a shilling for civility, so that on each epistle there was a dead loss of twopence, an obligation incurred to a dependant, and a needless delay of from four-and-twenty to eight-and-forty hours: but this is all economy in my aunt's maxims of housekeeping; though it is my opinion that if a letter is worth reading, it is worth paying for.

It is one of my aunt Barbara's hobbies to horde up a quantity of sheets, napkins, damask table cloths, and webs of fine linen, for no earthly purpose. Sometimes, indeed, one or two specimens are produced, when a stranger dines with her, but her grand delight is on stated days of the year to empty out the boxes and drawers in which they are piled up, and set them out to air. You would imagine, on such occasions, that the whole house was turned into a draper's wareroom. She has likewise a vast passion for old plate; and this, in like manner, is produced once or twice a year, to be cleaned with whiskey and whiting, and is then tied up in chamois leather bags, till the next *settling* day comes. My aunt Barbara has a serious aversion to all modern innovation in housekeeping. She abominates silver forks, and even three-pronged steel ones; she uses white plates for ordinary occasions; conceives the display of blue to be extravagant, except on occasions, when, if necessary "to keep up an appearance to strangers:" and she condemns all fish sauces, except ketchup and anchovy pickle.

Now and then she takes a fancy to cover up every article in the house either with paper or calico. This occurs frequently in spring, when she is

afraid of the dust destroying the furniture. She then spreads a canvass cloth over every carpet in the house, covers the picture frames with silk paper, hangs musquito gauze over all the paintings, encloses the chandeliers in bags of linen, and hangs every window curtain in one of the same graceful contrivances. You cannot see a vestige of tables, chairs, sofas, stools, or any article of furniture; all is concealed under some homely covering, and one would imagine that the whole establishment was packed up, and ready for removing. Suddenly some fine morning, my aunt takes a *settling fit*; down she comes, strips every article of its appendages, sweats the whole household to polish the mahogany, and folds up, with her own hand, the canvass bags, to be left by for the next dusting day.

My aunt has a peculiar application of the possessive pronouns, mine and yours, when applied to the chattels of her establishment. Her directions to the servants are always given as if the articles they were to operate on, were their property not hers. *Settle your kitchen, attend to your fire, polish your chairs, exercise your horses.* On the other hand, when describing any household transaction, you would conceive, by her anxiety to designate every matter as hers—that she feared you would imagine it was borrowed—“When I boil a calf’s head,” said she to me, one day, “I clean my head very nicely, and soak it in water, that it may look very white! I take out my tongue to salt, and my brains to make a little dish. I boil my head extremely tender, till my lips are dropping off, and my cheeks loosed from the bones. I then strew it over with crumbs and chopped parsley, and brown it; and sometimes, indeed, I leave one cheek plain. I always serve it up with bacon and greens, and very comfortable it eats, I assure you.”

My aunt Barbara is a dead hand at the manufacture of all home-made wines:—that is to say, about the close of autumn, she has some cart loads of currants and other juicy fruit drawn home to her, which she sets the men servants to pound with a fifty-six; she then pours in whole hundreds of sugar, and gallons of whiskey, and after slaving over it like a West Indian, from week to week, it is set by to ferment. The proceeds of this operation are not, in all cases, the most palatable in the world; they vary through all flavors from syrup to vinegar; and though, speaking generally, there is no individual who would not gladly prefer a single bottle of any foreign wine to an ocean of this wash, yet it costs, I assure you, between time, labor, and positive expense, at least the price of moderate claret. My aunt, however, though I never saw her taste it herself, avers that it is nectar of the rarest vintage; and she tells, with peculiar *gout*, and a very knowing and comfortable laugh, an anecdote of two gentlemen, one of whom, (though coming from the Cape,) mistook her white raisin for Constantia; and the other, not only drank her black currant for red Tokai, but absolutely swore that it was superior to some Anspruck which he had tasted at Tarczal, not three months before. Charles, I believe, gave the knave a hint of his mother’s weak side, before sitting down to dinner.

But it would take me to Christmas to recount you one half of my aunt’s house-keeping vagaries, and I shall retain the remainder for some future

sketches of my relations. In the meantime, I must relate my visit to her this morning. I found her, as usual, seated in one corner of the drawing-room, which a whole host of servants were actively engaged in dusting. For my part, I could not possibly divine the utility of the operation, nor could I, for the life of me, discover one particle of dust about the entire apartment. There they were, however, the maids and the footman, sweeping as seriously and enthusiastically as if they were raising whole mounds of filth, though not a vestige appeared beneath their brushes. Their earnestness in this mysterious occupation reminded me of a man conversing with a spirit, or a philosopher weighing gas; the result was doubtless highly satisfactory, but the subject was invisible. On my arrival, my aunt hastened to give a few general orders to the housemaid, her principal aid-de-camp, and we removed to the parlor. I saw at once, by her manner, that the particular business announced in her morning note, involved some delicate embarrassment in its explanation: she fidgetted considerably for a little after sitting down; hemmed, sighed, and rose again, to insist on my trying some persico, which she had just concocted. This arranged, she resumed her seat, and invited me to wait for a family dinner on a corned rump and tongue, with ham and chickens. Having at length entirely recovered her speech, she opened the business of the meeting. Her object was to address me on a subject which certainly warranted all the agitation she had displayed; a subject which, thank God, none other than herself dare hint to me; a subject, of all others the most harrowing to the feelings of a bachelor, at forty-one. I mean the subject of—a wife. Her open and barefaced suggestion—that as I was now of a staid and suitable age, I should forthwith betake myself to marry—aroused all the indignant bachelor within me. I replied with coolness, but firmness, that it was an estate on which I never meant to enter. My aunt implored; I asseverated; she admonished, I resisted; and, at last, she flung her whole fortune at my feet; vowed to me that should I attend to her counsel, none other than Mrs. George Gregory should inherit her property, with the sole exception of \$2500, which she intended to reserve for little Barbara Boursouffle. There was so much kindness in this, and so much disinterested earnestness in her manner, that I began to soften a little. I threw more gentleness into my disclaimers—assured my aunt it was a subject I could never hear mentioned without pain—that its introduction now had seriously discomposed me—and that she must excuse me dining with her to-day, as I should require a little quiet and rest before I recovered my self-possession. “But George, my love, you must stay; you cannot possibly spoil my dinner; this, you know, is your birth-day, and solely on your account, I put my rump in pickle a fortnight ago; and this morning I scalded my tongue, and cut my ham as far in as the knife would reach; do just step down with me and saw the bone, for the maids are all busy with their drawing-room, and Diggory and Thomas are just gone out to air their horses.”

There was no refusing her request. I stepped below, severed the shank from the ham, and returned with her to the parlor. I was deter-

mined to go, however, and declined resuming my seat, my aunt recommenced; "Now, my dear George, you really must not thwart me, for I have such an amiable creature in view for you; she is very kind, and very good, and oh! she is very pretty." I confess I began to relent at this description. "She has the sweetest temper in the world—she is all gentleness and softness." I felt I was yielding, and so began to smooth my hat with extreme fervency. My aunt continued, "She is young and artless, but highly accomplished, and sings divinely; and besides, George, she admires you very much." I thought all was over. I found myself absolutely consenting. One word more, thought I, and I am lost; so I pulled on my glove, and moved to the door. "And above all," said my aunt, in a triumphant tone, "she is a pupil of my own, and I have taught her to be the best of *housekeepers*." In less time than I could possibly write it, I was off. I flung to the door, rushed into the street, and gave God thanks for my deliverance. "Oh, no!" I exclaimed, "Give me for a wife, a friend, a fool, or a monster of ugliness, but God preserve me from ever being the husband of a *housekeeper*!"

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Two hours have elapsed, and I am cooler. I have written these notes in my journal, but I cannot bring myself to go back to dinner at my aunt's, even though she should skin "her tongue," and boil "the rump" to ribbons.

S O N G .

OH, SWEETER THAN ALONG THE WAVE.

Oh, sweeter than along the wave
 The breath of music flows,
 And dearer than the daylight's streak
 Ere last it faintly glows,
 Was the full gush of joy, that o'er
 My heart, my feelings shone,
 When first from thy delicious lip
 I heard thou wast mine own.

There's not a stain of worldly thought
 Can mingle in the bliss,
 Which fills the soul with purity
 In such a time as this;
 And earth has got no other joy,
 For which I could repine,
 While thus I strain thee to my heart
 And feel that thou art mine.

**ORIGIN AND INFLUENCE OF THE COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY
OF THE ITALIAN REPUBLICS.**

BY L. L. DA PONTE.

The republics and kingdoms of the middle ages present a contrast no less striking in the manner of their increase and influence, than in the opposite characters of their political institutions. England, France, Germany, and even Naples, Castile, and Aragon, which constituted the principal monarchies of those ages, offer the spectacle of comparatively widely extended countries subject to the absolute authority of their military princes; or to a power circumscribed not by constitutional limits, by opinion, and by laws, but by feudal jealousy and baronial privileges. At the call of ambition, or for the protection of his realm, the prince could collect under the banners of his barons, the whole effective force of the empire, however wide; and the lowest vassals of his feudatories were ready to pour in overwhelming numbers upon the states which were in a continual conflict of principle with the government of the feudal sovereign of their immediate lords. The republics of the same era, each consisting, for the most part, of a single city, or extending a limited authority over the circumjacent country, unable to cope in numbers with their powerful enemies, soon found themselves compelled to put in force some moral power as a means of resistance and defence. In the contests of nations, wealth and physical strength are the only engines of power; and as the latter was denied, by the very constitution of their state, to the republics of Italy, they applied themselves, with incredible energy, to the acquisition of its substitute. All the commerce of Europe may be said to have been engrossed by these narrow political corporations; but, at the same time, with the increase of their commerce, were developed, in the theory of their government, the principles of civil and political liberty.

The moral source of this commercial prosperity thus assumed, as established, it becomes an interesting inquiry, from what combination of circumstances, and from what geographical and political vicissitudes, were drawn the materials for the successful operation of the spirit thus reduced to a principle, or, perhaps, to a necessity? The progress of geographical knowledge, from the time of the most celebrated geographers of antiquity to that of the erection of the great commercial republics of the middle era of history, had been small; and it is more than probable, that when the adventurous prows of the Venetian galleys first made known to distant countries the name of the virgin republic, they traversed seas and visited regions with guides less certain than those which had led the freighted vessels of the ancient mariners of Rome. In order, therefore, justly to appreciate the effort of the early navigators and merchants of Venice, Pisa, Genoa, or Florence—in order, we should have said, to apprehend the true

condition of the commercial relations of the European states with one another and with the East, it becomes necessary to take them up at that moment in which, when the savage triumph of barbarism extinguished the light of knowledge in the West, its principal attendants, industry and commerce, appeared to have been banished from its soil, and to have abandoned its children. We are met, however, at the very outset of this investigation, by a phenomenon that seems to controvert the theories which have passed for incontestible truth. If we seek for the origin of the wealth of nations, it seems almost superogatory to maintain that its basis is industry; so inevitably do riches attend upon labor, and so invariably is the absence of industry marked by the presence of poverty and misery. Yet when we turn our eyes to Rome, to that city into which the wealth of all the world was poured as into a reservoir, we find ourselves compelled to allow, that there, at least, not industry but conquest furnished the inexhaustible supply of her revenue. Had Rome, however, divided the empire of the world, even though unequally, with any other city, she must have lost her pre-eminence, or have betaken herself to the ordinary and natural mode of extending her gains. Her wealth was the wealth of the Roman empire, produced by the industry of its provinces. She did not merely seem, but actually was, the great receiver of the produce of her provinces, lodged in her walls by force of her political relation to the parts of her vast empire: and when that force was shared by her with the capital of the East; when she became no longer the sole depository of the provincial wealth, produced by provincial industry, she diminished in her opulence, she declined in her prosperity, and finally received within her walls the insulting and destroying presence of barbarian conquerors, while her industrious sister, rival, and successor, was still the seat of the Cæsars.

For a long time the luxuries of the East, which had formerly been brought as the tribute of distant provinces to Rome, continued, after Constantinople had usurped the seat of empire, to follow the ancient channels, and to pour themselves into this new lap of luxury. But when the followers of Mahomet, in the first impulse of their religious frenzy, took possession of the eastern parts of the dismembered empire, their hatred of the Christian name cut off all intercourse by the accustomed routes between the western capitals and the rich countries of Asia in the south. The taste for the luxuries of those regions was now, therefore, to be satisfied by the perilous establishment of new routes, and the passage of countries unfrequented and unexplored. All the merchandize that had once descended the Nile, and poured, with the current of that prolific stream, its abundant treasures from Egypt, from Persia, and Arabia; from India, and from the borders of China, into the Mediterranean cities, was now by painful labor to mount the current of the Indus, or by other passages to reach the great lake of the Caspian; thence again to mount the Cyrus; again to be transported over land to the Phasis; and thence to find its way through the Euxine to the second Rome upon the Bosphorus. This unnatural route conducted the eastern commerce, however, of necessity, to Constantinople, and made that capital the great dispenser to the cities which had formerly

received, before they reached her port, the richly freighted vessels that returned into Europe with the riches of Asia.

During the better part of two centuries, Europe continued to be supplied with the luxuries which had from long habit become necessities, by this circuitous route. At last the spirit of commerce prevailed over that of fanaticism, and the passage of the Nile, opened again to the Christians, restored, in some degree, the ancient current of trade. Before the year 850, the Venetians were again familiar with Egypt, and all the ports of the East were soon afterwards open to the enterprise of the Italian navigators. The three great republics, however, of Italy, Venice, Pisa, and Genoa, were not the earliest to distinguish themselves in the rivalry for the dominion of the sea. Amalfi, a city of Apulia, the name of which has scarcely reached the ears of the unlearned, and which to the instructed reader comes recommended rather by association with the recovery of the long-lost code of Justinian, than for any recollection of its commercial importance, bade fair to leave behind it all competition, and to usurp the glories and advantages which were afterwards to be divided by those rivals in industry and power. The arms of this now unimportant place, long bore the device of the compass, an instrument which, there invented, has given to commerce the command of oceans, that rolled, before, unploughed by the boldest prows, and inaccessible even to the spirit of adventure or the thirst of gain. The destruction of Amalfi, when the commercial jealousy of Pisa effected her fall, has left us with scanty materials for gathering much information concerning the nature or extent of her commerce; contemporary writers, in celebrating her wealth, her spirit, and her enterprise, have furnished us, however, with the names at least of the most distant, and at the same time, the most important, countries and people with which the citizens of Amalfi were connected by means of their merchants and their mariners.

“Urbs hæc dives opum, populoque referta videtur
 Nulla magis locuples argento, vestibus, auro,
 Portibus innumeris, ac plurimus urbe moratur
 Nauta maris, cælique vias aperire peritus:
 Huc et Alexandri diversa feruntur ab urbe
 Regis et Antiochi: hæc freta plurima transit.
 Hic Arabes, Indi, Siculi noscuntur et Afri:
 Hæc est gens totum prope nobilitata per orbem
 Et mercanda ferens, et amans mercata referre.”

Guglielmo Pugliese, de Normannis.

The era of the crusades supervened at last, and changed the face of European affairs. The fanaticism or the policy of Christian princes carried war and conflagration among the misbelievers of the East; but the consequences were still more serious to the dominions which they possessed, and over which they exercised the sovereignty at home. It is not our province here to touch upon the deep political effects of these expeditions; but their influence upon the reviving commerce of the Mediterranean cities cannot be suffered to pass without observation. Italy, however influential she may have been made by the authority of her spiritual capital, took but

an inferior part in the military preparations for the recovery of Jerusalem. The ships, nevertheless, of her rising republics, covered the eastern seas; and waiting on the armies assembled on the desert plains of Syria with arms and provisions, and accustoming themselves to the navigation of those waters, they learned the safest sailings and the most convenient ports; they became acquainted with the wants and the riches of the Levant; they made a highway of the most dangerous or least frequented passages; and laid open to the West a first commercial view of the countries which in its ignorance it had converted from a mine of wealth into a fountain of blood.

Of the three cities which had now assumed the ascendancy, as mercantile communities, during the period of the first crusade, Pisa may perhaps be considered as having, in some measure, outstripped her competitors. Before the bursting of this torrent upon Asia; before this first return upon the East of the hordes which had in earlier times, and at comparatively frequent intervals, poured from that quarter upon Europe, the Pisans had already established by the Indus, the Oxus, the Caspian, and the Euxine, a chain of communication, of which they held the control, between the countries of the west and the distant regions of India and China. At the mouth of the Don, a great emporium attested their power and enterprise in the name of the Porto Pisano; and there the pride of Venice and of Genoa was compelled to acknowledge the superiority of their rival. There the transports and galleys of the three republics met to deposit or receive their precious freights; and the treasures of Asia seemed there collected for the supply of Europe, which appeared to wait from that storehouse with an anxious eagerness, the gifts of a happier climate and a softer sky. This early advantage enabled the Pisans to assume a decided superiority in the conduct of the naval affairs upon which the crusaders mainly depended for support. Each victory, therefore, of the Christian armies, was attended by the extension of some privilege to the traders of Pisa; and while the people of that city were busy on all the coast of the Levant, at Tyre, at Ptolomais or Acre, in Egypt or in Greece, an influx of foreigners, allured by the certainty of successful speculation, filled her streets, and rendered doubtful by their numbers the native population.

“Qui pergis Pisas, videt illic monstra marina :
Hæc urbs Pagonis Turchis, Libicis quoque Parthis
Sordida : Chaldei sua lustrant litora tetri.”—*Donizone.*

But what were the means of Pisa for sustaining the burthen of the commercial supremacy which she had usurped? As the capital of an extensive country, it is easy to perceive that she would not have been compelled to place a limit to her advancement; but all the industry of a single city, with a few conquered dependencies, applied to commerce, could scarcely be expected to secure it an exclusive direction of the commercial interests of mankind. The produce of even a prolific soil, and the most successful policy for the promotion of manufactures, could, under such circumstances, avail but for a short time against the spirit of enterprise among a people with inexhaustible resources in the extent of their territorial domi-

nion. The industry of Pisa must, therefore, have failed in the nature of things, and she must have descended, if she had even retained her liberties, to a very inferior rank among the great commercial nations which have arisen in more modern times. No political provision could have prevented the fulfilment of her destiny, yet it was natural that she should resort to every means to secure the permanency of so valuable a pre-eminence. Amalfi conquered, and the Belearic Isles, with Corsica, reduced to her allegiance; important establishments formed upon the coast of Syria, and on the shores of the Black Sea, appeared to promise a long and uninterrupted dominion of the Mediterranean basin; and, therefore, of the commercial relations of Europe to the great seaport of Tuscany. But even before the operation of those still greater causes, which must have deprived her of her supremacy, had begun to manifest itself, a change in her policy hastened her catastrophe. In the earlier crusades, without adventuring much in the quarrel of Christendom against the infidels, the Pisans had, as we have already observed, been prominent among the naval powers in supplying the vast demand of the East for arms and provisions. The fourth crusade, however, seemed to offer less certainty of gain; the Pisans, therefore, hesitated to participate in its risks, and abandoned to their rivals on the Adriatic the opportunity out of which they had formerly extracted so large and enduring a profit. An unexpected result to this expedition secured to the Venetians a greater advantage than they could have anticipated from the most brilliant victories of the crusaders in Palestine. Signed with the cross, in token of brotherhood to all who bore the name of Christian, and pledged to wield the sword against the enemies of the faith of Christ alone, the leaders turned the arms which had been blest for but this purpose against the Christian emperor of the East; and their military ardor, which had absorbed religious enthusiasm, was satisfied to hurl the faithless occupant of a Christian throne from his seat, while the revilers of their faith yet trod upon the holy sepulchre. But to Venice, nothing more advantageous could have taken place. Her crafty senators, whom neither pride, nor ambition, nor virtue, ever blinded to the hope of gain, beheld the moment for establishing themselves in ports from which to control the commerce of the world. The Peloponnesus and the islands of the Archipelago fell into their hands; and, if subsequently the occupation of Pera and the Crimea by the Genoese, prevented the monopoly contemplated by the Venetians, it at the same time increased the strength of another enemy to Pisa, and prepared her for the fatal blow which a few years afterwards was given, no less to her political, than to her commercial prosperity, in the sea-fight of Meloria. From this moment she ceased to make a prominent figure, or to take a prominent part among the maritime powers, till, falling into the power of her rival, she transferred to Florence the advantages of her harbor, and the little still surviving of her naval strength.

Florence, on the other hand, had never mingled much in the quarrels of her neighbors, undertaken for the advancement of commercial interests. She had excited, therefore, less jealousy, and had grown rich by the regu-

larity of her application to the resources which were found within herself and her limited territory. "Her industry," observes the historian of Tuscany,* "though directed to every source of public wealth, was more especially employed in the manufacture of woollens."

Pisa, Genoa, and Venice, had used alternately, as a means and as an end, the commercial and political systems; in Florence, the latter was based on the former, and the principles of liberty were blended with the labors of the artisan. The practice of a profession or trade, was necessary to entitle the citizen to the full enjoyment of his rights. The whole population was, therefore, divided into arts which, though various, at different times, may be stated at twenty-one; or seven, called the *Greater*, and fourteen, the *Minor Arts*. The former were, 1st, *Judges and Notaries*; 2nd, *Merchants of French Cloths*; 3rd, *Brokers*; 4th, *Dealers in Woollens and Wool*; 5th, *Physicians and Apothecaries*; 6th, *Dealers in Silk*; 7th, *Dealers in Furs*. The fourteen *minor arts* were formed from all the inferior trades.

At a very early date, the Florentines excelled in the fabric of woollens; and the city, with its hive of indefatigable artisans, soon found itself unable to supply the demand for its produce. The peculiar excellence of their cloths appears to have consisted in their exquisite finish; so that when it was found impossible to produce the fabric from the raw material in sufficient quantities to meet the daily increasing demand, Brabant and England, and all the countries most noted for their manufactures in those early ages, were encouraged to pour their unfinished manufactures into this general market. An immense Italian capital was invested at the same time in those countries, in the preparation of these fabrics, which afterwards distributed to the consumers with the beautiful finish of Florence, brought back, with an usurious interest, the principal which had been expended abroad. The jealousy of Henry VII. was excited by the streams of wealth, that thus seemed to pour in upon the industrious citizens of the busy republic, and the export of woollens in the state required by the Florentine manufacturers was prohibited by that monarch. Until England had set this example, the coin of Florence circulated in every country, not merely in the purchase of the unfinished cloths, but in that of the raw material, of which all Italy furnished an insufficient supply for the singleness of Florence. The fine fleeces of Spain and Portugal afforded the material for the finest fabrics; England, France, Majorca, and the cities of Barbary, for the cloths of second quality; while the Italian wool was worked up into the inferior manufactures of the most ordinary kind. As early as the year 1284 immense supplies are known to have been brought from England, and in 1491 the monopoly was granted to Florence on the sole condition of her securing to the English, in return, the exclusive privilege of the transportation.

In the meanwhile, the industry of other nations had begun to emulate

* Pignotti.

that of Florence. She had depended altogether, we have seen, upon the produce of distant countries, for the material on which her labors were bestowed. These countries now prepared to contend with her in the excellence of their manufactures, and possessing themselves the material which she was compelled to import, they began to render the rivalry a losing struggle on her part. The partial prohibition of Henry VII. was followed by one more absolute in the reign of Elizabeth. The Flemish cities first began to rival Florence in the fineness of her woollens, and England soon entered into the contest. Thus cut off from their supplies, the manufactures, encouraged in Florence as the source of unfailling wealth, began to decline. Agriculture and pasturage had been neglected; and the Florentines, when deprived of the produce of foreign lands, discovered themselves to be scarcely better than bankrupt in the possession of the most skilful manufacturers, and the greatest reputation for their manufactures in the world.

Such was the result of the inordinate protection afforded in Tuscany to a particular interest, amounting to a prohibition, if not to a suppression, of other branches of industry. The enormous accumulation of wealth, in the hands of individuals, seemed for a while to be an evidence of general prosperity; but in proportion as the manufacturers were protected, the producers were suffered to languish, until at last it became impossible to find the smallest quantity of raw material of the finest quality; and very soon the inferior article, which still continued to be produced, diminished in quantity, so as to reduce the manufacturers themselves to bankruptcy.* In a political point of view the consequences were still more disastrous. Encouraged manufactures heaped up wealth in the hands of individuals. They may even, perhaps, have afforded occupation to large bodies of citizens; but they changed them, in a great measure, from freemen into dependents, and bound them to the opinions of those who supplied them with bread.

In the fifteenth century, the decline of the woollen trade had become so complete, as to cause the manufacturers and capitalists of Florence to abandon it almost entirely. The ruin which this decay of her greatest business would otherwise have brought upon the city, was, however, averted by the rising importance of the silk manufactures.

The early citizens of Rome had scorned, in their virile rudeness, the silken garments that characterized the effeminate Asiatics. Even when the frugal honesty of the Fabrician age had passed, and corruption had begun its enervating work upon the minds of the Romans, the outward dignity remained; and the heart that panted no longer for martial glory, still refused to acknowledge the taint with which it had become affected, and repelled the visible manifestation of its effeminacy. The age of Cæsar, which wit-

* While a single fleece of England or Holland would produce eight or nine pounds of the finest wool, in Italy the best sheep would yield but from three to four of the most ordinary.

nessed the extinction of the Romans, though it appeared for a moment to have extended the glory of Rome, beheld the introduction of those luxuries which, rejected by the pride of freemen, seemed peculiarly proper for the indulgence of a slavish people. At an enormous price, the wares of Persia, India, and China, were transported from the Red Sea, by the way of Myos-Hormos, or of Berenice, over the desert of Africa to Koptos on the Nile, whence they were carried to Alexandria to be dispensed among the vain or the dissolute at Rome. With the increase of the demand, imitations began to rival in costliness and beauty the genuine produce of the eastern worm; and the transparent coverings of Coan silk became the badge of those venal beauties, who, in the decay of public morals, were to be found in the highest ranks of Roman society. The art of producing these delicate fabrics was lost to Europe on the overthrow of the Empire, and the occupation of its provinces by the successive hordes of barbarians which subsequently peopled them. Constantinople, preserving much longer the imperial dignity, required the conventional splendors of an imperial court. Immense sums were sent from this city into the Levant, for the necessary supplies of the silks of Asia; and speculators were not slow to perceive the incalculable profits which might be realized by the naturalization of the silk-worm in those countries of the west whose climate would admit of its culture. The Orientals, on the other hand, resolving to keep in their possession this fruitful source of profit, as yet exclusively their own, resorted to every means by which they might prevent the inestimable seed from being carried beyond their borders. At last, however, two hollowed canes were brought to Constantinople filled with the precious deposit of the prolific insect. Constantinople, nevertheless, reaped but little benefit from the pious theft. The climate of Greece proved uncongenial, and when the utmost care succeeded in producing the cocoon, the quantity of silk was found altogether unequal to the care and expense of the production. From the sixth century, in which the culture was first introduced, in the reign of Justinian, to the year 1147, so little profit had been derived from it, that the cities of Italy had not yet been induced to acquaint themselves with the art.

In that year, Roger, count of Sicily, among a number of prisoners made by his fleet in a descent upon the islands of the Archipelago, obtained possession of the persons of many individuals skilled in the business of working silk from the deposit of the worm. These prisoners introduced their art into the dominions of their conqueror; and from Palermo it quickly passed into Tuscany and Lombardy. At what precise moment the city of Florence possessed herself of an invention that was to become the great source of her revenue, it is not now possible to determine; but it is known that the silk manufacturers, in the year 1204, already constituted one of the *Seven Arts* with its consuls, and with all the privileges and immunities of those bodies. Spain had received it at a period considerably earlier; yet very soon, not only Spain, but all the other countries in which it had been introduced, were excelled by the capital of Tuscany in the exquisiteness of their manufactures. As in the case of her woollens, Florence was

compelled, in a great measure, to depend on foreigners for the raw material in sufficient supplies; but, more fortunate or more wary in this branch of industry than in the former, she continued to thrive notwithstanding the brilliant success of more powerful states in the same pursuit. In the fifteenth century, after a slow and regular increase, the silk trade in Florence reached the height of its advancement, and this was exactly the era at which she stood forth to the world as the most illustrious example of political greatness and commercial prosperity; controlling the destinies of Italy by the influence of her republican vigor, and exciting the admiration or envy of the commercial nations of Europe by the accumulation of treasure within her walls.

Upon the silk and woollen manufactures were based the riches of Florence; but that which constituted her safety on the failure of the latter, prevented also, perhaps, a similar catastrophe to the former. She had neglected almost every thing for the protection of her woollens, yet the newer art of the silk-weavers had not been without some countenance; and at last the progress which they had made enabled them to occupy the place of which the policy of England and the other countries engaged in the manufactures of woollen goods, had deprived the manufacturers of those fabrics in Florence. A more equal distribution of favor now tended to preserve the silk-workers and dealers from a similar fate. We have seen among the seven greater arts, the brokers placed in the third place, before some others that have since come to be considered members of more elevated, if not more honorable, professions. These brokers, bound by the strictest regulations to the honest and able discharge of their responsible duties, became the bankers of Europe. The pope transacted through them, while dwelling at Avignon, the fiscal concerns of his estate; and a single house is known to have had, so early as 1233, its agencies for the speedier transaction of business at Avignon, Bruges, Brussels, Sienna, Rome, Naples, and Paris. The useful invention of a system of exchange, first known, or at least, perfected, in Florence, thus raised her in commercial character; and strengthened by the sums of money which, at an advantageous interest, were loaned by the Florentine merchants to the largest houses, and not unfrequently to the governments of other countries, the body, or board of Florentine brokers, became at once among the most influential in the domestic affairs of the city, and among the most necessary to the rising commerce of Europe. In this view they certainly acquire a new dignity; and if associated, as they should be, with all the blessings that commerce has bestowed upon mankind, must take their place among the benefactors of the human race.

The mode of exacting security on loans is well worthy of attention, inasmuch as it shews, with unerring certainty, the exact value to commerce of the indefatigable exertions made by the money-lenders of Florence. There is no more certain index to the state of public credit than the nature of the securities given and required. Every reader may draw his conclusions from the following facts. When Aldobrandino d'Este applied for the aid of the bankers of Florence, in addition to the mortgage of all his real

estate, they required the person of his brother in pledge. The neglect of similar precautions had caused to Florence a loss that shook the whole fabric of commercial prosperity, when Edward of England, the conqueror of Cressy and Poitiers, and the ambitious aspirant to the realm and throne of France, permitted the great house of the Peruzzi to fail in consequence of his inability to repay the moneys which they had furnished for his wars, and which amounted to a sum, calculated, according to the present value of money, of not less than six millions of sequins.

The prosperity of the Florentine brokers was extraordinary indeed ; but still, when we comprehend the extent of their commerce and manufactures, we easily become in a condition to account for it. But a more striking difficulty presents itself in regard to this commerce ; and if we remember the absolute exclusion of the Florentines from the coasts of the Adriatic and the Tuscan seas, we shall be scarcely able to comprehend the means by which they were enabled to carry on the extensive trade that we have seen, with England and the Netherlands for wool, and with the East for all the luxuries which, after the period of the great crusade, became of common necessity in the cities of the West. Without a single port, Florence was, of consequence, without a single vessel ; yet her florin reached the capital of China, and sent thence to the city in which it had been coined, the staples of Pekin. If any thing be required to add to the wonder of Florentine industry and enterprise, we have only to learn that the Venetians, by possessing themselves of all the trade of Egypt to the exclusion of their commercial rivals in Italy, shut out the Florentines from that only direct communication with the East, and closed the door against the influence of their accumulating wealth. While, therefore, Venice in her gallees, by regular intercourse with the cities of the Nile, might seem to monopolize the Asiatic trade, the enterprise and indefatigable resolution of the Florentines, under all the disadvantages of a circuitous land-carriage, prepared to contest the valuable privilege of furnishing to Europe the luxuries of Asia. In hired vessels belonging to their maritime neighbors, they attended at the mouth of the Don the coming of the caravans which were to supply their freight. These, from Pekin, traversed the great extent of the eastern continent to Astrachan, whence they resumed their journey to the Don, and there, in the vessels prepared for their arrival, deposited the precious burthens which the wealth of Florence had thus caused to pass over such a distance of desert, mountain, and morass, to compete in its distribution with those who, at less expense and infinitely smaller risk had received their equally valuable cargoes by the means which nature or art, had provided for their transportation ; by the current of a navigable stream, or over roads that had for ages been used for similar purposes, and which were both familiar and safe. Even this difficulty, arising from the want of naval force, was not so threatening, nor so nearly insuperable, as another, proceeding from the same immediate cause.

The vast accumulation of wealth, the fruit of their unceasing industry, enabled the merchants of Florence to command the navies of all the maritime powers of Europe. But three jealous commonwealths were in posses-

sion of the only ports by which her chartered fleets could return to Florence the equivalent of her outlays. Interest, or apparent interest, or envy, might have induced the people of Genoa, of Pisa, and of Sienna, to close against the citizens of an aspiring rival state the only access by which the returns of her enterprise might reach her as new sources of wealth. It thus became no small or insignificant part of her foreign policy so to array the jealousies of Pisa, Genoa, and Sienna against one another, as to prevent the union of those cities for the annihilation of her commerce, and, as a consequence, of her power, if not of her existence. In this, however, she was for the most part successful; nor was it till the occupation of all those states by Visconti, surnamed the count of Virtù, that the Florentines were ever reduced to feel the full assurance of their dependent condition. The death of this tyrant, it may be remembered, in the moment of their last struggle and their last despair, delivered the Florentines from the impending ruin. They recovered from it, indeed, as from the indulgence in a long slumber; and the reduction of Pisa, from that moment, became the first object of their ambition, not as necessary to their commercial advancement, but as a *sine qua non* of their political being. With this event, which took place, A. D. 1406, Florence saw her commerce now established on a firm foundation; and if she never became powerful among the Italian governments, as a maritime power she secured to herself all the advantage at least of a free and ready access, as well as the certainty of holding in her own hands the control of her commerce. Had Florence, moreover, put at once afloat a naval armament, it would not have been possible to avoid those doubtful contests for superiority, which might have resulted with her, as formerly they had resulted with Pisa in her contests with Genoa. If such prudential considerations subsequently prevailed in the councils of Florence, their first preparations and the organization of their marine, appear to indicate a hope, if not an expectation, of establishing a respectable naval force. Yet, though admitted in 1422, to a participation with the Venetians in the commerce of Egypt, and having the freedom of the Black Sea, the long predominance of Venice in Africa, and the complete occupation by the Genoese of the most important ports on the borders of the circumscribed empire of the East, soon undeceived the Florentines as to any hopes which they might have conceived from the acquisition of the Porto Pisano, and soon after of Leghorn. Affairs, therefore, remained with little variation in their aspect, till the fall of the Greek throne, which so profoundly shook all the relations of Europe, social, civil, commercial, and political.

Venice and Genoa were in possession of places, the conquest of which by Mahomet or his successors was nothing less than necessary to the integrity of the Turkish empire in Europe. If, then, these cities had not dared with a vigorous aid to unite in the defence of Constantinople, they had given sufficient evidence of a desire so to do. Dislike, therefore, no less than policy, urged the Mohammedan conqueror to an unconcealed hostility towards their people, and an open attack upon their dependencies that bordered on his dominions. Florence, their natural rival, became under these circumstances, almost the natural ally of the sultan; and the establishment of his throne upon the ruins of that of the impotent emperors, which

seemed to threaten devastation to the rest of Christendom, was marked by the greatest kindness, and by the immediate concession of important privileges to the Florentines. At this moment, therefore, we must look for their greatest commercial prosperity.

In an article like the present, we have been able merely to give but a general view of the commerce and domestic industry of the Florentines—an outline not intended to furnish the reader with any detail of the extensive commercial undertakings of the singular people to whom it referred, but to present in one view some of their most striking results. The object of this brief condensation is not, therefore, to furnish a statistical table for the political economist, but rather to show the relation of commerce to great political principles, and to place in parallel regard the advancement of commercial and political prosperity among the Florentines. The introduction of one of the ablest writers of the present day to his admirable sketch of the lives of the Italian Economists, concludes with a set of deductions from the comparison of the progress of the commercial greatness of the Italian states, with the rise and progress of the science of political economy, and of both these with the advancement and decline of political liberty in the same countries.

1st. *Liberty by itself, without the aid of theoretical science, and in spite of the greatest violations of its provisions, is sufficient to sustain and to advance the wealth of nations and the prosperity of states.*

2nd. *The most accurate and acknowledged theories do not alone, in practice, for the absence of liberty; for which, however, they are the only substitute to secure comparative advantages.*

3rd. *Political economy, as a science, is more requisite to the monarchical than to the republican form of government.*

4th. *Liberty is so essential to the prosperity of a people, that this science is itself, in its principles and results, but a circumscribed exercise of freedom extended to commerce.*

5th. *Without either liberty or science, it is impossible for a people to flourish, except under the influence of the momentary excitement of some passing cause; to relapse, upon its failure, into a sudden and certain decline.*

To investigate, in a measure, the truth of principles so apparently pregnant with important practical results, is the object of this paper. Its value, if it contains any, will be derived from a relative comparison with the known political eminence of these wonderful republics, and this will prove or disprove, in the surest manner, the justness or the fallacy of the inferences which we have extracted above from the writings of the Italian Economist. In forming our judgment, we must not allow ourselves to forget that republican Tuscany boasted an active, rich, and ambitious population of upwards of three millions of souls; and that at the termination of the eighteenth century, though subject to the mildest form of tyranny, the whole surface of that beautiful country nourished but a population of one million two hundred thousand—that the whole revenue of the Grand Duke of Tuscany is less than that which filled the people's coffers in the city of republican Florence.

THE EAGLE'S CANZONET.

BY J. ALRETKEN.

"Audeo Solem."

My eyrie is the rifted rock,
 Which props the clouds of mist,
 And there I brave the whirlwinds shock,
 And live as eagles list.
 My watchtower is the ether pure,
 Where, on my wings I rest ;
 From man's presumptuous gaze secure,
 Unshackled—unoppressed.
 And there I lie,
 With eager eye,
 To watch the movements of my hapless prey,
 Then stoop and sieze, and tear their hearts away.

Up with the orb of light,
 Exulting and alone,
 I wing my tireless flight,
 In regions all my own.
 High in his blaze I soar,
 Till, cradled in the west,
 He sinks amid the roar
 Of billows to his rest.
 'Tis then I stoop,
 With bloodless swoop,
 To gain, in shelter of the mist-crowned cleft,
 My screaming wild brood, not of care bereft.

Mine was a royal lot
 Since ever Time began,
 The idol of the warrior's thought,
 The emblem on his van :
 The crest of nations as they rose,
 To majesty and might ;
 Their bird of hope, mid thronging foes,
 Their watchword in the fight.
 And ever so,
 My name shall glow,
 Linked with the great, the mighty, and the free,
 The lords and arbiters of earth and sea.

O, I will live as ever,
 While day succeeds to day ;
 The quivering limb to sever,
 Or soar sublime away.
 And when old age steals o'er me,
 Some dreadful deed shall tell—
 I die like those before me,
 Who fiercely fought and fell.
 I'll call at length,
 My failing strength,
 And, pouncing on the ruthless tiger, part
 My beak and talons writhing in his heart.

THE KNICKERBACKER OLIO.

No. I.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

“Upon what meat does this same Cæsar feed that he is grown so great?”

Glorious Will! Matchless Shakspeare! Thine is the true philosophy of human greatness. You ask not, in what school was Cæsar taught? to what system of mental cultivation was he subjected? Still less, with modern philosophers, would you ask, what bumps has this same Cæsar! No—you go at once to the true source of all that is great in human character, and ask, upon what meat does this same Cæsar feed? This is the true, the solid basis on which human greatness is built. Of all the modern speculators on the philosophy of politics, but one has followed this, the true path—the Hon. Mr. Twisston, who attributed Mr. Pitt’s war policy, to his eating devilled beef, and Mr. Burke’s horror of the Bloody French Revolution to his stimulating with hot water. Tell me what a man *eats*, and I will tell you how he *thinks*; or, *vice versa*, tell me what he thinks, and I will tell you what he eats. Here I could, were it worth while, be very learned on “the connexion between mind and matter.” “nervous Influence,” “the Galvanic fluid.” *I know it all*; but will not trouble you with *any* of it. Away with all *a priori* reasonings. The best proof of the truth of any theory is obtained by reducing it to practice—if it work well, that is all that the practical philosophers in this Utilitarian age will require. Apply the rule then. Solve the problem. The mind of any man being given, find out what he eats? But on whom shall we apply it. The distant or the dead were the best subjects, for to them no offence could be given; but on the other hand, it is difficult, and in most cases impossible, to find out what they ate. Where, then, shall we go? I have it. In this land of popular sovereignty, public men are public property. There can be no harm in applying the rule to them. If a man feed at the public crib, he should surely be willing that the public know what he eats. Let us look at the last congress. There’s Mr. Webster. What does he eat? Read his speeches,—observe the rich style—the close argument—the pungent satire. There is substantial corned beef, with plenty of mustard in every line. Mr. Calhoun eats roast beef, but he has of late spoiled his eloquence by putting too much cayenne on his beef. Mr. Holmes eats ducks; but he is not as particular as he should be; sometimes the ducks are fishy, and then—bah!—what a flavor it gives to his attempts at wit. The day he wrote his letter to the legislature of Maine, his ducks were very fishy, and the lawgivers “down east” suffered for it. Mr. Tyler, eats ham and greens the whole year round, and the consequence is, his speeches are ham and greens, ham and greens, ham and greens, to the end of the chapter. His colleague, Mr. Rives, hood-winked

every body as to his sentiments on nullification. Do you know how? He is just from France, and he dined every day on some French dish that nobody knew any thing about; of course, how could they tell what he was going to say. George Miller used to eat plain boiled rice, and was a plain, good sort of man, till corrupted by Mr. Calhoun, he began to eat cayenne on his rice;—the effect is seen in his speeches—all Mr. Calhoun's cayenne, without any of his beef. Mr. Adams eats corned pork with mustard, and sometimes with molasses. The way he came to eat molasses is curious. When he returned from abroad, he had acquired, I know not how, a reputation for monarchical feeling, and fondness for diplomacy and ceremony, which was thought to be quite un-American. To rid himself of this—to prove that he was a Yankee—true Yankee—and nothing but Yankee, he took to eating molasses with his pork. At first, like all new converts, he was quite over zealous in the use of his molasses, and the consequence was, his famous Fourth of July oration. Of late he only takes a dip now and then, generally preferring mustard. Still you sometimes taste the molasses in his eloquence. Even his celebrated Bank Report was not entirely free. He had finished his dinner, when he thought he would take one dip—that dip, (so mysterious is the connexion between mind and matter) induced him to put four lines of doggerel poetry at the end of his report, which, (could any thing have done it,) has most completely damned the whole concern. There is one member of congress who puzzled me for a long time. He is a perfect Gratiano—"speaks an infinite deal of nothing" as any man in Washington. What he ate I never could imagine. Beef, mutton, or pork were out of the question. It could not be fowl, or game. Perhaps 'twas fish—I heard him again;—no—it could not be fish; there was more substance even in paugies. I was at fault. I knew his mind, yet could not tell what he ate. I went to his landlady's—"Pray Madam, what does Mr. — eat?" "Eat sir?" "Yes, ma'am, what is his favorite dish?" "Dear sir, he is the strangest man—he absolutely eats nothing—nothing at all." "Well, I thought so." My rule is a good rule, after all.

FALSTAFF.

No. 2.—THE POETRY OF A CIGAR.

Stars live in heaven—and to them Poets rave,
Till they've exhausted all their words of praise;
I too, a poet, lift an humble stave,
And sing of one that joys me with its rays;
One that ne'er wanders from its sphere too far,
But nightly burns upon my own cigar!

Dear fragrant weed—thou Ariel of my dreams!
Solace and comfort of my lonely life;
In thy blue mists Imagination seems
With forms of more than earth-born beauty rife.
The love the miser bears his hoarded gold,
Beside my love for thee, is dull and cold.

The undulating wreaths sail lightly round,
And like the soft mists in the morning air,
Go gently up into the blue profound,
To lose themselves among the bright things there—
So gay young dreams of love, float through the mind,
Till truth disperse them to the wandering wind.

Thy gentle radiance gleams beneath my nose,
Sending a halo of sweet odors up,
That smoothes the aspect of all coming woes,
And tints with pleasure, life's most saddened cup.
Thou art my comfort, my exceeding joy,
My only pastime that knows no alloy.

When evening folds the earth in her embrace,
And wraps her mantle round the sleepy day,
I wheel my chair to the accustomed place,
Stir up the fire, renew the lamp's dim ray,
Place thee, sweet friend! between my lips to burn,
And let gay Fancy to her gambols turn.

Slowly and soft the filmy clouds ascend,
While perfume floats upon the buoyant air;
My thoughts take form, and seem like Love's to bend
In heavenly light and beauty o'er me there;
Spiritual fancies dance along the ceiling,
Till all my senses with the scene are reeling.

In the thin wreaths, Ambition builds her high
And gorgeous palaces. Fame has a form,
And drops her laurels from the visioned sky:
Voluptuous Love sits there, all rosy warm,
Shedding her smiles upon me, till my heart,
To clasp the vision, from its seat would start.

But it finds none : so, with complacent smile,
 I light another Pellon, and proceed,
 In pleasant mood, the evening to beguile
 With building castles, that no labor need.
 Thus, in the peopled fumes of my cigar,
 Communion sweet hold I, with realms afar.

Beloved weed ! Thou well deserv'st to be
 The legacy of one the world admired :
 And well did he deserve, whose gift was thee,
 By a queen's praise to have his muse inspired.
 Sir Walter Raleigh, and "the good Queen Bess,"
 With right good-will your memories we bless !

v.

No. 3.—BREVITIES.

BY CHRISTOPHER SHORT.

SMALL FEET.—I passionately admire small feet—just such feet, fair reader, as I dare be sworn belong to thee—encased in a narrow little shoe, tied with black ribbon round a thin, intellectual ankle. There is something poetical in such a foot—it has a Camilla-like step, as when she tript it over the corn-fields, and scarce brushed the dew from their tassels, so light and elastic was her tread. Hear what Sir John Sucklin says on this subject :

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light."

Truly, Sir John was an admirable connoisseur of female beauty ! His ideas chime marvellously with mine, and I like him all the better for it. Strange, that our modern poets have not thought of eulogizing a lady's foot, when it is the very point of which herself is most vain. Perhaps they imagine it is stooping too low to seek for beauties in this quarter—I think they are mistaken.

HANDS—not *my* hand, fair reader—that is already pledged, and I like not your double-handed gentlemen, of whom, I grieve to confess, there is but too large a number about town, who are dealing with *hearts*, but cut for *diamonds*. The hand ! it is the peculiar seat of the touch ; that most exquisite and subtle of all the senses. With how many fond and endearing associations is it linked ! It was our mother's hand that cherished and caressed us in helpless infancy—that led us gently, and with care, when our

young footsteps first began—that, in many an hour of sickness or sorrow, has soothed our aching brow and ministered to our distress. Who can forget the hand of a mother! Hast ever been in love? and dost thou not even now feel the thrill of happiness that shot through thy veins, when thy hand was first clasped in that of thy lover? Do not thy fingers glow to their very tips at the recollection of that touch? How pure, how sweet, how extatic! Well might Romeo, when beholding, with impassioned bliss, his Juliet in the balcony, exclaim,

“Would that I were a glove upon that hand!”

The hand! it is the token, the seal, the pledge of union, in the holiest rite on earth. It is, too, the token of friendship, of welcome, of hospitality, and kindness—the almoner of the heart. Commend me to an open hand, whether in man or woman, and in woman let it be plump and transparent, as a cluster of white grapes. I have little taste for thin attenuated fingers, that seem to be formed out of marble rather than of good flesh and blood—there is something cold and death-like in the look and touch of such a hand; it cannot be beautiful, for it is unnatural.

BLUE DEVILS.—One should never suffer himself to become a prey to *ennui*, or—to use the nearest phrase we have to it in English—the blue devils. These azure imps, if once they get possession of a man—I don't include woman, for she has a thousand charms to dispel them—are a greater curse to him than were the plagues of Egypt to its royal master. He cannot walk, for he has no object in view—he cannot sit, nor even lounge—his spirits are too restless, his nerves too irritable—he cannot converse, for that is a labor to him—to read he is unable, his attention cannot be fixed—to sleep with comfort, is equally impossible with him; for his tormentors, like “the fancy's midwife,” hover about him in dreams and fill them with inquietude. If it was made the curse of man that in the sweat of the brow he should eat his bread, it is equally true—and a beneficent provision of Providence is it—that in the laboring for that bread, he should find his greatest blessing. I envy no man his carriage, who rides abroad in it without occupation or object in view. I am sure of being happier trudging on foot, so long as I am intent on some honorable and honest pursuit.

WEBSTER—The man who holds so distinguished a rank among the orators of our country, possesses personal endowments in as rare a degree as mental or moral. His countenance is full of the majestic. His forehead is high and expanded—his eyes, over-arched by dark heavy brows, are full and penetrating—his glance is soul-searching; beneath it the most stout-hearted must quail—his lips are thin and compressed, denoting resolution of purpose and decision of character, and when wreathed into a smile, the smile is that of a tiger ready to spring on his prey. I have seen this peculiar smile of Webster when pleading in court, and having overpowered his antagonist with argument, he turns upon him with this withering, fearful

look. I have seen it, too, when some witness was undergoing from him a cross-examination, and the whole chain of truth was gradually unfolded beneath his mighty intellect, from the folds and tangles into which, by the depravity of the witness, and the ingenuity of the counsel, it had artfully been woven. Then, when the last link was developed to view, that smile, cold and chilling, has seemed to transfix the witness, and to infuse a shudder into all who beheld it. To appreciate all this, one must have seen the living man—the orator and advocate himself—but I have seen no representation of the human countenance more faithful than the portrait of Webster, by Frothingham of this city—an artist whose works the public have not as yet fully appreciated—the canvass speaks as eloquently as the orator—the eye pierces like his eye, and the features bear the same intellectual impress as do his features. It is certainly a master-piece of art.

SPIRIT OF IMPROVEMENT.—What a busy, bustling, restless, reckless spirit, is this same spirit of improvement, which now pervades our city. It is here, there, and every where within the limits—ay, and without the limits, too—for it is a resident here, and is consequently entitled to the benefit of our *improved* statutes, which exempt from arrest. It may be seen prowling about the streets, taking maps and surveys, or diving into dark lanes and alleys, and thoughtfully pacing out the ground, and cogitating plans for improvement. At one time, you behold it, with ruthless hand, tearing down an antique Dutch building, the birth-place of some worthy Knickerbacker, and tumbling into the street its venerable tiles and weather-beaten bricks, and then kicking up a terrible dust among the rubbish, and out of it rearing a tall, tottering, flashy block of houses, on the front of which it inscribes with white-wash, instead of the old iron chronological inscription of its predecessor, "Improvement 1833." At another time, you detect it, with pick-axe and crow-bar, breaking through the walls of a church-yard, and, unawed by the sanctity of the spot, or the sacrilege of the deed, digging open the graves, and upturning, like common dust, the crumbling remains of those who are interred there.—Again, you observe it darting, in a straight line, like lightning, through some zigzag streets, and slicing off whole fronts of houses or jutting points, to make them square with its own ideas of improvement. Anon, it comes steaming through the most travelled thoroughfare, and tearing up the pavements, it deposits in their place a raised track of iron, along which it courses, with high-pressure power, running over all impediments, and jostling from his legs many an honest wayfarer, who never before dreamt of such improvements. Indeed, there is no end to the ways and means which this same improvement takes to exhibit itself. Proteus-like, it assumes a thousand shapes, and like the waves of the sea, no Canute may say to it, "thus far and no farther." For myself, I have no fears. I have neither houses nor lands, and have no ancestors buried in the city; but he that has, may well tremble, lest the first be brought about his ears—the second be sent on a voyage to Communipaw, and the last dug up and deposited—where?—any where to make improvement! D.

FAREWELL OF A PILGRIM FATHER TO ENGLAND.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

I've trod my last step on thy strand,
And now am on thy wave ;
To seek a home in some far land,
But haply find a grave !
I reckon not where my bones are laid—
Who wraps them in their sheet ;
I reckon not where my grave is made,
If trod by human feet.

My mother, England, still thou art,
And I would be thy son ;
But thou hast flung me from thy heart,
With many a worthier one !
I love thee, oh ! too much to say,
And like a lover yearn ;
For though I turn my eyes away,
My heart I cannot turn !

The sea runs high, the ship dips low,
The wild waves overwhelm—
The crew are lashed above, below—
The helmsman to the helm ;
Rage on, rage on, thou wreaking wind—
Roll on, thou weltering sea ;
Ye cannot be more hard, unkind,
Than man hath been to me !

I heed not these rude tempest gales,
Their rage will soon be spent,
I heed not these storm-riven sails,
My heart is deeper rent!
The storm will pass—the angry main
Will know a day of calm,
But who will make Thee whole again,
And give thy wounds a balm ?

Thy sons were strong, and brave, and bold ;
Thou wert the Ocean's heart ;
But Power hath drained their veins for gold,
And sapp'd Thy vital part ;
They dare not think of what they were,
Nor say what they would be ;
For England now herself doth fear,
Who feared no enemy !

Thy bow was strong at Agincourt,
Thy lance did stain Poitiers ;
Thy strength shall be a theme for sport,
As now it is for tears ;
There's one, for wine shall give thee gall,
And laugh at thy distress ;
And some shall triumph in thy fall,
Who feared thy mightiness !

Farewell ! I cannot think of thee,
And feel no filial fear ;
I cannot dread what thou may'st be,
Without a shuddering tear.
I weep not at the wreaking wind,
Nor dread the awful sea,
Though both are fell, and hard—unkind—
I weep and fear for *Thee* !

THE PROSELYTE.

A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

There were many persons living, at the close of the last century, in Vienna, who recollected the fervid eloquence and the interesting appearance of Gabriel Kaunitz. He was a Lutheran preacher, educated at Jena, and while yet but young, was instituted pastor of a congregation in the capital, shortly after the Treaty of Dresden had settled the troubles in Germany.

The protracted war of the succession had long occasioned a laxity of religious feeling throughout the empire, for men of every sect soon forget mere speculative opinion in the more absorbing objects of national excitement; and the elegant Maria Theresa, when she found herself firmly seated upon the throne of her fathers, seemed anxious to obliterate all remembrance of her adverses, in the variety of amusements which she patronized in her brilliant court, and which were furnished in every profusion which her accomplished taste could imagine, or her unbounded resources could supply. An apathy of feeling so natural, and an example so influential, produced a state of society on which the sacred themes and great abilities of the young minister, would be well calculated to produce a powerful impression. It was no unusual thing to see the narrow little street, Gruffhausen, which then diverged from the Graben, crowded with crested and coronetted carriages, and his chapel, there situated, filled to overflowing with an admiring audience, composed of the *elite* of the society which then thronged the city of the Kaisers, and who, at that time of the general discussion in the Roman catholic courts, which preceded the downfall of the Jesuits, gloried in manifesting the fashionable liberality by attending the ministry of the opposite faith. Kaunitz was in truth a remarkable young man. To a deep and ardent piety, there was joined in his character, a warm imagination and a gifted mind; and the enthusiastic zeal with which he proclaimed the lofty doctrines of Luther, had many attractions for the volatile population of Vienna. His abilities were not a little enhanced, in the opinion of his fair auditors, by a commanding person and a noble countenance; to which a delicate complexion, shaded by a profusion of dark, curling locks, and lit up with a pair of animated black eyes, gave an intellectual and interesting expression. Kaunitz, however, only seemed to regard his popularity as an additional means of doing good, and time after time he addressed the crowded congregations which filled his chapel with no other feelings than those engendered by the zealous discharge of his duty.

There was one evening, however, when he was more than usually animated, and when he declaimed, with all his energy, on the sublimities of the christian faith, and the matchless love of the Redeemer; that his eye was

arrested by the countenance of one of the most beautiful females in Vienna, who seemed to drink in all he said with an earnestness he had never witnessed before in any of his fashionable hearers. She was a fair and dark-haired girl, and her large hazel eyes had in them that expression of radiant softness which witches the heart at once. The young minister was unaccountably pleased with her deep attention; and when her lovely features were lit up with devotion, and she would recline her brow in her white and delicate hand, he thought he had never seen a form of earth look half so engaging. There was, indeed, in her appearance, that touching charm of superior beauty, irresistible in its very softness, which would excite interest in any situation; but which then, in that place of holiness, connecting the heart in ready association with the seraph forms of a brighter world, would make an impression on a mind predisposed to catch the allusion altogether ineffaceable. Thus Gabriel Kaunitz returned home, after the service was concluded, and of all the thousand faces he had seen, that, alone, had left its image on his heart. He could not be in love, his soul was too much devoted to his God, to thus cast itself away before any meaner shrine; but often, when his feelings were distracted or disturbed, and the world would press heavily upon him, in its cares and anguish, those enchanting features would recur to his mind, and bring joy and freshness in their recollection; nor could he conceal from himself that he walked to his chapel on the following Sunday, with a quicker and more anxious step than he had recollected before.

An assembly, brilliant and crowded as usual, awaited his appearance; but he gazed upon them with his wonted abstraction, until his eye, in the same spot, rested upon the same fair young countenance, gazing on him with an expression in which the purest innocence seemed elevated and refined by a deep and absorbing devotion; and then the young minister felt his heart tremble with an involuntary delight, and his spirit was awed, he knew not how, in the presence of an unknown and simple girl. There is nothing finds a surer avenue to the affections than a deep attention on the part of others, to any opinion we may express. Thus Kaunitz could not but feel a strange and fascinating interest in the evident and unusual deference with which the young stranger seemed to regard all he said. Her soul seemed to hang on his lips, and as he became animated or affecting in his discourse, her countenance suffered a corresponding change; her fine eye at one time brightening with the loftiest hope, or at others suffused with a tear, she cared not to conceal. During the service, Kaunitz had leisure to observe this strangely interesting girl with more attention than he had opportunity at first; but there was that about her which baffled alike his suspicions or his conjectures. She seemed in all the crowd to be alone. Her person was hid from observation in a large cloak, and there was an evident anxiety about her to shrink from the gaze of any eye but the one, and that his own, which she regarded with such awe. He only felt convinced she could be of no common rank;—her whole appearance—the delicacy of her small, white hand—and one jewel of dazzling lustre wreathed among the golden ringlets on her beautiful brow, told that the sweet maid-

en was of rich connexions, and of proud descent. The strange, melancholy feeling, which had oppressed the mind of Gabriel throughout the week, had a corresponding influence on his choice of a subject; and he dilated with such pathetic energy, on the wondrous story of salvation, and the affecting sufferings of the Saviour, that numbers of the congregation were powerfully moved, and the young creature, in particular, whose features he took such delight in watching, was so overcome with weeping, that she fell fainting in her seat. In the bustle which ensued, Kaunitz suffered the keenest anguish, that his situation prevented him from rushing to offer her that assistance which it would have soothed and delighted him to give. She soon recovered, and as she refused to leave the house, he made up his mind as soon as the service was concluded, to ascertain, if possible, who she was, and administer that consolation which his sacred duty told him she required. With this view, when he had finished, he hastily descended the pulpit, and made his way through the dense multitude, who were pressing out. He recognised the form he sought, standing for a moment against a pillar, the light from one solitary lamp in the portico, fell upon her agitated features, harmonizing in touching beauty with their pensive loveliness, and shed over her face a tinge that spoke of holy thought, such as the impassioned pencils of the early painters had impressed on the angelic lineaments of their Madonnas and their Virgins. She appeared irresolute, and in doubt; as if she had lost her carriage, or was waiting for some one in the multitude. Yet then, when she was indeed before him, Kaunitz, for the first time in his life, felt a timidity in the discharge of his duty, and a thousand scruples of delicacy he believed could not have entwined themselves with the motive which was his object, made him shrink from addressing her. He had not long to reason with his timidity, for a close carriage driving up, he saw the young lady—who manifested some surprise, if not alarm—ushered into it by a couple of gentlemen, when it drove off at a rapid rate towards the country. In the solitude of his retired apartment, the young clergyman often revolved every thing connected with this interesting convert in his mind. Her rich and fascinating beauty would rise to his imagination; the pensive lustre of those dark, soft eyes, liquid with tenderness and radiant with unuttered thought, as they gazed upon him; the exceeding eagerness with which she imbibed all he said, and the gush of feeling that would subdue and soften down her lovely countenance, when her heart was touched with his theme, would all cross his mind in vivid reminiscence, and call up scenes and thoughts on which his fancy loved to dwell. Even the very mystery which hung about her, only wove the strong spell of her recollection closer round his heart. He could not picture who she was, but he could frame a thousand imaginings of who she might be: and the shadowy and tender feelings by which his spirit seemed connected with hers, formed a link, which in the brighter world of his own thought, made her more dearly and intimately known.

The constant occurrence of these ideas so powerfully impressed the mind of Kaunitz, that it was with a degree of feverish anxiety no effort of self-control could altogether subdue, that he entered his chapel on the following

Sunday ; and his heart almost caught the thrill of anticipated delight as he lifted his eyes to the spot last occupied by the delicious creature. She was not there—and his deep disappointment was almost perceptible. He searched, with his looks, every corner of his church, but she was nowhere to be seen, and that single circumstance made him feel solitary and dispirited. He went through the service with unusual apathy, and returned to his home in spite of his every effort, with vexation gnawing in his mind.

It were a strange wonder in the philosophy of nature, for which it would be difficult to account, how that one image could have interlaced itself, so finely and so firmly, with every other feeling of the popular and eloquent young minister. Admired and respected by a brilliant circle in society, and looked up to with deference by all, this strong and causeless attachment might, to the careless or superficial, seem strange, if not impossible ; but to those who know the ingoings of the human heart, and the deep workings of the spirit—who have felt the strange and fascinating power with which out of a tone, a look, a glance, imagination can create and vivify in her own enchanting empire—beings invested with all earth's charms, and all idea's loveliness ; it will not seem wonderful that the enthusiastic soul of Kaunitz, should shrine within itself that radiant form, until it became part and parcel of his happiness. But ardently as he wished it, he was not destined again to see his chapel enlivened with her presence. Sunday after Sunday he would resume his labors, but with a mind sadder than before. It was in vain that in his closet he would fling himself upon his knees and implore the Divine resolution to strengthen him against a delusion so fraught with infelicity. It was in vain he would call reason to his aid, and ask himself, was it any thing extraordinary that a giddy and fashionable girl should come on a few occasions to his church—that she should be affected by his preaching, and forget it as easily as it moved her at first. All this he knew ; but when memory would conjure up that form, with its holy looks ; the strong and intense attractions of her first impression would remain powerful as ever. Thus did he go on for a length of time, unblest by that sight which would have been to him so cheering, and suffering visibly in his health, from the anguish he was unable to conceal. His congregation attributed his altered appearance to his great exertions, and besought him to moderate his labors ; but the unhappy Kaunitz, who found his surest consolation in those ennobling exercises of piety, only went through his duties with the more unwearied assiduity. Week after week thus rolled on, and that diseased affection was wearing away before the overmastering efforts of his reason, till he soon began to wonder how a delusion so strong could ever have taken hold of him, and to place the strictest guard over his conduct and his thoughts, he retired altogether from society, to the seclusion of his own apartment, and never mingled with the world, except when discharging the duties of his office. This resolution had its effect. In a short time he ceased to be the subject of such general regard ; the visits of his friends became less frequent ; and he was at length left altogether to the company of the single domestic he maintained.

One evening, in his study, as he was arranging some confused papers,

he was alarmed by a loud and continued knocking at his outer door. He had scarcely time to revolve the circumstance in his mind of an interruption so unusual, when his apartment was opened, and two men, enveloped in large cloaks, entered it unannounced.

They both seemed above the common rank ; and one of them especially, had such a noble and commanding figure, but a countenance so gloomy and reserved, that he struck the simple clergyman with awe. Kaunitz requested them to be seated. "We have not time," replied the elder of the two ; "your religious assistance is requested immediately, by a member of your congregation, in the greatest distress." The young man looked at them with unfeigned astonishment. He was not aware of any of his parishioners being unwell, nor did he know any of the members who belonged to the evident rank of the strangers. He had not time to answer, when the other continued, in a somewhat peremptory tone, "Get ready immediately ; the case is urgent, and the distance is considerable." The astonishment of Kaunitz was still more great ; but he found words to reply, "My services are always at the command of any one who may need them, but I know not of any of my flock at a distance from the city. May I hear the name and the cause of this sudden requisition ?" "Neither !" said the stranger, with peculiar emphasis, "it is a case of extraordinary occurrence, and of vital importance ; and we must insist upon your immediately accompanying us ;—that shall reward you," putting a heavy purse of gold upon the table. "Gentlemen," said the minister, though with strange feelings, "I want no payment for the discharge of my duty. I am at my Master's disposal. I am ready to go with you."

The taller of the gentlemen deliberately drew from beneath his cloak a large handkerchief. "You must submit," said he, "to have your eyes bandaged." "Sir," said Gabriel, instantly surmising that he was intended to be made the dupe of some vile artifice ; perhaps for seducing female innocence. "I will not consent to any such arrangement. For the callings of my duty, for the purposes of religion or charity, I am always prepared ; but I will never lend the sanctity of a minister of Christ to a deed of darkness." The stranger seemed ruffled by his excitement, but continued in a tone faltering with command, while his eye, at the same time flashed a determination before which the young man involuntarily quailed. "Gabriel Kaunitz, you *must* come with us ; the duty you shall have to perform will not in any way compromise your character ; but the unqualified compliance with every thing we request will be insisted on, aye, even if it should be necessary, at the forfeit of your life. *And more, sir.* Before you leave this house, you *must swear upon your knees, that you will never disclose any thing you may see.*" The clergyman trembled with undisesembled terror. A thousand dark images of despotic power, of Jesuits, Inquisitions, and State policy, rushed into his mind, and he besought the strangers, in an earnestness of agony, to respect the decorum of his character, if not the sanctity of his office. The only answer he received was by one of them taking out a richly bound book, which he opened and laid upon the floor. Kaunitz perceived it to be a Hebrew bible. "To show," continued the spokesman, "that we want nothing from you which

we will not do ourselves, we will guarantee to you, in the most solemn manner, the preservation of your life," and each kneeling down, kissed the holy book with devoutest reverence, and raising their right hand to heaven, swore as they had mentioned. "Now kneel down," said the mysterious visitant, while the other, without speaking, drew from beneath his cloak a long and glittering dagger, that flashed brightly in the gloom of the apartment. Cold perspiration started to the pale brow of Kaunitz, but conscious how futile, even dangerous, would be resistance, and breathing an inward prayer to his Maker for support, he did as he was directed. The words were dictated to him, which slowly and reverently were repeated by Kaunitz, sacredly pledging himself, at the forfeit of his life, not to disclose any thing he might see. He was then allowed to rise, and the other, advancing up and holding the dagger to his throat, said, while his teeth gnashed with savage fierceness, "Should that oath be broken, no power on earth shall save you from our wrath. The fate of Kartz will serve you for a warning." The clergyman spoke not, but recollected, with innate shuddering, a converted Jew pedlar, who was murdered in the market-place about two years before, with circumstances of appalling mystery, and to which the utmost exertions of the government could never find a clue.

Kaunitz now felt himself a passive instrument, and offered no resistance to the strangers as they bandaged his eyes with such scrupulous care that he was severely hurt by the tightness of the stricture.

He was led to a carriage standing near the door, which, the moment the parties were seated, drove off at a furious rate; in what direction, the terrified clergyman could not at all conjecture. Thus they continued for a considerable time; and as they still went on, the feelings of Kaunitz partook more of wonder than alarm, as he felt convinced, by the frequent turnings, and the uninterrupted rattling of the pavement, that they were going, not into the country, but were traversing, over and over again, evidently to deceive him, the different streets of the city. The companions in the extraordinary proceeding maintained an imperturbable silence, and when the long continuance of their drive allowed the feelings of Kaunitz to wander from the more immediate terror by which he was at first engrossed, he indulged in a thousand agonizing speculations as to what could be the object of this mysterious adventure. The evident rank of the strangers, their fierce anxiety for his presence, their dreadful adjuration to secrecy, and their awful denunciations of vengeance—all oppressed his mind with a terrible anxiety of fruitless conjecture. Secresy so jealously guarded, must, he had no doubt, have some dark object for its purpose—what, he felt totally unable to divine; and with a mind full of the gloomiest forebodings, he threw himself upon the protection of his Maker, and with a trembling heart, awaited the result.

For nearly four hours, Kaunitz conjectured the carriage continued its circumgyrations, and when it did stop at last, his feelings were wound to such an intensity of excitement, that his heart audibly throbbed against his side. As he was led down from the vehicle, he could not help remarking, that he stepped not upon the soil or the sward as if he had been in the

country, but upon flags, smooth and well worn. Such conjectures, however, though carefully noted in his mind, found no betrayal in his conduct. He was conducted through a large hall or apartment, and then over such apparently interminable flights of stairs and ranges of passages, that the building which enclosed them must have been vast as a palace of romance. He at last found himself at rest, and his feelings were wound up to a tension of painful curiosity and dread, as his stern conductors were removing the bandage from his eyes, which was no sooner accomplished than they left the apartment.

Kaunitz found himself alone, in a spacious saloon. The furniture was of the richest character; one solitary lamp of massive silver, burning near an inlaid sofa, partially revealed a dome-like roof, and walls glittering with fresco paintings or costly tapestry, while rows of chrysal, depending from superb chandeliers, and flinging back the dim light in a thousand fairy hues, gave a shadowy splendor to the room, comporting well with the minister's idea of its eastern gorgeousness. There was, notwithstanding, something ominous in the dull silence of that vast apartment, which shaded the heart of Kaunitz with a dread he was unable to shake off; and in the unnatural quiet, his morbid ear thought it could detect stifled noises looming in dull distinctness, as if a multitude was hushed by force or fear into a startling stillness, more fearful than the loudest clamor. In this state of excited apprehension was he standing, irresolute and alarmed, when the door suddenly opened, and a tall figure in a cloak and mask entered, leading by the hand a lady, whose graceful and slender form was ill concealed by a deep black veil which completely covered her from head to foot. She was led in silence to the sofa, and the instant she was seated her conductor withdrew, without saying a word, locking the door behind him. While the young minister, in visible alarm, awaited the full development of this mysterious adventure, he could not help gazing upon the lady with feelings of deep compassion, as the victim of some nefarious scheme, in which she was probably to be an unwilling agent. No person again immediately entered the room, and in a short time the lady removed the veil which enveloped her person. Oh, God! to what a thrilling agony were those sensations deepened, when Kaunitz recognised the very features, so long, so indelibly imaged on his soul. A thousand feelings of slumbering love and delicious recollection, called into instant life by that remembered glance, gushed in deep suffusion to his face, and an instant re-action sent them back as coldly to his heart. It was indeed that lovely creature, for whom, without knowledge and without consciousness, he had from the first entertained an interest that trembled into intensest passion; and for whom, even now, with no other claims than those innate yearnings of the heart, he felt awakened within him sympathies and prepossessions of profoundest force. The alteration in her countenance, since the time he had seen her, was indeed fully calculated to awaken similar feelings in one whose recollections were not half so warm as his own. The exquisite symmetry of her features had given way to lines of care and anguish, and the roseate tinge of beauty on her cheek, once delicate and fair, as if impressed with an angel's pencil,

was turned into a snow-like paleness, faintly streaked with carmine, as if the pride of woman's loveliness was unwilling to leave its favorite throne. Yet still there was a hush of sweetness in the very composure of those softened features, that wakened a finer and more touching thrill within the heart, than could the full bloom and radiance of her charms. Kaunitz saw that the burning blush on his own cheek, called up an answering suffusion in the wasted features of the lady, but it was of that purely intellectual emotion with which earth and its feelings has no community whatever, and the embarrassed young man felt himself greatly relieved, when the lady requested him to be seated, and addressed him in tones which, though weak and feeble, were of the sweetest courtesy—"I know not, sir, under what circumstances you have been brought here; perhaps they were violent; but there never was any human being I desired so ardently to see." Kaunitz answered her with some confusion, that he would forgive any violence which would make him the means of rendering her a service. "Ah," said she, taking his hand, and fixing her large dark eyes upon him, with an expression that touched his soul, "you little know the service you shall have to render me, or the relationship in which we stand to each other." The young minister colored again, and his heart almost stopped within him, as he felt a scalding tear drop upon his hand. She continued, "You do not know me, but still I venerate you as my deliverer, my instructor, as my father." Kaunitz, with new sympathy, deeply awakened, begged of her to explain. "You will not think it strange that I should use such language when you hear my story; though you may have, perhaps, seen me in your church; yet—start not—I am a Jewish maiden, and was educated in the deepest abhorrence of that Jesus of whom I have often heard you speak in the most delightful terms. I might have remained so forever, and been like thousands of my sex and persuasion, happy and admired in my ignorance. But I had a young and beautiful friend, to whom, though proscribed by my relatives and a christian, I was passionately attached. But in the very pride of her young beauty, she was stricken by disease—alas! destined to be mortal. As I watched by her bedside one evening she took my hand, and said to me, in a tone which sunk into my heart, for it was such as I had never heard her use before, 'Zora, will you promise me one thing, and I will die happy?' I promised her solemnly, for I would have promised her any thing. 'Zora, then,' said she, 'dearest Zora, will you only engage to love *my* Saviour?' The tears gushed from her eyes as she spoke, and they gushed from mine too; for I was horrified at her request. But she continued, 'Oh, I am too weak to tell you of the happiness and delight you would feel. But will you go and hear the minister of whom you have often heard me speak? He can tell you of the power of the religion of Jesus better than a dying girl. Oh, Zora, do tell me, that you will go?' She looked at me with such an earnestness of agony in her countenance, that I assured her I would do all she asked; and in delight she pressed my hand close to her bosom, for she was too exhausted to speak. In a short time I felt her grasp become weak and clammy, and, oh, mercy! she died even while holding my hand." Here the tears of the beautiful girl choked

her utterance, and Kaunitz, who well recollected the lamented young lady of whom she spoke, freely mingled his own, at this affecting narrative of her last moments. The lady seemed deeply touched by his emotion, and in a short time continued a narrative, to Kaunitz now become intensely interesting—"That request, so earnestly entreated;—and so solemnly registered to the dead, you may be sure was kept, though it cost me many a pang of strange and shuddering reluctance. At length, deeply disguised, I hired a close carriage and went alone, for I dared not trust another with my secret, to the place she had mentioned. It was to your chapel. You cannot appreciate the conflict of my feelings when, alone and unprotected, I found myself in a place and among a people I had always looked upon with abhorrence and detestation. But I had not listened to you long before I forgot every other feeling in a glow of awakened tenderness. It was of my own and ever dear Maria you were speaking; and you described her loveliness, her purity, her resignation, in a manner which filled my soul with the most exquisite emotion; but when you came to speak of her death, and to dilute on the efficacy of faith in the Redeemer, in the awful moments of dissolution, my soul was touched with wonder. 'And is this' said I, 'the Jesus I have heard reviled?' My very heart sunk within me at the reflection, and I thought God himself must for ever condemn me for my impiety. I was in fact wretched in my mind, until you, as it were, opened the portals of heaven, and pointed out my departed friend, robed as an angel, singing the praises of her Saviour in an eternal paradise; and declared, that transcendent bliss would be the lot of all, who, like her, would take that Saviour for their portion; then, oh, then—my soul seemed to have changed its residence—so new, so delicious were the hopes and the feelings awakened in me; and I vowed that night, if I were not too great an outcast for mercy, I would live so as to join my lost and loved companion in her bright abode. That evening I purchased a New Testament, and words would be insufficient to tell the delight, the rapture with which I perused the wondrous story of Redeeming love. In a short time I found my chief delight consisted in attending your ministry, and in reading over the precious record of salvation. In spite of doubt and darkness I soon experienced the sweet serenity of being reconciled with God; and I sometimes fancied my beloved Maria was hovering near me on her wings of light, to cheer me in my path, and to assure me of reward. Alas! my hopes were early overcast. Hitherto conscious of the irreconcilable enmity of my friends, I had kept to my own bosom the fearful secret of my altered opinions. But whether from observation or suspicion; they soon viewed me with a jealous eye; and great was my horror one night on leaving your chapel, to find that the carriage which had hitherto conveyed me was gone. In the midst of my embarrassment, my father and my brother drove up, and I was conveyed home more dead than alive between terror and alarm. Since that time, oh, could you know what I have suffered; every comfort was removed, and the most systematic and relentless persecution adopted. Once discovered, I well knew the iron opposition of my friends never could be softened; and I besought of the Jesus I had dared to love, to give me strength for the terrible

conflict. Oh, my dear sir, how glad would I have often been in the gloomy hours of solitude and privation I had to encounter, to have seen you—to have heard your lips explain once more those delicious truths, at once my comfort and my bane. My repeated solicitations to that effect, were, however, of no avail; and it was at last only when in the tremor of weakness, they had extorted from me a terrible promise, that my relatives consented you should be brought. I cannot express the joy your presence has inspired. Oh, do tell me," she continued, while she clasped her hands, and her countenance assumed an expression of the deepest earnestness, "is there any hope of heaven for one so long an unbeliever? Can an outcast such as I am, enjoy any portion of that Saviour's love, so long but unconsciously despised?" As she was speaking, her beautiful but wasted features, would at times light up with an expression that seemed to the intensely interested minister, to glow like the prophet's of old, with a halo of inspiration; and again be veiled in an imploring dejection, as if her very heart was withering within. When she finished a narration that melted the softened minister to tears, the exertion seemed too much for a frame so debilitated, and she sank back exhausted upon the sofa. Kaunitz, with unreflecting impulse, caught her in his arms. All consciousness seemed to be suspended—her thrilling eyes were veiled in their long dark lashes—and as her motionless but yielding form was pressed to his, the gentle pulses of her bosom seemed to be at rest, and life itself to have fled. Yet there was a holiness in the saint-like composure of that reposing form, he felt it would be profanation to disturb, and the deep silence of the place, broken only by the audible throbbings of his own heart, had something so sacred in its very stillness, that he felt his existence could have resolved into the kindred state of the lovely inanimation in his arms, before his slightest breath would have recalled to life, by invoking infidel assistance, a spirit so purely and unequivocally destined for the skies. The warm tears, however, in which his agonized feelings had found vent, gushing unrestrained upon her features, brought back her hovering soul once more to earth. She opened her eyes, and her glance resting on the speaking tenderness of Kaunitz' gaze, beamed with an instant and joyous recognition. Her first words were of her melancholy but ever constant theme. "Oh, tell me," said she, "can I hope for pardon?" The overpowered clergyman relinquished his hold, and affected, with inexpressible emotion, knelt down beside her, and in an eloquence of soul he had never felt before, besought the throne of Mercy to pour the full assurance of pardon in her heart. As he grew more fervent in the power of his God, he called upon the present Jesus to finish the redemption of a spirit so ripe for heaven—to remove the awful obduracy of her relations, and to strengthen that gentle mind with more than creature firmness in the ordeal of danger she would have to encounter. When he had finished, the lovely convert still remained in an attitude of intense devotion; her fair white hands were clasped upon her bosom; her countenance was upturned to heaven, but the agony of doubt had departed. Her soul seemed entranced in rapture, and her exquisite features were lit up with a beaming satisfaction, that partook of the radiance of anticipated immortality. Kaunitz never saw any form of earth look half so lovely.

Every trace of anguish and despair had left her features, for a joyous flush of resplendent satisfaction; and the unutterable charms of the heart's deep and unearthly delight, shining through the most perfect lineaments of mortal beauty, gave, in that exquisite moment, such an angelic lustre to her person, that the first impulse of the impassioned clergyman was to adore, what seemed to be a revelation of heaven's own sinless and immortal loveliness. In that holy time, too, he felt in the kindred glow of his own excited spirit, all those ardent feelings of sympathy and admiration with which the casual sight of that fair creature had first inspired him, explained and resuscitated, but so refined by the redeeming influence of her stainless purity, that not a tinge of earthly love or passion mingled in his thoughts.

In a short time the lady rose from her knees, and the celestial animation of her face was clouded, but only deepened by the tone of solemn and emphatic seriousness in which she said, while she clasped her hands convulsively, "Oh, my God, I feel, I feel now that thy religion is worth all which I will have to suffer. Yes, my dear Maria, the blessed knowledge of thy Jesus, and the certainty of thy glorious eternity is worth—"—a cold damp came on her brow—"is worth, I feel, is worth, *dying* for." As she spoke the word to which her lips almost refused to give utterance, Kaunitz felt a shivering thrill of instinctive dread steal over his frame, —the horrible mysteries with which his visit was accompanied, the "*terrible promise*" she had mentioned, and her words now; all rushed, with numberless dark associations, into his freezing mind. He seized her hand, and gazed at her pale damp features with an unconscious agony. "Lady, — what suffering? — Worth *dying* for? Zorah, dear Zorah, what is it you mean?" She returned his look with cold and chilling earnestness for an instant, but another smile of inborn happiness again lit up her fast-sinking features with all their former beauty. "Yes," said she, "it is not for me to know the pleasures of your religion and live. Oh, God, support me. — This very night. — Your arrival is the only mercy I could obtain. — This very night — even in a few short moments, unless I abjure the religion of Jesus, *I will be put to death.* — By my own dear father. — By my own relatives, in the presence of the full Sanhedrim, and with the great solemnities of our religion, will I be STONED TO DEATH!" — Kaunitz' eyes grew dim; he stirred not — spoke not, but every word fell with dark and withering distinctness on his heart. "Look here," continued the hapless maiden, summoning strength to rise, and walking to the side of the apartment, "look here, and you will be convinced of the reality of my fate?" She drew aside a curtain. — Kaunitz, with a chill as if his heart was turned to ice, saw a large heap of stones collected in the recess. He had not the power to move. The room was still as ever. But that ominous silence and its smothered noises now spake fearful volumes. The full extent of the appalling tragedy flashed in instant comprehension on his mind. Then, too, he recollected, in crowding horror, many a dim tale of the relentless tortures with which Jews were said to martyr any of the converted sect who ever fell into their power; and when, in the same instantaneous act of mind, he thought of the spotless innocence

and exquisite beauty of the delicate victim they had doomed before him, and, as it were, made him a very party to the atrocious deed, his energies seemed to melt and dissolve in the weakness of intensest agony.— But the re-action to that paralysis of terror was instant. He already fancied he heard the tread of the murderers—the fearful preparations for the sacrifice—the unavailing shriek of the lovely victim. His blood seemed turned to fire at the thought, and his frame to iron. He stepped back, and he felt his body, as it were, swell beyond the stature of humanity, as he said, in a tone that echoed like thunder throughout the midnight stillness of the vast apartment, “*By the God I serve, in whose power, and whose minister I am, this shall never be!*” Instant and gathering noises collected like an answer on every side. Distinct and dread commotion was in the house. But this was no time for the infuriated man to parley with his fears or his reflections. Maddened with superhuman excitement, he dashed against the door with a giant’s might. In an instant crash, like the explosion of artillery, the whole partition went thundering to the ground, and a burst of dazzling light, from unnumbered lamps, streamed like the blaze of meridian day into the room. The very arcana of their mysteries—the Holy of Holies of the Jewish faith, in all its splendor, was before him, with its Seraphim and Cherubim, and Ark of gold; its curtains of richest purple, its network of silver, and its countless lamps burning with frankincense, and glittering with costly gems.* The glories of their revealed religion—the enchantment of the scene, stopped him not a moment, for in simultaneous fury, host after host of armed and shouting wretches in their national costume, rushed into the room. Nerved for the occasion with more than mortal power,—to dash the intervening myrmidons to the earth, and to clasp the intended martyr in his arm, was, with Kaunitz, but the work of a moment. Ere they had time to overmaster his roused and terrific energies, he had snatched a dagger which an assailant had already at his throat, and as he sprang over his shrinking and shrieking foes every brandish of the weapon was bathed in blood. A huge window, streaming with painted story, was before him;—with a tiger’s bound he reached the casement: the glass shivered with the shock: the iron network behind yielded like a cobweb to his Herculean strength. All was dark and deep below. Without a thought of consequences, or quiver as to danger, he clasped his rescued charge, in exultation, closer to his breast, and sprang into the vacuum.

It becomes painful to even trace the narrative. There is no heart so cold that would not catch a throb of delight in the success of that tremendous effort; nor is it in humanity to peruse the story and not feel the glow of its warmest feelings, interested in the preservation of that innocent and lovely martyr. The gallant attempt of the generous young minister was not, however, attended with the success which its reckless heroism de-

* La population Israélite de cette ville conserve seigneusement sa croyance. Les familles riches ont en général dans leurs maisons, un appartement secret et meublé à grands frais, destiné à la représentation du Saint des Saints du temple de Solomon. Ce lieu, et autres destinés à leur service religieux sont tenu caché aux profanes.—*Lettres de Vienne. Paris, 1781.*

served ; and the terrible mansion was too securely adapted for its deeds of darkness to admit of an escape so easily. Himself and his charge escaped unscathed indeed from that host of fiends, but it was only to fall again into their meshes with more certain fatality. A crowd of infuriated enemies was soon around him ; egress seemed impracticable ; and, weakened by his vast exertions, the heroic young man soon fell bleeding and insensible beneath their blows.

Awful as was the scene and excitement through which Kaunitz passed, there was a deeper terror on his mind—a blacker cloud upon his feelings—when he recovered his senses and found himself in his own room, surrounded by anxious and inquiring friends. The mysterious messengers had kept their oath. His wounds were not dangerous, nor even severe ; but his instant perception of the absence of the lady, left a withering feeling in his heart, that darkened the future and extinguished hope.

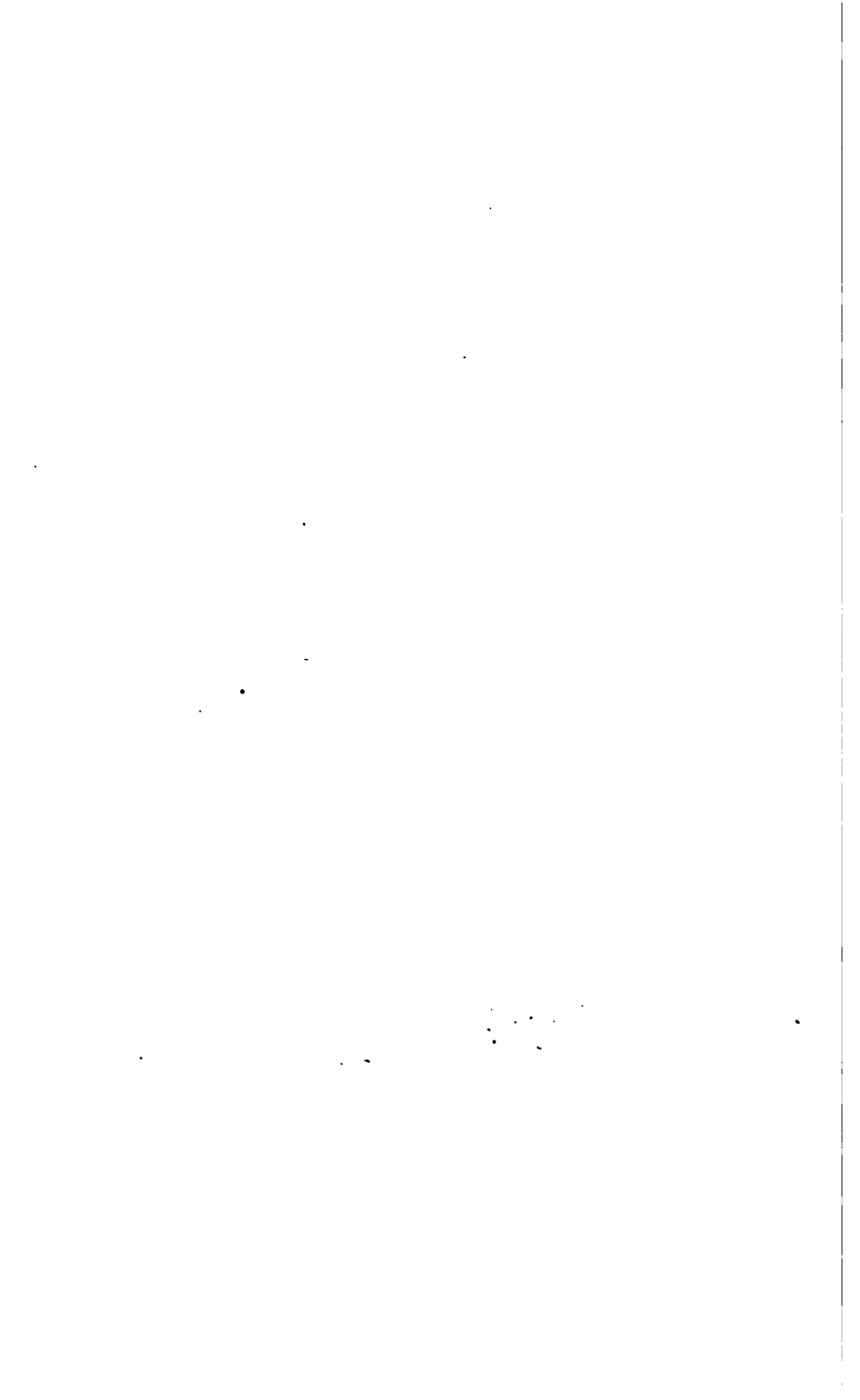
His harrowing narrative caused an immediate and vivid commotion throughout Vienna. By the orders of administration—the officers of justice, commenced a vigorous and extensive scrutiny—public opinion was fearfully excited—a cloud of accumulating suspicion seemed to gather over one of the richest banking houses in the city. One of the wealthiest Jews was arrested on the unequivocal testimony of the minister ; but the financial embarrassment of the government, after the protracted war in which the empire had been involved, afforded the ample solution of state policy to the termination of the proceedings. Further official inquiry was dropped—the contractor was released—and, in a short time, the terrible narrative of the Proselyte ceased to be the topic of conversation. Kaunitz, however, was never after seen to smile. His pulpit was deserted, and he at length totally disappeared. Whether the threat consequent upon disclosure was fulfilled—or whether to hide the anguish of his spirit, he had removed to a foreign country, could not be ascertained.

Let us drop the curtain on this tragic story. The mind cannot presume to penetrate the undeveloped mystery of that unfortunate's fate, without recoiling on itself, and it is fitter for the honor of humanity, that that black transaction should repose for ever in the darkness which all the authorities of the time could not remove, than that curiosity or research should throw the light of certainty upon awful doings, of which the bare surmise gives a shudder to the heart, and which the finest sympathies of our nature would prefer shrouding in appropriate and impenetrable obscurity. ORCATIUS.

The only elucidation necessary to this extraordinary story, will be found in the following extract :

Kurtz nach die Ermordung Kartzes, wurde allgemeine Aufmerksamkeit auf sie (the Jews) gerichtet—wegen einige ausserordentliche Entdeckungen eines lutherischen Predigers in hinsicht des Martyrerthums einer jungen Dame welche zum Christenthum bekehrt worden war. Wegen diesen Verdacht wurde der Principal eines Wechsel-Hauses in Wien in verhaft genommen, aber da er ein Staats-Glaubiger zu einer bedeutende Summe war, und da kein ausdruecklicher Beweis statt fand, so wurde gegen ihn nichts weiter verfahren.—Kasbach's Beschreibung. Stuttgart, 1802.





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